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THE HISTORY OF SANDFORD AND MERTON.

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THE HISTORY OF SANDFORD AND MERTON,

BY

THOMAS DAY, Esq.

(SELECTED FROM THE ORIGINAL WORK;)

EMBELLISHED WITH A FRONTISPIECE.

THE SEVENTH EDITION.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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THE late Mr. DAY's *Sandford and Merton* ſtands ſo high in the Eſtimation of the Public among the Works intended to improve the Hearts and Underſtandings of Youth, that it is unneceſſary here to ſay any Thing in its praiſe. The Author's Purpoſe evidently was to aſſociate with a Story of his own Invention, a Variety of other pleaſing and uſeful Matter. The only Objection that can be made to his Execution of his Deſign, is, that it has ſwelled his Work to a Bulk and Price incommodious to a great

great Part of his young Readers. In order, therefore, to render his ingenious and truly philanthropic Labours as extenſively uſeful as poſſible, it has been neceſſary to preſent them in a reduced Form, by ſacrificing a conſiderable Part of their Contents. That Part of it which is properly The *Hiſtory of Sandford and Merton*, is an original Performance, compriſing a Syſtem of Education, upon the Author's own Plan, and connected in all its Parts. To preſerve this whole and entire in a ſingle Volume, forming a cheap Addition to the Books uſually put into the Hands of young People at School, was then the leading Object; which, it is hoped, will be found to be accompliſhed in the Selection here offered to the Public. It

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is not properly an Abridgment, ſince the Matter is given in the Author's own Words, without Alteration; a Circumſtance which, it is conceived, will give it a decided Superiority over the different Abridgments of the Work which have appeared. For thoſe who are beſt able to judge of the Merit of Writings intended for young Perſons, agree that the Mode in which Things are related, is nearly of as much Conſequence as the Things themſelves; and Mr. DAY's Talent of adapting his Style to his Subject and Readers, has excited particular Admiration. The Publiſher, therefore, truſts with ſome Confidence, that this Selection, executed with no ſmall Attention, will obtain the Preference over its Rivals; and he begs Leave to caution

Parents

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Parents and Maſters to be on their Guard againſt any Deception from ſimilar Titles prefixed to inferior Performances.

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May 10th, 1794.

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THE HISTORY OF SANDFORD AND MERTON.

IN the weſtern part of England lived a gentleman of great fortune, whoſe name was Merton. He had a large eſtate in the iſland of Jamaica, where he had paſt the greater part of his life, and was maſter of many ſervants, who cultivated ſugar and other valuable things for his advantage. He had only one ſon, of whom he was exceſſively fond; and to educate this child properly was the reaſon of his determining to ſtay ſome years in England. Tommy Merton, who at the time he came from Jamaica, was only ſix years old,

was naturally a very good-natured boy, but unfortunately had been ſpoiled by too much indulgence. While he lived in Jamaica, he had ſeveral black ſervants to wait upon him, who were forbidden upon any account to contradict him. If he walked, there always went two negroes with him, one of whom carried a large umbrella to keep the ſun from him, and the other was to carry him in his arms, whenever he was tired. Beſides this, he was always dreſſed in ſilk or laced cloaths, and had a fine gilded carriage, which was borne upon men's ſhoulders, in which he made viſits to his playfellows. His mother was ſo exceſſively fond of him, that ſhe gave him every thing he cried for, and would never let him learn to read, becauſe he complained that it made his head ach.

The conſequence of this was, that, though Maſter Merton had every thing he wanted, he became very fretful and unhappy. Sometimes he ate ſweetmeats till he made himſelf ſick, and then he ſuffered a great deal of pain, becauſe he would not take bitter phyſic to make him well. Sometimes he cried for

things that it was impoſſible to give him, and then, as he had never been uſed to be contradicted, it was many hours before he could be pacified. When any company came to dine at the houſe, he was always to be helped firſt, and to have the moſt delicate parts of the meat, otherwiſe he would make ſuch a noiſe as diſturbed the whole company. When his father and mother were ſitting at the tea-table with their friends, inſtead of waiting till they were at leiſure to attend to him, he would ſcramble upon the table, ſeize the cake and bread and butter, and frequently overſet the tea-cups. By theſe pranks he not only made himſelf diſagreeable to every body, but often met with very dangerous accidents. Frequently has he cut himſelf with knives, at other times thrown heavy things upon his head, and once he narrowly eſcaped being ſcalded to death by a kettle of boiling water. He was alſo ſo delicately brought up, that he was perpetually ill; the leaſt wind or rain gave him a cold, and the leaſt ſun was ſure to throw him into a fever. Inſtead of playing about, and jumping, and running like other

children, he was taught to ſit ſtill for fear of ſpoiling his cloaths, and to ſtay in the houſe for fear of injuring his complection. By this kind of education, when Maſter Merton came over to England, he could neither write, nor read, nor cypher; he could uſe none of his limbs with eaſe, nor bear any degree of fatigue; but he was very proud, fretful, and impatient.

Very near to Mr. Merton's ſeat lived a plain, honeſt farmer, whoſe name was Sandford. This man had, like Mr. Merton, an only ſon, not much older than Maſter Merton, whoſe name was Harry. Harry, as he had been always accuſtomed to run about in the fields, to follow the labourers while they were ploughing, and to drive the ſheep to their paſture, was active, ſtrong, hardy, and freſh-coloured. He was neither ſo fair, nor ſo delicately ſhaped as Maſter Merton; but he had an honeſt, good-natured countenance, which made every body love him; was never out of humour, and took the greateſt pleaſure in obliging every body. If little Harry ſaw a poor wretch who wanted victuals, while he

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was eating his dinner, he was ſure to give him half, and ſometimes the whole: nay, ſo very good natured was he to every thing, that he would never go into the fields to take the eggs of poor birds, or their young ones, nor practiſe any other kind of ſport which gave pain to poor animals, who are as capable of feeling as we ourſelves, though they have no words to expreſs their ſufferings. Once, indeed, Harry was caught twirling a cockchafer round, which he had faſtened by a crooked pin to a long piece of thread, but then this was through ignorance and want of thought: for as ſoon as his father told him that the poor helpleſs inſect felt as much, or more than he would do, were a knife thruſt through his hand, he burſt into tears, and took the poor animal home, where he fed him during a fortnight upon freſh leaves; and when he was perfectly recovered, turned him out to enjoy liberty and the freſh air. Ever ſince that time, Harry was ſo careful and conſiderate, that he would ſtep out of the way for fear of hurting a worm, and employed himſelf in doing kind offices to all the animals in the

neighbourhood. He uſed to ſtroke the horſes as they were at work, and fill his pockets with acorns for the pigs: if he walked in the fields, he was ſure to gather green boughs for the ſheep, who were ſo fond of him, that they followed him wherever he went. In the winter time, when the ground was covered with froſt and ſnow, and the poor little birds could get at no food, he would often go ſupperleſs to bed, that he might feed the robin red-breaſts. Even toads, and frogs, and ſpiders, and ſuch kind of diſagreeable animals, which moſt people deſtroy wherever they find them, were perfectly ſafe with Harry: he uſed to ſay they had a right to live as well as we, and that it was cruel and unjuſt to kill creatures only becauſe we did not like them.

Theſe ſentiments made little Harry a great favourite with every body; particularly with the clergyman of the pariſh, who became ſo fond of him, that he taught him to read and write, and had him almoſt always with him. Indeed, it was not ſurpriſing that Mr. Barlow ſhewed ſo particular an affection for him; for, beſides learning every thing that he was taught with

with the greateſt readineſs, little Harry was the moſt honeſt, obliging creature in the world. He was never diſcontented, nor did he ever grumble, whatever he was deſired to do. And then you might believe Harry in every thing he ſaid; for though he could have gained a plumb-cake by telling an untruth, and was ſure that ſpeaking the truth would expoſe him to a ſevere whipping, he never heſitated in declaring it. Nor was he like many other children, who place their whole happineſs in eating: for give him but a morſel of dry bread for his dinner, and he would be ſatisfied, though you placed ſweetmeats and fruit, and every other nicety, in his way.

With this little boy did Maſter Merton become acquainted in the following manner:— As he and the maid were once walking in the fields upon a fine ſummer's morning, diverting themſelves with gathering different kinds of wild flowers, and running after butterflies, a large ſnake, on a ſudden, ſtarted up from among ſome long graſs, and coiled itſelf round little Tommy's leg. You may imagine the fright they were both in at this accident: the

maid ran away ſhrieking for help, while the child, who was in an agony of terror, did not dare to ſtir from the place where he was ſtanding. Harry, who happened to be walking near the place, came running up, and aſked what was the matter? Tommy, who was ſobbing moſt piteouſly, could not find words to tell him, but pointed to his leg, and made Harry ſenſible of what had happened. Harry, who, though young, was a boy of a moſt courageous ſpirit, told him not to be frightened, and inſtantly ſeizing the ſnake by the neck with as much dexterity as reſolution, tore him from Tommy's leg, and threw him to a great diſtance off. Juſt as this happened, Mrs. Merton and all the family, alarmed by the ſervant's cries, came running breathleſs to the place, as Tommy was recovering his ſpirits, and thanking his brave little deliverer. Her firſt emotions were to catch her darling up in her arms, and, after giving him a thouſand kiſſes, to aſk him whether he had received any hurt? No, ſays Tommy, indeed I have not, mamma; but I believe that naſty, ugly beaſt would have bitten me, if that little boy had

had not come and pulled him off. And who are you, my dear, ſays ſhe, to whom we are all ſo obliged? Harry Sandford, madam. Well, my child, you are a dear, brave little creature, and you ſhall go home and dine with us. No, thank you, madam; my father will want me. And who is your father, my ſweet boy? Farmer Sandford, madam, that lives at the bottom of the hill. Well, my dear, you ſhall be my child henceforth, will you? If you pleaſe, madam, if I may have my own father and mother too.

Mrs. Merton inſtantly diſpatched a ſervant to the farmer's, and taking little Harry by the hand, ſhe led him to the manſion-houſe, where ſhe found Mr. Merton, whom ſhe entertained with a long account of Tommy's danger, and Harry's bravery. Harry was now in a new ſcene of life. He was carried through coſtly apartments, where every thing that could pleaſe the eye, or contribute to convenience, was aſſembled. He ſaw large looking-glaſſes in gilded frames, carved tables and chairs, curtains made of the fineſt ſilk, and the very plates and knives and forks were ſilver. At

dinner he was placed cloſe to Mrs. Merton, who took care to ſupply him with the choiceſt bits, and engaged him to eat with the moſt endearing kindneſs. But, to the aſtoniſhment of every body, he neither appeared pleaſed or ſurpriſed at any thing he ſaw. Mrs. Merton could not conceal her diſappointment; for as ſhe had always been uſed to a great degree of finery herſelf, ſhe had expected it ſhould make the ſame impreſſion upon every body elſe. At laſt, ſeeing him eye a ſmall ſilver cup, with great attention, out of which he had been drinking, ſhe aſked him, whether he ſhould not like to have ſuch a fine thing to drink out of? and added, that, though it was Tommy's cup, ſhe was ſure he would give it with great pleaſure to his little friend. Yes, that I will, ſays Tommy; for you know, mamma, I have a much finer than that, made of gold, beſides two large ones made of ſilver. Thank you with all my heart, ſays little Harry; but I will not rob you of it, for I have a much better one at home. How! ſays Mrs. Merton, what does your father eat and drink out of ſilver? I don't know, madam, what you call this, but

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we drink at home out of long things made of horn, juſt ſuch as the cows wear upon their heads. The child is a ſimpleton, I think, ſays Mrs. Merton;—and why is that better than ſilver ones? Becauſe, ſays Harry, they never make us uneaſy. Make you uneaſy, my child, ſays Mrs. Merton; what do you mean? Why, madam, when the man threw that great thing down, which looks juſt like this, I ſaw that you were very ſorry about it, and looked as if you had been juſt ready to drop. Now, ours at home are thrown about by all the family, and nobody minds it.

I proteſt, ſays Mrs. Merton to her huſband, I do not know what to ſay to this boy, he makes ſuch ſtrange obſervations. The fact was, that during dinner one of the ſervants had thrown down a large piece of plate, which, as it was very valuable, had made Mrs. Merton not only look very uneaſy, but give the man a very ſevere ſcolding for his careleſſneſs.

After dinner, Mrs. Merton filled a large glaſs with wine, and, giving it to Harry, bade him drink it up; but he thanked her, and ſaid he was not dry. But, my dear, ſays ſhe, this

is very ſweet and pleaſant, and, as you are a good boy, you may drink it up. Ay! but, madam, Mr. Barlow ſays, that we muſt only eat when we are hungry, and drink when we are dry; and that we muſt only eat and drink ſuch things as are eaſily met with, otherwiſe we ſhall grow peeviſh and vexed when we can't get them. And this was the way that the apoſtles did, who were all very good men. Mr. Merton laughed at this: And pray, ſays he, little man, do you know who the apoſtles were? Oh! yes, to be ſure I do. And who were they? Why, ſir, there was a time when people were grown ſo very wicked that they did not care what they did, and the great folks were all proud, and minded nothing but eating and drinking, and ſleeping, and amuſing themſelves, and took no care of the poor, and would not give a morſel of bread to hinder a beggar from ſtarving; and the poor were all lazy, and loved to be idle better than to work; and little boys were diſobedient to their parents, and their parents took no care to teach them any thing that was good, and all the world was very bad, very bad indeed:—

and then there came a very good man indeed, whoſe name was Chriſt; and he went about doing good to every body, and curing people of all ſorts of diſeaſes, and taught them what they ought to do—and he choſe out twelve other very good men, and called them the apoſtles, and theſe apoſtles went about the world, doing as he did, and teaching people as he taught them. And they never minded what they ate or drank, but lived upon dry bread and water; and when any body offered them money, they would not take it, but told him to be good, and give it to the poor and the ſick: and ſo they made the world a great deal better—and therefore it is not fit to mind what we live upon, but we ſhould take what we can get and be contented; juſt as the beaſts and birds do, who lodge in the open air, and live upon herbs, and drink nothing but water, and yet they are ſtrong, and active, and healthy.

Upon my word, ſays Mr. Merton, this little man is a great philoſopher, and we ſhould be much obliged to Mr. Barlow if he would take our Tommy under his care; for he grows a great

great boy, and it is time that he ſhould know ſomething. What ſay you, Tommy, ſhould you like to be a philoſopher? Indeed, papa, I don't know what a philoſopher is, but I ſhould like to be a king; becauſe he's finer and richer than any body elſe, and has nothing to do, and every body waits upon him, and is afraid of him. Well ſaid, my dear, ſays Mrs. Merton, and roſe and kiſſed him; and a king you deſerve to be with ſuch a ſpirit, and here's a glaſs of wine for you for making ſuch a pretty anſwer. And ſhould not you like to be a king too, little Harry? Indeed, madam, I don't know what that is; but I hope I ſhall ſoon be big enough to go to plough, and get my own living; and then I ſhall want nobody to wait upon me. What a difference there is between the children of farmers and gentlemen! whiſpered Mrs. Merton to her huſband, looking rather contemptuouſly upon Harry. I am not ſure, ſaid Mr. Merton, that for this time the advantage is on the ſide of our ſon. But ſhould not you like to be rich, my dear, ſays he to Harry? No, indeed, Sir. No, ſimpleton, ſays Mrs. Merton,

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and why not? Becauſe the only rich man I ever ſaw is 'ſquire Chace, who lives hard by, and he rides among people's corn, and breaks down their hedges, and ſhoots their poultry, and kills their dogs, and lames their cattle, and abuſes the poor, and they ſay he does all this becauſe he's rich; but every body hates him, though they dare not tell him ſo to his face—and I would not be hated for any thing in the world. But ſhould not you like to have a fine laced coat, and a coach to carry you about, and ſervants to wait upon you? As to that, madam, one coat is as good as another, if it will but keep one warm; and I don't want to ride, becauſe I can walk where-ever I chuſe; and, as to ſervants, I ſhould have nothing for them to do, if I had an hundred of them. Mrs. Merton continued to look at him with a ſort of contemptuous aſtoniſhment, but did not aſk him any more queſtions.—In the evening little Harry was ſent home to his father, who aſked him what he had ſeen at the great houſe, and how he liked being there? Why, ſays Harry, they were all very kind to me, for which I'm much obliged

obliged to them; but I had rather have been at home, for I never was ſo troubled in all my life to get a dinner.—There was one man to take away my plate, and another to give me drink, and another to ſtand behind my chair, juſt as if I had been lame or blind, and could not have waited upon myſelf. And, then, there was ſo much to do with putting this thing on, and taking another off, I thought it would never have been over. And after dinner I was obliged to ſit two whole hours without ever ſtirring, while the lady was talking to me, not as Mr. Barlow does, but wanting me to love fine cloaths, and to be a king, and to be rich, that I may be hated like 'ſquire Chace.

But, at the manſion-houſe, much of the converſation, in the mean time, was employed in examining the merits of little Harry. Mrs. Merton acknowledged his bravery and openneſs of temper; ſhe was alſo ſtruck with the general good-nature and benevolence of his character; but ſhe contended there were a certain groſſneſs and indelicacy in his ideas which diſtinguiſh the children of the lower and middling

middling claſſes of people from thoſe of perſons of faſhion. Mr. Merton, on the contrary, contended that he had never before ſeen a child whoſe ſentiments and diſpoſitions would do ſo much honour even to the moſt elevated ſituations. Nothing, he affirmed, was more eaſily acquired than thoſe external manners, and that ſuperficial addreſs, upon which too many of the higher claſſes pride themſelves as their greateſt, or even as their only accompliſhment: nay, ſo eaſily are they picked up, ſaid he, that we frequently ſee them deſcend with the caſt cloaths to maids and valets; between whom and their maſters and miſtreſſes there is frequently little other difference than what reſults from the former wearing ſoiled cloaths and healthier countenances. Indeed, the real ſeat of all ſuperiority, even of manners, muſt be placed in the mind: dignified ſentiments, ſuperior courage, accompanied with genuine and univerſal courteſy, are always neceſſary to conſtitute the real gentleman; and where theſe are wanting, it is the greateſt abſurdity to think they can be ſupplied by affected tones of voice, particular grimaces, or extravagant

vagant and unnatural modes of dreſs; which, far from being the real teſt of gentility, have in general no higher origin than the caprice of barbers, taylors, actors, opera-dancers, milliners, fidlers, and French ſervants of both ſexes. I cannot help, therefore, aſſerting, ſaid he very ſeriouſly, that this little peaſant has within his mind the ſeeds of true gentility and dignity of character; and, though I ſhall alſo wiſh that our ſon may poſſeſs all the common accompliſhments of his rank, nothing would give me more pleaſure than a certainty that he would never in any reſpect fall below the ſon of farmer Sandford.

Whether Mrs. Merton fully acceded to theſe obſervations of her huſband I cannot decide; but without waiting to hear her particular ſentiments, he thus went on:—Should I appear more warm than uſual upon this ſubject, you muſt pardon me, my dear, and attribute it to the intereſt I feel in the welfare of our little Tommy. I am too ſenſible, that our mutual fondneſs has hitherto treated him with rather too much indulgence. While we have been over ſolicitous to remove from him every

painful

painful and disagreeable impression, we have made him too delicate and fretful; our desire of constantly consulting his inclinations has made us gratify even his caprices and humours; and, while we have been too studious to preserve him from restraint and opposition, we have in reality been the cause why he has not acquired even the common acquisitions of his age and situation. All this I have long observed in silence; but have hitherto concealed, both from my fondness for our child, and my fear of offending you. But at length a consideration of his real interests has prevailed over every other motive, and has compelled me to embrace a resolution which I hope will not be disagreeable to you, that of sending him directly to Mr. Barlow, provided he will take the care of him: and I think this accidental acquaintance with young Sandford may prove the luckiest thing in the world, as he is so nearly of the age and size of our Tommy. I will therefore propose to the farmer that I will for some years pay for the board and education of his little boy, that he may be a constant companion to our son.

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As Mr. Merton ſaid this with a certain degree of firmneſs, and the propoſal was in itſelf ſo reaſonable and neceſſary, Mrs. Merton did not make any objection to it, but conſented, although very reluctantly, to part with her ſon. Mr. Barlow was accordingly invited to dinner the next Sunday, and Mr. Merton took an opportunity of introducing the ſubject, and making the propoſal to him; aſſuring him, at the ſame time, that, though there was no return within the bounds of his fortune which he would not willingly make, yet the education and improvement of his ſon were objects of ſo much importance to him, that he ſhould always conſider himſelf as the obliged party.

To this Mr. Barlow, after thanking Mr. Merton for the confidence and liberality with which he treated him, anſwered in the following manner:—I ſhould be little worthy of the diſtinguiſhed regard with which you treat me, did I not with the greateſt ſincerity aſſure you, that I feel myſelf totally unqualified for ſuch a taſk. I am, Sir, a Miniſter of the Goſpel, and I would not exchange that character, and the ſevere duties it enjoins, for any

any other ſituation in life. But you muſt be ſenſible that the retired manner of life which I have led for theſe twenty years, in conſequence of my profeſſion, at a diſtance from the gaieties of the capital and the refinements of polite life, is little adapted to form ſuch a tutor as the manners and opinions of the world require for your ſon. Gentlemen in your ſituation of life are accuſtomed to divide the world into two general claſſes; thoſe that are perſons of faſhion, and thoſe that are not. The firſt claſs contains every thing that is valuable in life; and therefore their manners, their prejudices, their very vices, muſt be inculcated upon the minds of children from the earlieſt period of infancy: the ſecond comprehends the great body of mankind, who, under the general name of the vulgar, are repreſented as being only objects of contempt and diſguſt, and ſcarcely worthy to be put upon a footing with the very beaſts that contribute to the pleaſure and convenience of their ſuperiors.

Mr. Merton could not help interrupting Mr. Barlow here, to aſſure him, that, though there

there was too much truth in the obſervation, yet he muſt not think that either he, or Mrs. Merton, carried things to that extravagant length; and that, although they wiſhed their ſon to have the manners of a man of faſhion, they thought his morals and religion of infinitely more conſequence.

If you think ſo, ſaid Mr. Barlow, Sir, it is more than a noble Lord did, whoſe written opinions are now conſidered as the oracles of polite life, and more than I believe moſt of his admirers do at this time. But if you allow what I have juſt mentioned to be the common diſtinctions of genteel people, you muſt at one glance perceive how little I muſt be qualified to educate a young gentleman intended to move in that ſphere; I, whoſe temper, reaſon, and religion, equally combine to make me reject the principles upon which thoſe diſtinctions are founded.

Mr. Barlow now proceeded to ſtate ſomewhat at large his notions concerning the nature of genuine religion, and the means of forming the human character to its moſt valuable qualifications. When he had finiſhed,

Sir,

Sir, ſaid Mr. Merton, I will make no other anſwer to what you have now been ſaying than to tell you, it adds, if poſſible, to my eſteem of your character, and that I will deliver my ſon into your hands, upon your own conditions. And as to the terms—

Pardon me, replied Mr. Barlow, if I interrupt you here, and give you another ſpecimen of the ſingularity of my opinions. I am contented to take your ſon for ſome months under my care, and to endeavour, by every mean within my power, to improve him. But there is one circumſtance which is indiſpenſable; that you permit me to have the pleaſure of ſerving you as a friend. If you approve of my ideas and conduct, I will keep him as long as you deſire. In the mean time, as there are, I fear, ſome little circumſtances, which have grown up by too much tenderneſs and indulgence, to be altered in his character, I think that I ſhall poſſeſs more of the neceſſary influence and authority, if I for the preſent appear to him and your whole family rather in the light of a friend than that of a ſchoolmaſter.

How-

However diſagreeable this propoſal was to the generoſity of Mr. Merton, he was obliged to conſent to it; and little Tommy was accordingly ſent the next day to the vicarage, which was at the diſtance of about two miles from his father's houſe.

The day after Tommy came to Mr. Barlow's, as ſoon as breakfaſt was over, he took him and Harry into the garden: when he was there, he took a ſpade into his own hand, and giving Harry an hoe, they both began to work with great eagerneſs. Every body that eats, ſays Mr. Barlow, ought to aſſiſt in procuring food, and therefore little Harry and I begin our daily work; this is my bed, and that other is his; we work upon it every day, and he that raiſes the moſt out of it, will deſerve to fare the beſt. Now, Tommy, if you chuſe to join us, I will mark you out a piece of ground, which you ſhall have to yourſelf, and all the produce ſhall be your own. No, indeed, ſays Tommy, very ſulkily, I am a gentleman, and don't chuſe to ſlave like a plough-boy. Juſt as you pleaſe, Mr. Gentleman, ſaid Mr. Barlow; but Harry and I, who are not above

above being uſeful, will mind our work. In about two hours Mr. Barlow ſaid it was time to leave off, and, taking Harry by the hand, he led him into a very pleaſant ſummer-houſe, where they ſat down, and Mr. Barlow, taking out a plate of very fine ripe cherries, divided them between Harry and himſelf. Tommy, who had followed, and expected his ſhare, when he ſaw them both eating without taking any notice of him, could no longer reſtrain his paſſion, but burſt into a violent fit of ſobbing and crying. What is the matter, ſaid Mr. Barlow very coolly to him? Tommy looked upon him very ſulkily, but returned no anſwer. Oh! ſir, if you don't chuſe to give me an anſwer, you may be ſilent; nobody is obliged to ſpeak here. Tommy became ſtill more diſconcerted at this, and, being unable to conceal his anger, ran out of the ſummer-houſe, and wandered very diſconſolately about the garden; equally ſurpriſed and vexed to find that he was now in a place where nobody felt any concern whether he was pleaſed or the contrary. When all the cherries were eat, little Harry ſaid, You promiſed to be ſo

good as to hear me read when we had done working in the garden; and if it is agreeable to you, I will now read the ſtory of the Flies and the Ants. With all my heart, ſaid Mr. Barlow: remember to read it ſlowly and diſtinctly, without heſitating, or pronouncing the words wrong; and be ſure to read it in ſuch a manner as to ſhew that you underſtand it. Harry then took up the book, and read as follows:

The FLIES *and the* ANTS.

IN a corner of a farmer's garden, there once happened to be a neſt of ants, who, during all the fine weather of the ſummer, were employed all day long in drawing little ſeeds and grains of corn into their hole. Near them there happened to be a bed of flowers, upon which a great quantity of flies uſed to be always ſporting, and humming, and diverting themſelves by flying from one flower to another. A little boy, who was the farmer's ſon, uſed frequently to obſerve the different employments of theſe animals; and, as he was very

very young and ignorant, he one day thus expreſſed himſelf:—Can any creature be ſo ſimple as theſe ants? All day long they are working and toiling, inſtead of enjoying the fine weather, and diverting themſelves like theſe flies, who are the happieſt creatures in the world.—Some time after he had made this obſervation, the weather grew extremely cold, the ſun was ſcarcely ſeen to ſhine, and the nights were chill and froſty. The ſame little boy, walking then in the garden with his father, did not ſee a ſingle ant, but all the flies lay ſcattered up and down either dead or dying. As he was very good-natured, he could not help pitying the unfortunate animals, and aſking, at the ſame time, what had happened to the ants that he uſed to ſee in the ſame place? The father ſaid, The flies are all dead, becauſe they were careleſs animals, who gave themſelves no trouble about laying up proviſions, and were too idle to work: but the ants, who have been buſy all the ſummer, in providing for their maintenance during the winter, are all alive and well; and you will

ſee them again, as ſoon as the warm weather returns.

Very well, Harry, ſays Mr. Barlow; we will now take a walk. They accordingly rambled out into the fields, where Mr. Barlow made Harry take notice of ſeveral kinds of plants, and told him the names and nature of them. At laſt, Harry, who had obſerved ſome very pretty purple berries upon a plant that bore a purple flower and grew in the hedges, brought them to Mr. Barlow, and aſked whether they were good to eat. It is very lucky, ſaid Mr. Barlow, young man, that you aſked the queſtion before you put them into your mouth; for had you taſted them, they would have given you violent pains in your head and ſtomach, and perhaps have killed you, as they grow upon a plant called night-ſhade, which is a rank poiſon. Sir, ſays Harry, I take care never to eat any thing without knowing what it is; and I hope, if you will be ſo good as to continue to teach me, I ſhall very ſoon know the names and qualities of all the herbs which grow. As they

they were returning home, Harry ſaw a very large bird, called a kite, upon the ground, who ſeemed to have ſomething in his claws, which he was tearing to pieces. Harry, who knew him to be one of thoſe ravenous creatures which prey upon others, ran up to him, ſhouting as loud as he could, and the bird being frightened flew away, and left a chicken behind him, very much hurt indeed, but ſtill alive. Look, ſir, ſaid Harry, if that cruel creature has not almoſt killed this poor chicken! ſee how he bleeds, and hangs his wings!—I will put him into my boſom, to recover him, and carry him home; and he ſhall have part of my dinner every day, till he is well, and able to ſhift for himſelf.

As ſoon as they came home, the firſt care of little Harry was to put his wounded chicken into a baſket with ſome freſh ſtraw, ſome water, and ſome bread: after that, Mr. Barlow and he went to dinner. In the mean time, Tommy, who had been ſkulking about all day, very much mortified and uneaſy, came in, and, being very hungry, was going to ſit down to the table with the reſt; but Mr. Bar-

low ſtopped him, and ſaid, No, ſir, as you are too much a gentleman to work, we, who are not ſo, do not chuſe to work for the idle. Upon this, Tommy retired into a corner, crying as if his heart would break, but more from grief than paſſion, as he began to perceive that nobody minded his ill temper. But little Harry, who could not bear to ſee his friend ſo unhappy, looked up half crying into Mr. Barlow's face, and ſaid, Pray, ſir, may I do as I pleaſe with my ſhare of the dinner? Yes, to be ſure, child. Why then, ſaid he, getting up, I will give it all to poor Tommy, that wants it more than I do. Saying this, he gave it to him as he ſat in the corner; and Tommy took it, and thanked him, without ever turning his eyes from off the ground. I ſee, ſays Mr. Barlow, that, though gentlemen are above being of any uſe themſelves, they are not above taking the bread that other people have been working hard for. At this Tommy cried ſtill more bitterly than before.

The next day Mr. Barlow and Harry went to work as before; but they had ſcarcely begun before Tommy came to them, and deſired

ſired that he might have an hoe too, which Mr. Barlow gave him: but as he had never before learned to handle one, he was very awkward in the uſe of it, and hit himſelf ſeveral ſtrokes upon the legs. Mr. Barlow then laid down his own ſpade, and ſhewed him how to hold and uſe it, by which means, in a very ſhort time, he became very expert, and worked with the greateſt pleaſure. When their work was over, they retired all three to the ſummer-houſe; and Tommy felt the greateſt joy imaginable when the fruit was produced, and he was invited to take his ſhare, which ſeemed to him the moſt delicious he had ever taſted, becauſe working in the air had given him an appetite. As ſoon as they had done eating, Mr. Barlow took up a book, and aſked Tommy whether he would read them a ſtory out of it; but he, looking a little aſhamed, ſaid, he had never learned to read. I am very ſorry for it, ſaid Mr. Barlow, becauſe you loſe a very great pleaſure; then Harry ſhall read to you.

From this time forward, Mr. Barlow and his two little pupils uſed conſtantly to work

in their garden every morning, and when they were tired, they retired to the ſummer-houſe, where little Harry, who improved every day in reading, uſed to entertain them with ſome pleaſant ſtory or other, which Tommy always liſtened to with the greateſt pleaſure. But little Harry, going home for a week, Tommy and Mr. Barlow were left alone. The next day, after they had done work, and were retired to the ſummer-houſe as uſual, Tommy expected Mr. Barlow would read to him, but to his great diſappointment, found that he was buſy, and could not. The next day the ſame accident was renewed, and the day after that. At this Tommy loſt all patience, and ſaid to himſelf, Now if I could but read like Harry Sandford, I ſhould not need to aſk any body to do it for me, and then I could divert myſelf: and why, thinks he, may not I do what another has done? To be ſure, little Harry is very clever, but he could not have read if he had not been taught; and if I am taught, I dare ſay, I ſhall learn to read as well as he. Well, as ſoon as ever he comes home, I am determined to aſk him about it.—The next day,

day, little Harry returned, and as ſoon as Tommy had an opportunity of being alone with him, Pray, Harry, ſays Tommy, how came you to be able to read? Why, Mr. Barlow taught me my letters, and then ſpelling, and then, by putting ſyllables together, I learned to read. Tommy. And could not you ſhew me my letters? Harry. Yes, very willingly. Harry then took up a book, and Tommy was ſo eager and attentive, that at the very firſt leſſon he learned the whole alphabet. He was infinitely pleaſed with this firſt experiment, and could ſcarcely forbear running to Mr. Barlow, to let him know the improvement he had made; but he thought he ſhould ſurpriſe him more, if he ſaid nothing about the matter till he was able to read a whole ſtory. He therefore applied himſelf with ſuch diligence, and little Harry, who ſpared no pains to aſſiſt his friend, was ſo good a maſter, that in about two months he determined to ſurpriſe Mr. Barlow with a diſplay of his talents. Accordingly, one day, when they were all aſſembled in the ſummer-houſe, and the book was given to Harry, Tommy

ſtood up and ſaid, that, if Mr. Barlow pleaſed, he would try to read. Oh! very willingly, ſaid Mr. Barlow; but I ſhould as ſoon expect you to be able to fly as to read. Tommy ſmiled with a conſciouſneſs of his own proficiency, and taking up the book, read, with great fluency,

The Hiſtory of the TWO DOGS.

IN a part of the world, where there are many ſtrong and fierce wild beaſts, a poor man happened to bring up two puppies of that kind which is moſt valued for ſize and courage. As they appeared to poſſeſs more than common ſtrength and agility, he thought that he ſhould make an acceptable preſent to his landlord, who was a rich man living in a great city, by giving him one of them, who was called Jowler; while he brought up the other named Keeper, to guard his own flocks. From this time, the manner of living was entirely altered between the brother whelps. Jowler was ſent into a plentiful kitchen, where he quickly became the favourite of all the ſervants, who diverted themſelves with his little tricks and

wanton

wanton gambols, and rewarded him with great quantities of pot-liquor and broken victuals; by which means, as he was ſtuffing from morning till night, he increaſed conſiderably in ſize, and grew ſleek and comely. He was, indeed, rather unwieldy, and ſo cowardly, that he would run away from a dog who was only half as big as himſelf. He was much addicted to gluttony, and was often beaten for the thefts he committed in the pantry; but as he had learned to fawn upon the footmen, and would ſtand upon his hind legs to beg, when he was ordered, and, beſides this, would fetch and carry, he was mightily careſſed by all the neighbourhood.

Keeper, in the mean time, who lived at a cottage in the country, neither fared ſo well, looked ſo plump, nor had learned all theſe pretty little tricks to recommend him. But as his maſter was too poor to maintain any thing but what was uſeful, and was obliged to be continually in the air, ſubject to all kinds of weather, and labouring hard for a livelihood, Keeper grew hardy, active, and diligent: he was alſo expoſed to continual danger from the

wolves, from whom he had received many a ſevere bite, while he was guarding the flocks. Theſe continual combats gave him that degree of intrepidity that no enemy could make him turn his back. His care and aſſiduity ſo well defended the ſheep of his maſter, that not one had ever been miſſing ſince they were placed under his protection. His honeſty too was ſo great, that no temptation could overpower it: and, though he was left alone in the kitchen while the meat was roaſting, he never attempted to taſte it, but received with thankfulneſs whatever his maſter choſe to give him. From a continual life in the air, he was become ſo hardy that no tempeſt could drive him to ſhelter, when he ought to be employed in watching the flocks; and he would plunge into the moſt rapid river, in the coldeſt weather of the winter, at the ſlighteſt ſign from his maſter.

About this time, it happened that the landlord of the poor man went to examine his eſtate in the country, and brought Jowler with him to the place of his birth. At his arrival there, he could not help viewing with great

contempt

contempt the rough, ragged appearance of Keeper, and his awkward look, which diſcovered nothing of the addreſs for which he ſo much admired Jowler. This opinion, however, was altered by means of an accident which happened to him. As he was one day walking in a thick wood, with no other company than the two dogs, an hungry wolf, with eyes that ſparkled like fire, briſtling hair, and an horrid ſnarl that made the gentleman tremble, ruſhed out of a neighbouring thicket, and ſeemed ready to devour him. The unfortunate man gave himſelf over for loſt, more eſpecially when he ſaw that his faithful Jowler, inſtead of coming to his aſſiſtance, ran ſneaking away, with his tail between his legs, howling with fear. But in this moment of deſpair, the undaunted Keeper, who had followed him humble and unobſerved, at a diſtance, flew to his aſſiſtance, and attacked the wolf with ſo much courage and ſkill, that he was compelled to exert all his ſtrength in his own defence. The battle was long and bloody, but in the end Keeper laid the wolf dead at his feet, though not without receiving ſeveral ſevere

wounds

wounds himſelf, and preſenting a bloody and mangled ſpectacle to the eyes of his maſter, who came up at that inſtant. The gentleman was filled with joy for his eſcape, and gratitude to his valiant deliverer; and learned by his own experience that appearances are not always to be truſted, and that great virtues and good diſpoſitions may ſometimes be found in cottages, while they are totally wanting among the great.

Very well indeed, ſays Mr. Barlow. I find that when young gentlemen chuſe to take pains, they can do things almoſt as well as other people. But what do you ſay to the ſtory you have been reading, Tommy? Would you rather have owned the genteel dog that left his maſter to be devoured, or the poor, rough, ragged, meagre, neglected cur, that expoſed his own life in his defence? Indeed, ſir, ſays Tommy, I would rather have had Keeper; but then I would have fed him, and waſhed him, and combed him, till he had looked as well as Jowler. But then perhaps he would have grown idle, and fat, and cowardly, like him, ſays Mr. Barlow: but here

is ſome more of it; let us read the end of the ſtory. Tommy then went on thus:

The gentleman was ſo pleaſed with the noble behaviour of Keeper, that he deſired the poor man to make him a preſent of the dog, which, though with ſome reluctance, he complied with. Keeper was therefore taken to the city, where he was careſſed and fed by every body, and the diſgraced Jowler was left at the cottage, with ſtrict injunctions to the man to hang him up, as a worthleſs, unprofitable cur.

As ſoon as the gentleman had departed, the poor man was going to execute his commiſſion; but conſidering the noble ſize and comely look of the dog, and, above all, being moved with pity for the poor animal, who wagged his tail, and licked his new maſter's feet, juſt as he was putting the cord about his neck, he determined to ſpare his life, and ſee whether a different treatment might not produce different manners. From this day, Jowler was in every reſpect treated as his brother Keeper had been before. He was fed but ſcantily, and from this ſpare diet ſoon grew more active and fond of exerciſe. The firſt ſhower he was in, he

ran away as he had been accuſtomed to do, and ſneaked to the fire-ſide; but the farmer's wife ſoon drove him out of doors, and compelled him to bear the rigour of the weather. In conſequence of this, he daily became more vigorous and hardy, and, in a few months, regarded cold and rain no more than if he had been brought up in the country. Changed as he already was in many reſpects for the better, he ſtill retained an inſurmountable dread of wild beaſts, till one day, as he was wandering through a wood alone, he was attacked by a large and fierce wolf, who, jumping out of a thicket, ſeized him by the neck with fury. Jowler would fain have run, but his enemy was too ſwift and violent to ſuffer him to eſcape. Neceſſity makes even cowards brave. Jowler, being thus ſtopped in his retreat, turned upon his enemy, and, very luckily ſeizing him by the throat, ſtrangled him in an inſtant. His maſter then coming up, and being witneſs of his exploit, praiſed him, and ſtroked him with a degree of fondneſs he had never done before. Animated by this victory, and by the approbation of his maſter, Jowler, from that time,

became

became as brave as he had before been puſillanimous; and there was very ſoon no dog in the country who was ſo great a terror to beaſts of prey.—In the mean time, Keeper, inſtead of hunting wild beaſts, or looking after ſheep, did nothing but eat and ſleep, which he was permitted to do from a remembrance of his paſt ſervices. As all qualities both of mind and body are loſt, if not continually exerciſed, he ſoon ceaſed to be that hardy, courageous, enterpriſing animal he was before, and acquired all the faults which are the conſequences of idleneſs and gluttony. About this time, the gentleman went again into the country, and carrying his dog with him, was willing that he ſhould exerciſe his proweſs once more againſt his ancient enemies the wolves. Accordingly, the country people having quickly found one, in a neighbouring wood, the gentleman went thither with Keeper, expecting to ſee him behave as he had done the year before. But how great was his ſurpriſe, when, at the firſt onſet, he ſaw his beloved dog run away with every mark of timidity? At this moment another dog ſprang forward, and ſeizing the

wolf with the greateſt intrepidity, after a bloody conteſt, left him dead upon the ground. The gentleman could not help lamenting the cowardice of his favourite, and admiring the noble ſpirit of the other dog, whom, to his infinite ſurpriſe, he found to be the ſame Jowler whom he had diſcarded the year before. I now ſee, ſaid he to the farmer, that it is in vain to expect courage in thoſe who live a life of indolence and repoſe; and that conſtant exerciſe and proper diſcipline are frequently able to change contemptible characters into good ones.

Indeed, ſays Mr. Barlow, when the ſtory was ended, I am ſincerely glad to find that Tommy has made this acquiſition. He will now depend upon nobody, but be able to divert himſelf whenever he pleaſes. All that has ever been written in our own language will be from this time in his power; whether he chuſes to read little entertaining ſtories like what we have heard to-day, or to read the actions of great and good men in hiſtory, or to make himſelf acquainted with the nature of wild beaſts and birds, which are found in other countries,

countries, and have been deſcribed in books: in ſhort, I know of ſcarcely any thing which from this moment will not be in his power; and I do not deſpair of one day ſeeing him a very ſenſible man, capable of teaching and inſtructing others.

Yes, ſays Tommy, ſomething elated by all this praiſe, I am determined now to make myſelf as clever as any body; and I don't doubt, though I am ſuch a little fellow, that I know more already than many grown up people; and I am ſure, though there are no leſs than ſix blacks in our houſe, that there is not one of them who can read a ſtory like me. Mr. Barlow looked a little grave at this ſudden diſplay of vanity, and ſaid rather coolly, Pray, who has attempted to teach them any thing? Nobody, I believe, ſaid Tommy. Where is the great wonder then, if they are ignorant? replied Mr. Barlow. You would probably have never known any thing, had you not been aſſiſted; and even now you know very little.

In this manner did Mr. Barlow begin the education of Tommy Merton, who had naturally

turally very good diſpoſitions, although he had been ſuffered to acquire many bad habits, that ſometimes prevented them from appearing. He was, particularly, very paſſionate, and thought he had a right to command every body that was not dreſſed as fine as himſelf. This opinion often led him into inconveniences, and once was the occaſion of his being very ſeverely mortified. This accident happened in the following manner: One day, as Tommy was ſtriking a ball with his bat, he ſtruck it over an hedge, into an adjoining field, and ſeeing a little ragged boy walking along on that ſide, he ordered him, in a very peremptory tone, to bring it to him. The little boy, without taking any notice of what was ſaid, walked on, and left the ball; upon which Tommy called out more loudly than before, and aſked if he did not hear what was ſaid? Yes, ſaid the boy, for the matter of that, I am not deaf. Oh! are you not, replied Tommy; then bring me my ball directly. I don't chuſe it, ſaid the boy. Sirrah, ſaid Tommy, if I come to you, I ſhall make you chuſe it. Perhaps not, ſaid the boy, my pretty little maſter.

You

You little raſcal, ſaid Tommy, who now began to be very angry, if I come over the hedge, I will thraſh you within an inch of your life. To this the other made no anſwer but by a loud laugh, which provoked Tommy ſo much, that he clambered over the hedge, and jumped precipitately down, intending to have leaped into the field; but unfortunately his foot ſlipped, and down he rolled into a wet ditch, which was full of mud and water. There poor Tommy tumbled about for ſome time, endeavouring to get out, but it was to no purpoſe; for his feet ſtuck in the mud, or ſlipped off from the bank; his fine waiſtcoat was dirtied all over, his white ſtockings covered with mire, his breeches filled with puddle water. To add to his diſtreſs, he firſt loſt one ſhoe, and then the other; his laced hat tumbled off from his head, and was completely ſpoiled. In this diſtreſs he muſt probably have remained a conſiderable time, had not the little ragged boy taken pity on him, and helped him out. Tommy was ſo vexed and aſhamed, that he could not ſay a word, but ran home in ſuch a dirty plight, that Mr. Barlow, who happened

to meet him, was afraid he had been conſiderably hurt; but when he heard the accident which had happened he could not help ſmiling, and he adviſed Tommy to be more careful for the future, how he attempted to thraſh little ragged boys.

Sir, anſwered Tommy, a little confuſed, I ſhould not have attempted to beat him, only he would not bring me my ball. Mr. B. And what right had you to oblige him to bring your ball? T. Sir, he was a little ragged boy, and I am a gentleman. Mr. B. So then, every gentleman has a right to command little ragged boys. T. To be ſure, ſir. Mr. B. Then, if your clothes ſhould wear out and become ragged, every gentleman will have a right to command you. Tommy looked a little fooliſh, and ſaid, But he might have done it, as he was on that ſide of the hedge. Mr. B. And ſo he probably would have done, if you had aſked him civilly to do it; but when perſons ſpeak in an haughty tone, they will find few inclined to ſerve them.—But as the boy was poor and ragged, I ſuppoſe you hired him

him with money to fetch your ball. T. Indeed, Sir, I did not; I neither gave him any thing, nor offered him any thing. Mr. B. Probably you had nothing to give him. T. Yes I had though—I had all this money (pulling out ſeveral ſhillings). Mr. B. Perhaps the boy was as rich as you. T. No, he was not, ſir, I am ſure; for he had no coat, and his waiſtcoat and breeches were all tattered and ragged: beſides, he had no ſtockings, and his ſhoes were full of holes. Mr. B. So, now I ſee what conſtitutes a gentleman——A gentleman is one, that, when he has abundance of every thing, keeps it all to himſelf; beats poor people if they don't ſerve him for nothing; and, when they have done him the greateſt favour, in ſpite of his inſolence, never feels any gratitude, or does them any good in return.

Tommy was ſo affected with this rebuke that he could hardly contain his tears, and, as he was really a boy of a generous temper, he determined to give the little ragged boy ſomething the very firſt time he ſhould ſee him again.

He

He did not long wait for an opportunity: for, as he was walking out that very afternoon, he ſaw him at ſome diſtance gathering black-berries, and going up to him, he accoſted him thus: Little boy, I want to know why you are ſo ragged; have you no other clothes? No indeed, ſaid the boy; I have ſeven brothers and ſiſters, and they are all as ragged as myſelf: but I ſhould not much mind that, if I could have my belly full of victuals. T. And why cannot you have your belly full of victuals? Little Boy. Becauſe daddy's ill of a fever, and can't work this harveſt; ſo that mammy ſays we muſt all ſtarve, if God Almighty does not take care of us. Tommy made no anſwer, but ran full ſpeed to the houſe, whence he preſently returned, loaded with a loaf of bread, and a complete ſuit of his own clothes. Here, little boy, ſaid he, you were very good-natured to me, and ſo I will give you all this, becauſe I am a gentleman, and have many more. Nothing could equal the joy which appeared in the boy's countenance at receiving this preſent, excepting what Tommy himſelf felt the firſt time at the idea of doing a generous

generous and grateful action. He ſtrutted away without waiting for the little boy's acknowledgments, and happening to meet Mr. Barlow, as he was returning home, told him, with an air of exultation, what he had done. Mr. Barlow coldly anſwered, You have done very well in giving the little boy clothes, becauſe they are your own: but what right have you to give away my loaf of bread without aſking my conſent? T. Why, ſir, I did it becauſe the little boy ſaid he was very hungry, and had ſeven brothers and ſiſters, and that his father was ill, and could not work. Mr. B. This is a very good reaſon why you ſhould give them what belongs to yourſelf; but not why you ſhould give away what is another's. What would you ſay, if Harry were to give away all your clothes without aſking your leave? T. I ſhould not like it at all; and I will not give away your things any more without aſking your leave. You will do well, ſaid Mr. Barlow; and here is a little ſtory you may read upon this very ſubject.

The Story of CYRUS.

CYRUS was a litle boy of very good diſpoſitions, and a very humane temper. He had ſeveral maſters that endeavoured to teach him every thing that was good, and he was educated with ſeveral little boys about his own age. One evening, his father aſked him what he had done, or learned that day. Sir, ſaid Cyrus, I was puniſhed to-day for deciding unjuſtly. How ſo? ſaid his father. Cyrus. There were two boys, one of whom was a great, and the other a little boy. Now it happened that the little boy had a coat that was much too big for him; but the great boy had one that ſcarcely reached below his middle, and was too tight for him in every part; upon which the great boy propoſed to the little boy to change coats with him, becauſe then, ſaid he, we ſhall be both exactly fitted; for your coat is as much too big for you, as mine is too little for me. The little boy would not conſent to the propoſal; upon which the great boy took his coat away by force, and gave his own to the little boy in exchange. While they

were

were diſputing upon this ſubject, I chanced to paſs by, and they agreed to make me judge of the affair. But I decided that the little boy ſhould keep the little coat, and the great boy the great one, for which judgment my maſter puniſhed me. Why ſo? ſaid Cyrus's father; was not the little coat moſt proper for the little boy, and the large coat for the great boy? Yes, ſir, anſwered Cyrus; but my maſter told me I was not made judge to examine which coat beſt fitted either of the boys, but to decide whether it was juſt that the great boy ſhould take away the coat of the little one againſt his conſent; and therefore I decided unjuſtly, and deſerved to be puniſhed.

Juſt as the ſtory was finiſhed they were ſurprized to ſee a little ragged boy come running up to them, with a bundle of clothes under his arm: his eyes were black as if he had been ſeverely beaten, his noſe was ſwelled, his ſhirt was bloody, and his waiſtcoat did but juſt hang upon his back, ſo much was it torn. He came running up to Tommy, and threw down the bundle before him, ſaying, Here,

maſter, take your clothes again, and I wiſh that they had been at the bottom of the ditch I pulled you out of, inſtead of upon my back; —but I never will put ſuch frippery on again as long as I have breath in my body. What is the matter, ſaid Mr. Barlow, who perceived that ſome unfortunate accident had happened in conſequence of Tommy's preſent? Sir, anſwered the little boy, my little maſter here was going to beat me, becauſe I would not fetch his ball. Now as to the matter of that, I would have brought his ball with all my heart, if he had but aſked me civilly. But though I am poor, I am not bound to be his ſla e, as they ſay black William is, and ſo I would not: upon which little maſter here was jumping over the hedge to lick me, but inſtead of that, he ſouſed into the ditch, and there he lay rolling about till I helped him out. And ſo he gave me theſe clothes here, all out of good will, and I put them on, like a fool as I was: for they are all made of ſilk, and look ſo fine that all the little boys followed me, and hallooed as I went, and Jack Dowſet threw a handful of dirt at me, and dirtied

dirtied me all over. Oh! ſays I, Jackey, are you at that work?—and with that I hit him a punch in the belly, and ſent him roaring away. But Billy Gibſon and Ned Kelly came up, and ſaid I looked like a Frenchman; and ſo we began fighting, and I beat them till they both gave out; but I don't chuſe to be hallooed after, wherever I go, and to look like a Frenchman, and ſo I have brought maſter his clothes again.

Mr. Barlow aſked the little boy where his father lived; and he told him that his father lived about two miles off, acroſs the common, and at the end of Runny Lane; upon which Mr. Barlow told Harry that he would ſend the poor man ſome broth and victuals, if he would carry it when it was ready. That I will, ſays Harry, if it were five times as far: ſo Mr. Barlow went into the houſe to give orders about it. In the mean time, Tommy, who had eyed the little boy for ſome time in ſilence, ſaid, So, my poor boy, you have been beaten and hurt till you are all over bloody, only becauſe I gave you my clothes; I am really very ſorry for it. Thank you, little maſter,

ſaid the boy, but it can't be helped; you did not intend me any hurt I know, and I am not ſuch a chicken as to mind a beating: ſo I wiſh you a good afternoon with all my heart. —As ſoon as the little boy was gone, Tommy ſaid, I wiſh I had but ſome clothes that the poor boy could wear, for he ſeems very good-natured; I would give them to him. That you may very eaſily have, ſaid Harry; for there is a ſhop in the village hard by, where they ſell all manner of clothes for the poor people; and, as you have money, you may eaſily buy ſome.

Harry and Tommy then agreed to go early the next morning to buy ſome clothes for the poor children. They accordingly ſet out before breakfaſt, and had proceeded near half way, when they heard the noiſe of a pack of hounds that ſeemed to be running full cry at ſome diſtance. Tommy then aſked Harry if he knew what they were about. Yes, ſays Harry, I know well enough what they are about; it is ſquire Chaſe and his dogs worrying a poor hare. But I wonder they are not aſhamed to meddle with ſuch a poor inoffenſive creature that cannot defend itſelf.

As

As they were talking in this manner, Harry, caſting his eyes on one ſide, ſaid, As I am alive, there is the poor hare ſkulking along. I hope they will not be able to find her, and if they aſk me, I will never tell them which way ſhe is gone. Preſently up came the dogs, who had now loſt all ſcent of their game, and a gentleman mounted upon a fine horſe, who aſked Harry if he had ſeen the hare. Harry made no anſwer; but upon the gentleman's repeating the queſtion in a louder tone of voice, he anſwered that he had. And which way is ſhe gone, ſaid the gentleman? Sir, I don't chuſe to tell you, anſwered Harry, after ſome heſitation. Not chuſe! ſaid the gentleman, leaping off his horſe, but I'll make you chuſe it in an inſtant; and coming up to Harry, who never moved from the place where he had been ſtanding, began to laſh him in a moſt unmerciful manner with his whip, continually repeating, Now! you little raſcal, do you chuſe to tell me now? To which Harry made no other anſwer than this,—If I would not tell you before, I won't now, though you ſhould kill me. But this fortitude of

Harry, and the tears of Tommy, who cried in the bittereſt manner to ſee the diſtreſs of his friend, made no impreſſion upon this barbarian, who continued his brutality, till another gentleman rode up full ſpeed, and ſaid, For God's ſake, ſquire, what are you about? You will kill the child if you do not take care. And the little dog deſerves it, ſaid the other; he has ſeen the hare, and will not tell me which way ſhe is gone. Take care, replied the gentleman, in a low voice, you don't involve yourſelf in a diſagreeable affair; I know the other to be the ſon of a gentleman of great fortune in the neighbourhood: and then turning to Harry, he ſaid, Why, my dear, would not you tell the gentleman which way the hare had gone, if you ſaw her? Becauſe, anſwered Harry, as ſoon as he had recovered breath enough to ſpeak, I don't chuſe to betray the unfortunate. This boy, ſaid the gentleman, is a prodigy; and it is an happy thing for you, ſquire, that his age is not equal to his ſpirit. But you are always paſſionate.... At this moment the hounds recovered the ſcent, and burſting out into a full

full cry, the ſquire mounted his horſe and gallopped away, attended by all his companions.

When they were gone, Tommy came up to Harry in the moſt affectionate manner, and aſked him how he did? A little ſore, ſays Harry, but that does not ſignify. Oh! ſays Tommy, I wiſh I had had a piſtol or a ſword! H. Why, what would you have done with it? T. I would have killed that good-for-nothing man who treated you ſo cruelly. H. That would have been wrong, Tommy; for I am ſure he did not want to kill me. Indeed, if I had been a man, he ſhould not have uſed me ſo; but it is all over now, and we ought to forgive our enemies, as Mr. Barlow tells us Chriſt did; and then, perhaps, they may come to love us, and be ſorry for what they had done. T. But how could you bear to be ſo ſeverely whipped, without crying out? H. Why, crying out would have done me no good at all, would it? And this is nothing to what many little boys have ſuffered without ever flinching or bemoaning themſelves. T. Well, I ſhould have thought it a great deal.

As they were converſing in this manner they approached the village, where Tommy laid out all his money, amounting to fifteen ſhillings and ſix-pence, in buying ſome clothes for the little ragged boy and his brothers, which were made up in a bundle, and given to him; but he deſired Harry to carry them for him. That I will, ſaid Harry; but why don't you chuſe to carry them yourſelf? T. Why, it is not fit for a gentleman to carry things himſelf. H. Why, what hurt does it do him, if he is but ſtrong enough? T. I do not know—but I believe it is that he may not look like the common people. H. Then he ſhould not have hands, or feet, or eyes, or ears, or mouth, becauſe the common people have the ſame. T. No, no, he muſt have all theſe, becauſe they are uſeful. H. And is it not uſeful to be able to do things for ourſelves? T. Yes, but gentlemen have others to do what they want for them. H. Then I ſhould think it muſt be a bad thing to be a gentleman. T. Why ſo? H. Becauſe, if all were gentlemen, nobody would do any thing, and then we ſhould be all ſtarved. T.

Starved! H. Yes, why you could not live, could you, without bread? T. No, I know that very well. H. And bread is made of a plant that grows in the earth, and is called wheat. T. Why then I would gather it and eat it. H. Then you muſt do ſomething for yourſelf: but that would not do, for wheat is a ſmall hard grain, like the oats which you have ſometimes given to Mr. Barlow's horſe; and you would not like to eat them. T. No, certainly; but how comes bread then? H. Why, they ſend the corn to the mill. T. What is a mill? H. What, did you never ſee a mill? T. No, never; but I ſhould like to ſee one, that I may know how they make bread. H. There is one at a little diſtance, and if you aſk Mr. Barlow, he will go with you, for he knows the miller very well. T. That I will, for I ſhould like to ſee them make bread.

As they were converſing in this manner they heard a great outcry, and turning their heads, ſaw an horſe that was galloping violently along, and dragging his rider along with him, who had fallen off, and in falling

hitched his foot in the ſtirrup. Luckily for the perſon, it happened to be wet ground, and the ſide of an hill, which prevented the horſe from going very faſt, and the rider from being much hurt. But Harry, who was always prepared to do an act of humanity, even with the danger of his life, and, beſides that, was a boy of extraordinary courage and agility, ran up towards a gap which he ſaw the horſe approaching, and juſt as he made a little pauſe before he vaulted over, caught him by the bridle, and effectually ſtopped him from proceeding. In an inſtant, another gentleman came up with two or three ſervants, who alighted from their horſes, diſengaged the fallen perſon, and ſet him upon his legs. He ſtared wildly round him for ſome time; but as he was not materially hurt, he ſoon recovered his ſenſes, and the firſt uſe he made of them was to ſwear at his horſe, and to aſk who had ſtopped the confounded jade? Who? ſaid his friend; why the very little boy that you uſed ſo ſcandalouſly this morning: had it not been for his dexterity and courage, that numſkull of yours would have had more flaws

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in it than it ever had before. The ſquire conſidered Harry with a countenance in which ſhame and humiliation ſeemed yet to ſtruggle with his natural inſolence; but at length putting his hand in his pocket, he pulled out a guinea, which he offered to Harry, telling him at the ſame time he was very ſorry for what had happened. But Harry, with a look of more contempt than he had ever been ſeen to aſſume before, rejected the preſent, and taking up the bundle which he had dropt at the time he ſeized the ſquire's horſe, walked away, accompanied by his companion.

As it was not far out of their way, they agreed to call at the poor man's cottage, whom they found much better, as Mr. Barlow had been there the preceding night, and given him ſuch medicines as he judged proper for his diſeaſe. Tommy then aſked for the little boy, and upon his coming in, told him that he had now brought him ſome clothes which he might wear without fear of being called a Frenchman, as well as ſome more for his little brothers. The pleaſure with which they were received was ſo great, and the acknowledg-

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ments and bleſſings of the good woman and the poor man, who had juſt begun to ſit up, were ſo many, that little Tommy could not help ſhedding tears of compaſſion, in which he was joined by Harry. As they were returning, Tommy ſaid that he had never ſpent any money with ſo much pleaſure, as that with which he had purchaſed clothes for this poor family; and that for the future he would take care of all the money that was given him, for that purpoſe, inſtead of laying it out in eatables and play-things.

Some few days after this, as Mr. Barlow and the two boys were walking out together, they happened to paſs near a wind-mill, and upon Harry's telling Tommy what it was, Tommy deſired leave to go into it, and look at it. This Mr. Barlow conſented to; and being acquainted with the miller, they all went in, and examined every part of it with great curioſity; and there little Tommy ſaw with aſtoniſhment, that the ſails of the mill being continually turned round by the wind, moved a great flat ſtone, which, by rubbing upon another ſtone, bruiſed all the corn that was

put

put between them, till it became a fine powder. Oh! dear, ſays Tommy, is this the way they make bread? Mr. Barlow told him this was the method by which the corn was prepared for making bread; but that many other things were neceſſary, before it arrived at that ſtate. You ſee that what runs from theſe mill-ſtones is only a fine powder, very different from bread, which is a ſolid and tolerably hard ſubſtance.

As they were going home, Harry ſaid to Tommy, So you ſee now that if nobody choſe to work, or do any thing for himſelf, we ſhould have no bread to eat. But you could not even have the corn to make it of, without a great deal of pains and labour. Why not? ſaid Tommy; does not corn grow in the ground, of itſelf? H. Corn grows in the ground, but then firſt it is neceſſary to plough the ground, to break it to pieces. T. What's ploughing? H. Did you never ſee three or four horſes drawing ſomething along the fields in a ſtraight line, while one man drove, and another walked behind, holding the thing by two handles? T. Yes, I have, and is that

plough-

ploughing? H. It is—and there is a ſharp iron underneath, which runs into the ground, and turns it up, all the way it goes. T. Well, and what then? H. When the ground is thus prepared, they ſow the ſeed all over it, and then they rake it over to cover the ſeed, and then the ſeed begins to grow, and ſhoots up very high, and at laſt the corn ripens, and they reap it, and carry it home. I proteſt, ſays Tommy, it muſt be very curious, and I ſhould like to ſow ſome ſeed myſelf, and ſee it grow; do you think I could? Yes, certainly, ſaid Harry; and if you will dig the ground to-morrow, I will go home to my father, in order to procure ſome ſeed for you. The next morning Tommy was up almoſt as ſoon as it was light, and went to work in a corner of the garden, where he dug with great perſeverance till breakfaſt: when he came in, he could not help telling Mr. Barlow what he had done, and aſking him, whether he was not a very good boy, for working ſo hard to raiſe corn? That, ſaid Mr. Barlow, depends upon the uſe you intend to make of it, when you have raiſed it. What is it you intend

intend doing with it? Why, ſir, ſaid Tommy, I intend to ſend it to the mill that we ſaw, and have it ground into flour; and then I will get you to ſhew me how to make bread of it; and then I will eat it, that I may tell my father that I have eaten bread out of corn of my own ſowing. That will be very well done, ſaid Mr. Barlow; but where will be the great goodneſs that you ſow corn for your own eating? That is no more than all the people round continually do; and if they did not do it, they would be obliged to faſt. But then, ſaid Tommy, they are not gentleman, as I am. What then, anſwered Mr. Barlow, muſt not gentlemen eat as well as others, and therefore is it not for their intereſt to know how to procure food as well as other people? Yes, ſir, anſwered Tommy, but they can have other people to raiſe it for them, ſo that they are not obliged to work themſelves. How does that happen, ſaid Mr. Barlow? T. Why, ſir, they pay other people to work for them, or buy bread when it is made, as much as they want. Mr. B. Then they pay for it with money. T. Yes, ſir. Mr. B. Then they

they muſt have money before they can buy corn. T. Certainly, ſir. Mr. B. But have all gentlemen money? Tommy heſitated ſome time at this queſtion; at laſt he ſaid, I believe not always, ſir. Mr. B. Why then, if they have not money, they will find it difficult to procure corn, unleſs they raiſe it for themſelves. Indeed, ſaid Tommy, I believe they will; for perhaps they may not find any body good-natured enough to give it them. But, ſaid Mr. Barlow, as we are talking upon this ſubject, I will tell you a ſtory, that I read a little time paſt, if you chuſe to hear it. Tommy ſaid he ſhould be very glad if Mr. Barlow would take the trouble of telling it to him, and Mr. Barlow told him the following hiſtory of

The TWO BROTHERS.

ABOUT the time that many people went over to South America, with the hopes of finding gold and ſilver, there was a Spaniard, whoſe name was Pizarro, who had a great inclination to try his fortune like the reſt. But as he had an elder brother, for whom he had a very great affection,

affection, he went to him, told him his deſign, and ſolicited him very much to go along with him, promiſing him that he ſhould have an equal ſhare of all the riches they found. The brother, whoſe name was Alonzo, was a man of a contented temper and a good underſtanding; he did not therefore much approve of the project, and endeavoured to diſſuade Pizarro from it, by ſetting before him the danger to which he expoſed himſelf, and the uncertainty of his ſucceeding. But finding all that he ſaid was vain, he agreed to go with him, but told him at the ſame time, that he wanted no part of the riches which he might find, and would aſk no other favour than to have his baggage and a few ſervants taken on board the veſſel with him. Pizarro then ſold all that he had, bought a veſſel, and embarked with ſeveral other adventurers, who had all great expectations, like himſelf, of ſoon becoming rich. As to Alonzo, he took nothing with him but a few ploughs, harrows, and other tools, and ſome corn, together with a large quantity of potatoes, and ſome ſeeds of different vegetables. Pizarro thought this a very odd

odd preparation for the voyage; but as he did not think proper to expoſtulate with his brother, he ſaid nothing. After ſailing ſome time with proſperous winds, they put into the laſt port where they were to ſtop, before they came to the country where they were to ſearch for gold. Here Pizarro bought a great number more of pickaxes, ſhovels, and various other tools for digging, melting, and refining the gold he expected to find, beſides hiring an additional quantity of labourers to aſſiſt him in the work. Alonzo, on the contrary, bought only a few ſheep and four ſtout oxen, with their harneſs, and food enough to ſubſiſt them till they ſhould arrive at land. As it happened, they met with a favourable voyage, and all landed in perfect health in America. Alonzo then told his brother, that, as he had only come to accompany and ſerve him, he would ſtay near the ſhore with his ſervants and cattle, while he went to ſearch for gold, and when he had acquired as much as he deſired, ſhould be always ready to embark for Spain with him. Pizarro accordingly ſet out, not without feeling ſo great a contempt for his brother, that he

he could not help expreſſing it to his companions. I always thought, ſaid he, that my brother had been a man of ſenſe; he bore that character in Spain, but I find people were ſtrangely miſtaken in him. Here he is going to divert himſelf with his ſheep and his oxen, as if he was living quietly upon his farm at home, and had nothing elſe to do than to raiſe cucumbers and melons. But we know better what to do with our time; ſo come along, my lads, and if we have but good luck, we ſhall ſoon be enriched for the reſt of our lives. All that were preſent applauded Pizarro's ſpeech, and declared themſelves ready to follow him wherever he went; only one old Spaniard ſhook his head as he went, and told him he doubted whether he would find his brother ſo great a fool as he thought. They then travelled on ſeveral days march into the country, ſometimes obliged to croſs rivers, at others to paſs mountains and foreſts where they could find no paths; ſometimes ſcorched by the violent heat of the ſun, and then wetted to the ſkin by violent ſhowers of rain. Theſe difficulties, however, did not diſcourage them

ſo much as to hinder them from trying in ſeveral places for gold, which they were at length lucky enough to find in a conſiderable quantity. This ſucceſs animated them very much, and they continued working upon that ſpot till all their proviſions were conſumed; they gathered daily large quantities of ore, but then they ſuffered very much from hunger. Still, however, they perſevered in their labours, and ſuſtained themſelves with ſuch roots and berries as they could find. At laſt even this reſource failed them; and, after ſeveral of their company had died from want and hardſhip, the reſt were juſt able to crawl back to the place where they had left Alonzo, carrying with them the gold, to acquire which they had ſuffered ſo many miſeries.

But while they had been employed in this manner, Alonzo, who foreſaw what would happen, had been induſtriouſly toiling to a very different purpoſe. His ſkill in huſbandry had eaſily enabled him to find a ſpot of conſiderable extent and very fertile ſoil, which he ploughed up with the oxen he had brought with him, and the aſſiſtance of his ſervants.

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He then ſowed the different ſeeds he had brought, and planted the potatoes, which proſpered beyond what he could have expected, and yielded him a moſt abundant harveſt. His ſheep he had turned out in a very fine meadow near the ſea, and every one of them had brought him a couple of lambs. Beſides that, he and his ſervants, at leiſure times, employed themſelves in fiſhing; and the fiſh they had caught were all dried and ſalted, with ſalt they had found upon the ſea-ſhore; ſo that by the time of Pizarro's return they had laid up a very conſiderable quantity of proviſion. When Pizarro returned, his brother received him with the greateſt cordiality, and aſked him what ſucceſs he had had? Pizarro told him that they had found an immenſe quantity of gold, but that ſeveral of his companions had periſhed, and that the reſt were almoſt ſtarved from the want of proviſions: he then requeſted his brother would immediately give him ſomething to eat, as he aſſured him he had taſted no food the laſt two days, excepting the roots and bark of trees. Alonzo then very coolly anſwered, that he

ſhould

ſhould remember, that when they ſet out they had made an agreement, that neither ſhould interfere with the other; that he had never deſired to have any ſhare of the gold which Pizarro might acquire, and therefore he wondered that Pizarro ſhould expect to be ſupplied with the proviſions that he had procured with ſo much care and labour. But, added he, if you chuſe to exchange ſome of the gold you have found, for proviſions, I ſhall perhaps be able to accommodate you. Pizarro thought this behaviour very unkind in his brother; but as he and his companions were almoſt ſtarved, they were obliged to comply with his demands, which were ſo exorbitant, that in a very ſhort time they parted with all the gold they had brought with them, merely to purchaſe food. Alonzo then propoſed to his brother to embark for Spain in the veſſel which had brought them thither, as the winds and weather ſeemed to be moſt favourable: but Pizarro, with an angry look, told him, that ſince he had deprived him of every thing he had gained, and treated him in ſo unfriendly a manner, he ſhould go without

out him; for as to himſelf, he would rather periſh upon that deſert ſhore, than embark with ſo inhuman a brother. But Alonzo, inſtead of reſenting theſe reproaches, embraced his brother with the greateſt tenderneſs, and ſpoke to him in the following manner: Could you then believe, my deareſt Pizarro, that I really meant to deprive you of the fruits of all your labours, which you have acquired with ſo much toil and danger? Rather may all the gold in the univerſe periſh, than I ſhould be capable of ſuch behaviour to my deareſt brother! But I ſaw the raſh, impetuous deſire you had of riches, and wiſhed to correct this fault in you, and ſerve you at the ſame time. You deſpiſed my prudence and induſtry, and imagined that nothing could be wanting to him that had once acquired wealth. But you have now learned, that, without that foreſight and induſtry, all the gold you have brought with you would not have prevented you from periſhing miſerably. You are now I hope wiſer; and therefore take back your riches, which I hope you have now learned to make a proper uſe of. Pizarro was equally filled

with gratitude and aſtoniſhment at this generoſity of his brother, and he acknowledged from experience that induſtry was better than gold. They then embarked for Spain, where they all ſafely arrived: during the voyage Pizarro often ſolicited his brother to accept of half his riches, which Alonzo conſtantly refuſed, telling him that he that could raiſe food enough to maintain himſelf was in no want of gold.

Indeed, ſaid Tommy, when Mr. Barlow had finiſhed the ſtory, I think Alonzo was a very ſenſible man; and if it had not been for him, his brother and all his companions muſt have been ſtarved: but then this was only becauſe they were in a deſert, uninhabited country. This could never have happened in England; there they could always have had as much corn or bread as they choſe for their money. But, ſaid Mr. Barlow, is a man ſure to be always in England, or ſome country where he can purchaſe bread? T. I believe ſo, ſir. Mr. B. Why, are there not countries in the world where there are no inhabitants,

and

and where no corn is raiſed? T. Certainly, ſir; this country which the two brothers went to was ſuch a place. Mr. B. And there are many other ſuch countries in the world. T. But then a man need not go to them; he may ſtay at home. Mr. B. Then he muſt not paſs the ſeas in a ſhip. T. Why ſo, ſir? Mr. B. Becauſe the ſhip may happen to be wrecked upon ſome ſuch country where there are no inhabitants; and then, although he ſhould eſcape the danger of the ſea, what will he do for food? T. And have ſuch accidents ſometimes happened? Mr. B. Yes, ſeveral: there was, in particular, one Selkirk, who was ſhipwrecked, and obliged to live ſeveral years upon a deſert iſland. T. That was very extraordinary indeed; and how did he get victuals? Mr. B. He ſometimes procured roots, ſometimes fruits: he alſo at laſt became ſo active, that he was able to purſue and catch wild goats, with which the iſland abounded. T. And did not ſuch an hard, diſagreeable way of life kill him at laſt? Mr. B. By no means. He never enjoyed better health in his life: and you have

heard that he became ſo active as to be able to overtake the very wild beaſts.

Here little Harry came in from his father's houſe, and brought with him the chicken, which, it has been mentioned, he had ſaved from the claws of the kite. The little animal was now perfectly recovered of the hurt it had received, and ſhewed ſo great a degree of affection to its protector, that it would run after him like a dog, hop upon his ſhoulder, neſtle in his boſom, and eat crumbs out of his hand. Tommy was extremely ſurprized and pleaſed to remark its tameneſs and docility, and aſked by what means it had been made ſo gentle. Harry told him, he had taken no particular pains about it; but that, as the poor little creature had been ſadly hurt, he had fed it every day till it was well; and that, in conſequence of that kindneſs, it had conceived a great degree of affection towards him. Indeed, ſaid Tommy, that is very ſurpriſing: for I thought all birds had flown away whenever a man came near them; and that even the fowls which are kept at home would never let you touch them. Mr. B. And what do you imagine

imagine is the reaſon of that? T. Becauſe they are wild. Mr. B. And what is a fowl's being wild? T. When he will not let you come near him. Mr. B. Then a fowl is wild becauſe he will not let you come near him; and will not let you come near him becauſe he is wild. This is ſaying nothing more than that when a fowl is wild, he will not let you approach him. But I want to know what is the reaſon of his being wild. T. Indeed, ſir, I cannot tell, unleſs it is becauſe they are naturally ſo. Mr. B. But if they were naturally ſo, this fowl could not be fond of Harry. T. That is becauſe he is ſo good to it. Mr. B. Very likely—Then it is not natural for an animal to run away from a perſon that is good to him. T. No, ſir, I believe not. Mr. B. But when a perſon is not good to him, or endeavours to hurt him, it is natural for an animal to run away from him, is it not? T. Yes. Mr. B. And then you ſay that he is wild, do you not? T. Yes, ſir. Mr. B. Why then it is probable that animals are only wild becauſe they are afraid of being hurt, and that they only run away from the

fear of danger. I believe you would do the ſame from a lion or a tiger. T. Indeed I would, ſir. Mr. B. And yet you do not call yourſelf a wild animal. Tommy laughed heartily at this, and ſaid, No. Therefore, ſaid Mr. Barlow, if you want to tame animals, you muſt be good to them, and treat them kindly, and then they will no longer fear you, but come to you and love you. Indeed, ſaid Harry, that is very true: for I knew a little boy that took a great fancy to a ſnake that lived in his father's garden; and when he had his milk for breakfaſt, he uſed to ſit under a nut-tree and whiſtle, and the ſnake would come to him, and eat out of his bowl. T. And did it not bite him? H. No; he ſometimes uſed to give it a pat with his ſpoon, if it ate too faſt, but it never hurt him.

Tommy was much pleaſed with this converſation; and being both good-natured and deſirous of making experiments, he determined to try his ſkill in taming animals. Accordingly, he took a large ſlice of bread in his hand, and went out to ſeek ſome animal that he might give it to. The firſt thing that he happened

happened to meet was a ſucking pig that had rambled from its mother, and was baſking in the ſun. Tommy would not neglect the opportunity of ſhewing his talents; he therefore called Pig, pig, pig, come hither, little pig! But the pig, who did not exactly comprehend his intentions, only grunted and ran away. You little ungrateful thing, ſaid Tommy, do you treat me in this manner, when I want to feed you? If you do not know your friends, I muſt teach you. Saying this, he ſprang at the pig, and caught him by the hind leg, intending to have given him the bread which he had in his hand; but the pig, who was not uſed to be treated in that manner, began ſtruggling and ſqueaking to that degree, that the ſow, who was within hearing, came running to the place, with all the reſt of the litter at her heels. As Tommy did not know whether ſhe would be pleaſed with his civilities to her young one, or not, he thought it moſt prudent to let it go; and the pig, endeavouring to eſcape as ſpeedily as poſſible, unfortunately ran between his legs, and threw him down. The place where this accident happened was ex-

tremely wet; therefore Tommy, in falling, dirtied himself from head to foot, and the sow, who came up at that instant, passed over him as he attempted to rise, and rolled him back again into the mire. Tommy, who was not the coolest in his temper, was extremely provoked at this ungrateful return for his intended kindness, and losing all patience, he seized the sow by the hind leg, and began pommelling her with all his might, as she attempted to escape. The sow, as may be imagined, did not relish such treatment, but endeavoured with all her force to escape: but Tommy keeping his hold, and continuing his discipline, she struggled with such violence as to drag him several yards, squeaking in the most lamentable manner all the time, in which she was joined by the whole litter of pigs. During the heat of this contest, a large flock of geese happened to be crossing the road, into the midst of which the affrighted sow ran headlong, dragging the enraged Tommy at her heels. The goslings retreated with the greatest precipitation, joining their mournful cackling to the general noise; but a gander of more than

common

common ſize and courage, reſenting the unprovoked attack which had been made upon his family, flew at Tommy's hinder parts, and gave him ſeveral ſevere ſtrokes with his bill. Tommy, whoſe courage had hitherto been unconquerable, being thus unexpectedly attacked by a new enemy, was obliged to yield to fortune, and not knowing the preciſe extent of his danger, he not only ſuffered the ſow to eſcape, but joined his vociferations to the general ſcream. This alarmed Mr. Barlow, who coming up to the place, found his pupil in the moſt woful plight, daubed from head to foot, with his face and hands as black as thoſe of any chimney ſweeper. He enquired what was the matter, and Tommy, as ſoon as he had recovered breath enough to ſpeak, anſwered in this manner:——Sir, all this is owing to what you told me about taming animals. I wanted to make them tame and gentle, and to love me, and you ſee the conſequences. Indeed, ſaid Mr. Barlow, I ſee you have been very ill-treated, but I hope you are not hurt; and if it is owing to any thing I have ſaid, I ſhall feel the more concern.

No, ſaid Tommy, I cannot ſay that I am much hurt. Why then, ſaid Mr. Barlow, you had better go and waſh yourſelf; and when you are clean we will talk over the affair. When Tommy had returned, Mr. Barlow aſked him how the accident had happened; and when he had heard the ſtory, he ſaid, I am very ſorry for your misfortune, but I do not perceive that I was the cauſe of it: for I do not remember that I ever adviſed you to catch pigs by the hinder legs. T. No, ſir; but you told me that feeding animals was the way to make them love me, and ſo I wanted to feed the pig. Mr. B. But it was not my fault that you attempted it in a wrong manner. The animal did not know your intentions, and therefore, when you ſeized him in ſo violent a manner, he naturally attempted to eſcape; and his mother, hearing his cries, very naturally came to his aſſiſtance. All that happened was owing to your inexperience. Before you meddle with any animal, you ſhould make yourſelf acquainted with his nature and diſpoſition; otherwiſe, you may fare like the little boy, that, in attempting to catch flies,

was ſtung by a waſp; or like another, that, ſeeing an adder ſleeping upon a bank, took it for an eel, and was bitten by it, which had nearly coſt him his life. T. But, ſir, I thought Harry had mentioned a little boy that uſed to feed a ſnake without receiving any hurt from it. Mr. B. That might very well happen; there is ſcarcely any creature that will do hurt without it is attacked or wants food, and ſome of theſe reptiles are entirely harmleſs, others not: therefore the beſt way is not to meddle with any thing till you are perfectly acquainted with its nature. Had you obſerved this rule, you never would have attempted to catch the pig by the hinder leg, in order to tame it; and it is very lucky that you did not make the experiment upon a larger animal, otherwiſe you might have been as badly treated as the taylor was by the elephant. T. Pray, ſir, what is this curious ſtory? But firſt tell me, if you pleaſe, what an elephant is.

An elephant, ſaid Mr. Barlow, is the largeſt land animal that we are acquainted with. It is many times thicker than an ox, and grows to the height of eleven or twelve feet. Its

ſtrength, as may be eaſily imagined, is prodigious, but it is, at the ſame time, ſo very gentle, that it rarely does hurt to any thing, even in the woods where it reſides. It does not eat fleſh, but lives upon the fruits and branches of trees. But what is moſt ſingular about its make is, that, inſtead of a noſe, it has a long, hollow piece of fleſh, which grows over its mouth to the length of three or four feet. This is called the trunk of the elephant, and he is capable of bending it in every direction. When he wants to break off the branch of a tree, he twiſts this trunk round it, and ſnaps it off directly. When he wants to drink, he lets it down into the water, ſucks up ſeveral gallons at a time, and then doubling the end of it back, diſcharges it all into his mouth. But if he is ſo large, ſaid Tommy, and ſtrong, I ſhould ſuppoſe it muſt be impoſſible ever to tame him. So perhaps it would, replied Mr. Barlow, did they not inſtruct thoſe that have been already tamed to aſſiſt in catching others. T. How is that, ſir? Mr. B. When they have diſcovered a foreſt where theſe animals reſort, they make a large enclo-

ſure

encloſure with ſtrong pales and a deep ditch, leaving only one entrance to it, which has a ſtrong gate left purpoſely open. They then let one or two of their tame elephants looſe, who join the wild ones, and gradually entice them into the encloſure. As ſoon as one of theſe has entered, a man who ſtands ready, ſhuts the gates, and takes him priſoner. The animal, finding himſelf thus entrapped, begins to grow furious, and attempts to eſcape: but immediately two tame ones, of the largeſt ſize and greateſt ſtrength, who had been placed there on purpoſe, come up to him one on each ſide, and beat him with their trunks till he becomes more quiet. A man then comes behind, ties a very large cord to each of his hind legs, and faſtens the other end of it to two great trees. He is then left without food for ſome hours, and in that time generally becomes ſo docile, as to ſuffer himſelf to be conducted to the ſtable that is prepared for him, where he lives the reſt of his life like an horſe, or any other ſort of domeſtic animal. T. And pray, ſir, what did the elephant do to the taylor? Mr. B. There was at Surat, a

city where many of theſe tame elephants are kept, a taylor, that uſed to ſit and work in his ſhed, cloſe to the place to which theſe elephants were led every day to drink. This man contracted a kind of acquaintance with one of the largeſt of theſe beaſts, and uſed to preſent him fruits and other vegetables, whenever the elephant paſſed by his door. The elephant was accuſtomed to put his long trunk in at the window, and to receive in that manner whatever his friend choſe to give. But one day, the taylor happened to be in a more than ordinary ill humour, and, not conſidering how dangerous it might prove to provoke an animal of that ſize and ſtrength, when the elephant put his trunk in at the window, as uſual, inſtead of giving him any thing to eat, he pricked him with his needle. The elephant inſtantly withdrew his trunk, and without ſhewing any marks of reſentment, went on with the reſt to drink; but after he had quenched his thirſt, he collected a large quantity of the dirtieſt water he could find in his trunk, which, I have already told you, is capable of holding many gallons, and when he

he paſſed by the taylor's ſhop in his return, he diſcharged it full in his face, with ſo true an aim, that he wetted him all over, and almoſt drowned him; thus juſtly puniſhing the man for his ill-nature and breach of friendſhip.

The next day Tommy and Harry went into the garden to ſow the wheat which Harry had brought with him upon a bed which Tommy had dug for that purpoſe. While they were at work, Tommy ſaid, Pray, Harry, did you ever hear the ſtory of the men that were obliged to live ſix years upon that terrible cold country, I forget the name of it, where there is nothing but ſnow and ice, and ſcarcely any other animals but great bears that are ready to eat men up? H. Yes, I have. T. And did not the very thoughts of it frighten you dreadfully? H. No, I cannot ſay they did. T. Why, ſhould you like to live in ſuch a country? H. No, certainly; I am very happy that I was born in ſuch a country as this, where the weather is ſcarcely ever too hot or too cold: but a man muſt bear patiently whatever is his lot in this world. T. That is true—But ſhould you not cry, and be very much afflicted,

if

if you were left upon such a country? H. I should certainly be very sorry, if I was left there alone, more especially as I am not big enough, or strong enough, to defend myself against such fierce animals. But the crying would do me no good—it would be better to do something, and endeavour to help myself. T. Indeed I think it would; but what could you do? H. Why, I would endeavour to build myself an house, if I could find any materials. T. And what materials is an house made of? I thought it had been impossible to make an house without having a great many people of different trades, such as carpenters and bricklayers. H. You know there are houses of different sizes. The houses that the poor people live in, are very different from your father's house. T. Yes, they are little, nasty, dirty, disagreeable places; I should not like to live in them at all. H. And yet the poor are in general as strong and healthy as the rich. But if you could have no other, you would rather live in one of them than be exposed to the weather. T. Yes certainly. And how would you make one of them? H. If I could

get

get any wood, and had an hatchet, I would cut down ſome branches of trees, and ſtick them upright in the ground, near to each other. T. And what then? H. I would then get ſome other branches, but more full of ſmall wood, and theſe I would interweave between them, juſt as we make hurdles to confine the ſheep: and then, as that might not be warm enough to reſiſt the wind and cold, I would cover them over, both within and without, with clay. T. Clay, what is that? H. It is a particular kind of earth that ſticks to your feet when you tread upon it, or to your hands when you touch it. T. I declare I did not think it had been ſo eaſy to make an houſe. And do you think that people could really live in ſuch houſes? H. Certainly they might, becauſe many perſons live in ſuch houſes here, and I have been told that in many parts of the world they have not any other. Really, ſaid Tommy, I ſhould like to try to make an houſe; do you think, Harry, that you and I could make one? Yes, ſaid Harry, if I had wood and clay enough, I think I could, and a ſmall hatchet to ſharpen the ſtakes,

ſtakes, and make them enter the ground.—Mr. Barlow then came to call them in to read, and told Tommy, that as he had been talking ſo much about good-nature to animals, he had looked him out a very pretty ſtory upon the ſubject, and begged that he would read it well. That I will, ſaid Tommy; for I begin to like reading extremely: and I think that I am happier too ſince I learned it; for now I can always divert myſelf. Indeed, anſwered Mr. Barlow, moſt people find it ſo. When any one can read, he will not find the knowledge any burthen to him; and it is his own fault, if he is not conſtantly amuſed. This is an advantage, Tommy, which a gentleman, ſince you are ſo fond of the word, may more particularly enjoy, becauſe he has ſo much time at his own diſpoſal. And it is much better that he ſhould diſtinguiſh himſelf by having more knowledge and improvement than others, than by fine clothes, or any ſuch trifles, which any one may have that can purchaſe them, as well as himſelf. Tommy then read, with a clear and diſtinct voice, the following ſtory of

The

The GOOD-NATURED LITTLE BOY.

A LITTLE boy went out, one morning, to walk to a village about five miles from the place where he lived, and carried with him, in a baſket, the proviſion that was to ſerve him the whole day. As he was walking along, a poor little half-ſtarved dog came up to him, wagging his tail, and ſeeming to intreat him to take compaſſion on him. The little boy at firſt took no notice of him; but at length, remarking how lean and famiſhed the creature ſeemed to be, he ſaid, This animal is certainly in very great neceſſity: if I give him part of my proviſion, I ſhall be obliged to go home hungry myſelf; however, as he ſeems to want it more than I do, he ſhall partake with me. Saying this, he gave the dog part of what he had in his baſket, who ate as if he had not taſted victuals for a fortnight. The little boy went on a little farther, his dog ſtill following him, and fawning upon him with the greateſt gratitude and affection, when he ſaw a poor old horſe lying upon the ground, and groaning as if he was very

very ill: he went up to him, and ſaw that he was almoſt ſtarved, and ſo weak that he was unable to riſe. I am very much afraid, ſaid the little boy, if I ſtay to aſſiſt this horſe, that it will be dark before I can return; and I have heard there are ſeveral thieves in the neighbourhood: however, I will try; it is doing a good action to attempt to relieve him, and God Almighty will take care of me. He then went and gathered ſome graſs which he brought to the horſe's mouth, who immediately began to eat with as much reliſh as if his chief diſeaſe was hunger. He then fetched ſome water in his hat, which the animal drank up, and ſeemed immediately to be ſo much refreſhed, that, after a few trials, he got up, and began grazing. He then went on a little farther, and ſaw a man wading about in a pond of water, without being able to get out of it, in ſpite of all his endeavours. What is the matter, good man, ſaid the little boy to him; can't you find your way out of this pond? No, God bleſs you, my worthy maſter, or miſs, ſaid the man; for ſuch I take you to be by your voice: I have fallen into this pond,

pond, and know not how to get out again, as I am quite blind, and I am almoſt afraid to move for fear of being drowned. Well, ſaid the little boy, though I ſhall be wetted to the ſkin, if you will throw me your ſtick, I will try to help you out of it. The blind man then threw the ſtick to that ſide on which he heard the voice; the little boy caught it, and went into the water, feeling very carefully before him, leſt he ſhould unguardedly go beyond his depth: at length he reached the blind man, took him very carefully by the hand, and led him out. The blind man then gave him a thouſand bleſſings, and told him he could grope out his way home, and the little boy ran on as hard as he could to prevent being benighted. But he had not proceeded far, before he ſaw a poor ſailor, that had loſt both his legs in an engagement by ſea, hopping along upon crutches. God bleſs you, my little maſter, ſaid the ſailor; I have fought many a battle with the French to defend poor Old England, but now I am crippled, as you ſee, and have neither victuals nor money, although I am almoſt famiſhed. The

little

little boy could not reſiſt his inclination to relieve him, ſo he gave him all his remaining victuals, and ſaid, God help you, poor man! this is all I have, otherwiſe you ſhould have more. He then ran along, and preſently arrived at the town he was going to, did his buſineſs, and returned towards his own home, with all the expedition he was able. But he had not gone much more than half way, before the night ſhut in extremely dark, without either moon or ſtars to light him. The poor little boy did all that he was able to find his way, but unfortunately miſſed it in turning down a lane which brought him into a wood, where he wandered about a great while without being able to find any path to lead him out. Tired out at laſt and hungry, he felt himſelf ſo feeble, that he could go no farther, but ſat himſelf down upon the ground, crying moſt bitterly. In this ſituation he remained for for ſome time, till at laſt the little dog, who had never forſaken him, came up to him, wagging his tail, and holding ſomething in his mouth. The little boy took it from him, and ſaw it was an handkerchief nicely pinned together,

together, which ſomebody had dropped, and the dog had picked up; and upon opening it, he found ſeveral ſlices of bread and meat, which the little boy ate with great ſatisfaction, and felt himſelf extremely refreſhed with his meal. So, ſaid the little boy, I ſee that if I have given you a breakfaſt, you have given me a ſupper, and a good turn is never loſt, done even to a dog. He then once more attempted to eſcape from the wood, but it was to no purpoſe; he only ſcratched his legs with briars, and ſlipped down in the dirt, without being able to find his way out. He was juſt going to give up all farther attempts in deſpair, when he happened to ſee an horſe feeding before him; and going up to him, ſaw, by the light of the moon, which juſt then began to ſhine a little, that it was the very ſame he had fed in the morning. Perhaps, ſaid the little boy, this creature, as I have been ſo good to him, will let me get upon his back, and he may bring me out of the wood, as he is accuſtomed to feed in this neighbourhood. The little boy then went up to the horſe, ſpeaking to him and ſtroking him,

and

and the horſe let him mount his back without oppoſition; and then proceeded ſlowly through the wood, grazing as he went, till he brought him to an opening which led to the high road. The little boy was much rejoiced at this, and ſaid, if I had not ſaved this creature's life in the morning, I ſhould have been obliged to have ſtaid here all night; I ſee by this, that a good turn is never loſt. But the poor little boy had yet a greater danger to undergo; for as he was going along a ſolitary lane, two men ruſhed out upon him, laid hold of him, and were going to ſtrip him of his clothes; but juſt as they were beginning to do it, the little dog bit the leg of one of the men with ſo much violence, that he left the little boy, and purſued the dog, that ran howling and barking away. In this inſtant a voice was heard that cried out, There the raſcals are, let us knock them down! which frightened the remaining man ſo much, that he ran away, and his companion followed him. The little boy then looked up, and ſaw that it was the ſailor, whom he had relieved in the morning, carried upon the ſhoulders of the blind man whom

he

he had helped out of the pond. There, my little dear, ſaid the ſailor, God be thanked! we have come in time to do you a ſervice, in return for what you did us in the morning. As I lay under an hedge I heard theſe villains talk of robbing a little boy, that, from the deſcription, I concluded muſt be you; but I was ſo lame, that I ſhould not have been able to come time enough to help you, if I had not met this honeſt blind man, who took me upon his back while I ſhewed him the way. The little boy thanked them very gratefully for thus defending him; and they went all together to his father's houſe, which was not far off, where they were all kindly entertained with a ſupper and a bed. The little boy took care of his faithful dog as long as he lived, and never forgot the importance and neceſſity of doing good to others, if we wiſh them to do the ſame to us.

Upon my word, ſaid Tommy, when he had finiſhed, I am vaſtly pleaſed with this ſtory; and I think that it may very likely be true, for I have obſerved myſelf that every

thing ſeems to love little Harry here, merely becauſe he is good-natured to it. I was quite ſurprized to ſee the great dog, the other day, which I have never dared to touch for fear of being bitten, fawning upon him, and licking him all over: it put me in mind of the ſtory of Androcles and the Lion. That dog, ſaid Mr. Barlow, will be equally fond of you, if you are kind to him; for nothing equals the ſagacity and gratitude of a dog. But ſince you have read a ſtory about a good-natured boy, Harry ſhall read you another, concerning a boy of a contrary diſpoſition. Harry then read the following ſtory of

The ILL-NATURED BOY.

THERE was once a little boy who was ſo unfortunate as to have a very bad man for his father, who was always ſurly and ill-tempered, and never gave his children either good inſtructions or good example: in conſequence of which, this little boy, who might otherwiſe have been happier and better, became ill-natured, quarrelſome, and diſagreeable to every body. He very often was ſeverely beaten by

boys

boys that were bigger than himſelf for his impertinence, and ſometimes by boys that were leſs; for, though he was very abuſive and quarrelſome, he did not much like fighting, and generally truſted more to his heels than his courage, when he had engaged himſelf in a quarrel. This little boy had a cur dog that was the exact image of himſelf; he was the moſt troubleſome, ſurly creature imaginable, always barking at the heels of every horſe he came near, and worrying every ſheep he could meet with; for which reaſon both the dog and the boy were diſliked by all the neighbourhood.

One morning his father got up early to go to the alehouſe, where he intended to ſtay till night, as it was an holiday; but before he went out, he gave his ſon ſome bread and cold meat, and ſix pence, and told him that he might go and divert himſelf as he would the whole day. The little boy was very much pleaſed with this liberty; and as it was a very fine morning, he called his dog Tiger to follow him, and began his walk. He had not proceeded far before he met a little boy, that

was driving a flock of ſheep towards a gate that he wanted them to enter. Pray, maſter, ſaid the little boy, ſtand ſtill and keep your dog cloſe to you, for fear you frighten my ſheep. Oh! yes, to be ſure, anſwered the ill natured little boy; I am to wait here all the morning till you and your ſheep have paſſed, I ſuppoſe! Here, Tiger, ſeize them, boy!—Tiger at this ſprang forth into the middle of the flock, barking and biting on every ſide, and the ſheep, in a general conſternation, hurried each a ſeparate way. Tiger ſeemed to enjoy this ſport equally with his maſter, but in the midſt of his triumph, he happened unguardedly to attack an old ram that had more courage than the reſt of the flock: he, inſtead of running away, faced about, and aimed a blow with his forehead at his enemy, with ſo much force and dexterity, that he knocked Tiger over and over, and butting him ſeveral times while he was down, obliged him to limp howling away. The ill-natured little boy, who was not capable of loving any thing, had been very much diverted with the trepidation of the ſheep,

but

but now he laughed heartily at the misfortune of his dog; and he would have laughed much longer, had not the other little boy, provoked beyond his patience at this treatment, thrown a ſtone at him, which hit him full upon the temples, and almoſt knocked him down. He immediately began to cry, in concert with his dog, and perceiving a man coming towards them, whom he fancied might be the owner of the ſheep, he thought it moſt prudent to eſcape as ſpeedily as poſſible. But he had ſcarcely recovered from the ſmart which the blow had occaſioned, before his former miſchievous diſpoſition returned, which he determined to gratify to the utmoſt. He had not gone far, before he ſaw a little girl ſtanding by a ſtile with a large pot of milk at her feet. Pray, ſaid the little girl, help me up with this pot of milk: my mother ſent me out to fetch it this morning, and I have brought it above a mile upon my head; but I am ſo tired that I have been obliged to ſtop at this ſtile to reſt me; and if I don't return home preſently, we ſhall have no pudding today, and, beſides, my mother will be very

angry with me. What, ſaid the boy, you are to have a pudding to-day, are you, miſs? Yes, ſaid the girl, and a fine piece of roaſt beef, for there's uncle Will, and uncle John, and grandfather, and all my couſins, to dine with us; and we ſhall be very merry in the evening I can aſſure you: ſo pray help me up, as ſpeedily as poſſible. That I will, miſs, ſaid the boy, and taking up the jug, he pretended to fix it upon her head; but juſt as ſhe had hold of it, he gave it a little puſh, as if he had ſtumbled, and overturned it upon her. The little girl began to cry violently, but the miſchievous boy ran away laughing heartily, and ſaying, Good by, little miſs; give my humble ſervice to uncle Will, and grandfather, and the dear little couſins.—This prank encouraged him very much; for he thought that now he had certainly eſcaped without any bad conſequences: ſo he went on, applauding his own ingenuity, and came to a green, where ſeveral little boys were at play. He deſired leave to play with them, which they allowed him to do. But he could not be contented long, without exerting his evil diſpoſition; ſo taking

taking an opportunity when it was his turn to fling the ball, inſtead of flinging it the way he ought to have done, he threw it into a deep muddy ditch: the little boys ran in a great hurry to ſee what was become of it, and as they were ſtanding all together upon the brink, he gave the outermoſt boy a violent puſh againſt his neighbour; he, not being able to reſiſt the violence, tumbled againſt the next, that next againſt another, by which means they all ſouſed into the ditch together. They ſoon ſcrambled out, although in a dirty plight, and were going to have puniſhed him for his ill behaviour; but he patted Tiger upon the back, who began ſnarling and growling in ſuch a manner as made them deſiſt. Thus this little miſchievous boy eſcaped a ſecond time with impunity.

The next thing that he met with was a poor jack-aſs feeding very quietly in a ditch. The little boy, ſeeing that nobody was within ſight, thought this was an opportunity of plaguing an animal, that was not to be loſt; ſo he went and cut a large bunch of thorns, which he contrived to fix to the poor beaſt's tail, and

then ſetting Tiger at him, he was extremely diverted to ſee the fright and agony the creature was in. But it did not fare ſo well with Tiger, who, while he was baying and biting the animal's heels, received ſo ſevere a kick upon his head, as laid him dead upon the ſpot. The boy, who had no affection for his dog, left him with the greateſt unconcern, when he ſaw what had happened, and, finding himſelf hungry, ſat down by the way ſide to eat his dinner. He had not been long there, before a poor blind man came groping his way out with a couple of ſticks. Good morning to you, gaffer, ſaid the boy; pray did you ſee a little girl come this road, with a baſket of eggs upon her head, dreſſed in a green gown, with a ſtraw hat upon her head? God bleſs you, maſter, ſaid the beggar, I am ſo blind that I can ſee nothing either in heaven above, or on the earth below: I have been blind theſe twenty years, and they call me poor, old, blind, Richard. Though this poor man was ſuch an object of charity and compaſſion, yet the little boy determined as uſual to play him ſome trick; and as he was a great liar and deceiver,

deceiver, he ſpoke to him thus: Poor, old, Richard! I am heartily ſorry for you with all my heart: I am juſt eating my breakfaſt, and if you will ſit down by me, I will give you part, and feed you myſelf. Thank you with all my heart, ſaid the poor man, and if you will give me your hand, I will ſit by you with great pleaſure, my dear, good little maſter! The little boy then gave him his hand, and, pretending to direct him, guided him to ſit down in a large heap of wet dung that lay by the road ſide. There, ſaid he, now you are nicely ſeated, and I will feed you; ſo taking a little in his fingers, he was going to put it into the blind man's mouth. But the man, who now perceived the trick that had been played him, made a ſudden ſnap at his fingers, and getting them between his teeth, bit them ſo ſeverely, that the wicked boy roared out for mercy, and promiſed never more to be guilty of ſuch wickedneſs. At laſt, the blind man, after he had put him to very ſevere pain, conſented to let him go, ſaying as he went, Are you not aſhamed, you little ſcoundrel, to attempt to do hurt to thoſe who have never

injured you, and to want to add to the ſufferings of thoſe who are already ſufficiently miſerable? Although you eſcape now, be aſſured, that, if you do not repent and mend your manners, you will meet with a ſevere puniſhment for your bad behaviour.

One would think, that this puniſhment ſhould have cured him entirely of this miſchievous diſpoſition, but, unfortunately, nothing is ſo difficult to overcome as bad habits that have been long indulged. He had not gone far before he ſaw a lame beggar that juſt made a ſhift to ſupport himſelf by the means of a couple of ſticks. The beggar aſked him to give him ſomething, and the little miſchievous boy, pulling out his ſix-pence, threw it down juſt before him, as if he intended to make him a preſent of it; but while the poor man was ſtooping with difficulty to pick it up, this wicked little boy knocked the ſtick away, by which means the beggar fell down upon his face, and then ſnatching up the ſixpence, he ran away laughing very heartily at the accident.

This was the laſt trick this little ungracious boy had it in his power to play; for ſeeing

two men come up to the beggar, and enter into diſcourſe with him, he was afraid of being purſued, and therefore ran as faſt as he was able over ſeveral fields. At laſt he came into a lane which led to a farmer's orchard, and as he was preparing to clamber over the fence, a large dog ſeized him by the leg, and held him faſt. He cried out in an agony of terror, which brought the farmer out, who called the dog off, but ſeized him very roughly, ſaying, So! ſir, you are caught at laſt, are you? You thought you might come day after day and ſteal my apples, without detection; but it ſeems, you are miſtaken, and now you ſhall receive the puniſhment you have ſo long deſerved. The farmer then began to chaſtiſe him very ſeverely with a whip he had in his hand, and the boy in vain proteſted he was innocent, and begged for mercy. At laſt the farmer aſked him who he was, and where he lived, but when he had heard his name, he cried out, What are you the little raſcal that frightened my ſheep this morning, by which means ſeveral of them are loſt? and do you think to eſcape?—Saying this, he laſhed him

more ſeverely than before, in ſpite of all his cries and proteſtations. At length, thinking he had puniſhed him enough, he turned him out of the orchard, bade him go home, and frighten ſheep again if he liked the conſequences. The little boy ſlunk away crying very bitterly, for he had been very ſeverely beaten, and now began to find that no one can long hurt others with impunity: ſo he determined to go quietly home, and behave better for the future. But his ſufferings were not yet at an end; for as he jumped down from a ſtile, he felt himſelf very roughly ſeized, and, looking up, found that he was in the power of the lame beggar whom he had thrown upon his face. It was in vain that he now cried, entreated, and begged pardon: the man, who had been much hurt by his fall, thraſhed him very ſeverely with his ſtick, before he would part with him. He now again went on, crying and roaring with pain, but at leaſt expected to eſcape without farther damage. But here he was miſtaken; for as he was walking ſlowly through a lane, juſt as he turned a corner, he found himſelf in the middle of the very troop

of boys that he had uſed ſo ill in the morning. They all ſet up a ſhout as ſoon as they ſaw their enemy in their power without his dog, and began perſecuting him in a thouſand various ways. Some pulled him by the hair, others pinched him; ſome whipped his legs with their handkerchiefs, while others covered him with handfuls of dirt. In vain did he attempt to eſcape, they were ſtill at his heels, and, ſurrounding him on every ſide, continued their perſecutions. At length, while he was in this diſagreeable ſituation, he happened to come up to the ſame jack-aſs he had ſeen in the morning, and making a ſudden ſpring, jumped upon his back, hoping by theſe means to eſcape. The boys immediately renewed their ſhouts, and the aſs, who was frightened at the noiſe, began galloping with all his might, and preſently bore him from the reach of his enemies. But he had little reaſon to rejoice at this eſcape; for he found it impoſſible to ſtop the animal, and was every inſtant afraid of being thrown off, and daſhed upon the ground. After he had been thus hurried along a conſiderable time, the aſs on a ſudden ſtopped

ſhort

ſhort at the door of a cottage, and began kicking and prancing with ſo much fury, that the little boy was preſently thrown to the ground, and broke his leg in the fall. His cries immediately brought the family out, among whom was the very little girl he had uſed ſo ill in the morning. But ſhe, with the greateſt good-nature, ſeeing him in ſuch a pitiable ſituation, aſſiſted in bringing him in, and laying him upon the bed. There this unfortunate boy had leiſure to recollect himſelf, and reflect upon his own bad behaviour, which in one day's time had expoſed him to ſuch a variety of misfortunes; and he determined with great ſincerity, that, if ever he recovered from his preſent accident, he would be as careful to take every opportunity of doing good, as he had before been to commit every ſpecies of miſchief.

When the ſtory was ended, Tommy ſaid it was very ſurpriſing to ſee how differently the two little boys fared. The one little boy was good-natured, and therefore every thing he met became his friend, and aſſiſted him in return:

return: the other, who was ill-natured, made every thing his enemy, and therefore he met with nothing but misfortunes and vexations, and nobody ſeemed to feel any compaſſion for him, excepting the poor little girl that aſſiſted him at laſt, which was very kind indeed of her, conſidering how ill ſhe had been uſed. That is very true, indeed, ſaid Mr. Barlow: nobody is loved in this world, unleſs he loves others and does good to them; and nobody can tell but one time or other he may want the aſſiſtance of the meaneſt and loweſt. Therefore every ſenſible man will behave well to every thing around him; he will behave well, becauſe it is his duty to do it, becauſe every benevolent perſon feels the greateſt pleaſure in doing good, and even becauſe it is his own intereſt to make as many friends as poſſible. No one can tell, however ſecure his preſent ſituation may appear, how ſoon it may alter, and he may have occaſion for the compaſſion of thoſe who are now infinitely below him. I could ſhew you a ſtory to that purpoſe, but you have read enough, and therefore you muſt now go out and uſe ſome exerciſe. Oh! pray,

ſir,

ſir, ſaid Tommy, do let me hear the ſtory. I think I could now read for ever, without being tired. No, ſaid Mr. Barlow; every thing has its turn. To-morrow you ſhall read, but now we muſt work in the garden. Then pray, ſir, ſaid Tommy, may I aſk a favour of you? Surely, anſwered Mr. Barlow: if it is proper for you to have, there is nothing can give me a greater pleaſure than to grant it. Why then, ſaid Tommy, I have been thinking that a man ſhould know how to do every thing in this world. Mr. B. Very right: the more knowledge he acquires the better. T. And therefore Harry and I are going to build an houſe. Mr. B. To build an houſe! ——Well, and have you laid in a ſufficient quantity of brick and mortar? No, no, ſaid Tommy ſmiling, Harry and I can build houſes without brick and mortar. Mr. B. What are they to be made of then, cards? Dear ſir, anſwered Tommy, do you think we are ſuch little children as to want card-houſes? No, we are going to build real houſes, fit for people to live in. And then you know if ever we ſhould be thrown upon a deſert coaſt, as the poor

poor men were, we ſhall be able to ſupply ourſelves with neceſſaries, till ſome ſhip comes to take us away. Mr. B. And if no ſhip ſhould come, what then? T. Why then we muſt ſtay there all our lives, I am afraid. Mr. B. If you wiſh to prepare yourſelf againſt that event, I think you are much in the right, for nobody knows what may happen to him in this world. What is it then you want, to make your houſe? T. The firſt thing we want, ſir, is wood, and an hatchet. Mr. B. Wood you ſhall have in plenty;—but did you ever uſe an hatchet? T. No, ſir. Mr. B. Then I am afraid to let you have one, becauſe it is a very dangerous kind of tool; and if you are not expert in the uſe of it, you may wound yourſelf ſeverely. But if you will let me know what you want, I, who am more ſtrong and expert, will take the hatchet and cut down the wood for you. Thank you, ſir, ſaid Tommy; you are very good to me indeed.—And away Harry and he ran to the copſe at the bottom of the garden. Mr. Barlow went to work, and preſently, by Harry's direction, cut down ſeveral poles about as thick

as

as a man's wriſt, and about eight feet long: theſe he ſharpened at the end, in order to run into the ground; and ſo eager were the two little boys at the buſineſs, that in a very ſhort time they had tranſported them all to the bottom of the garden, and Tommy entirely forgot he was a gentleman, and worked with the greateſt eagerneſs. Now, ſaid Mr. Barlow, where will you fix your houſe? Here, anſwered Tommy, I think, juſt at the bottom of this hill, becauſe it will be warm and ſheltered. So Harry took the ſtakes, and began to thruſt them into the ground at about the diſtance of a foot; and in this manner he incloſed a bit of ground which was about ten feet long and eight feet wide, leaving an opening in the middle, of three feet wide, for a door. After this was done, they gathered up the bruſh-wood that was cut off, and by Harry's direction they interwove it between the poles, in ſuch a manner as to form a compact kind of fence. This labour, as may be imagined, took them up ſeveral days: however, they worked at it very hard every day, and every day the work advanced, which filled Tommy's heart

heart with ſo much pleaſure, that he thought himſelf the happieſt little boy in the univerſe.

But this employment did not make Tommy unmindful of the ſtory which Mr. Barlow had promiſed him; it was to this purpoſe:

The Story of the GRATEFUL TURK.

IT is too much to be lamented that different nations frequently make bloody wars with each other; and when they take any of their enemies priſoners, inſtead of uſing them well, and reſtoring them to liberty, they confine them in priſons, or ſell them as ſlaves. The enmity that there has often been between many of the Italian ſtates, particularly the Venetians and the Turks, is ſufficiently known. It once happened that a Venetian ſhip had taken many of the Turks priſoners, and, according to the barbarous cuſtoms I have mentioned, theſe unhappy men had been ſold to different perſons in the city. By accident one of the ſlaves lived oppoſite to the houſe of a rich Venetian, who had an only ſon, of about the age of twelve years. It happened that this little boy uſed frequently to ſtop as he paſſed near Hamet,

for

for that was the name of the ſlave, and gaze at him very attentively. Hamet, who remarked in the face of the child the appearance of good-nature and compaſſion, uſed always to ſalute him with the greateſt courteſy, and teſtified the greateſt pleaſure in his company. At length the little boy took ſuch a fancy to the ſlave, that he uſed to viſit him ſeveral times in the day, and brought him ſuch little preſents as he had it in his power to make, and which he thought would be of uſe to his friend. But though Hamet ſeemed always to take the greateſt delight in the innocent careſſes of his little friend, yet the child could not help remarking that Hamet was frequently extremely ſorrowful, and he often ſurpriſed him on a ſudden, when tears were trickling down his face, although he did his utmoſt to conceal them. The little boy was at length ſo much affected with the repetition of this ſight, that he ſpoke of it to his father, and begged him, if he had it in his power, to make poor Hamet happy. The father, who was extremely fond of his ſon, and beſides had obſerved that he ſeldom requeſted any thing

thing which was not generous and humane, determined to ſee the Turk himſelf, and talk to him. Accordingly he went to him the next day, and obſerving him for ſome time in ſilence, was ſtruck with the extraordinary appearance of mildneſs and honeſty which his countenance diſcovered. At length he ſaid to him, Are you that Hamet of whom my ſon is ſo fond, and of whoſe gentleneſs and courteſy I have ſo often heard him talk? Yes, ſaid the Turk, I am that unfortunate Hamet, who have now been for three years a captive: during that ſpace of time, your ſon, if you are his father, is the only human being that ſeems to have felt any compaſſion for my ſufferings; therefore, I muſt confeſs, he is the only object to which I am attached in this barbarous country; and night and morning I pray that Power, who is equally the God of Turks and Chriſtians, to grant him every bleſſing he deſerves, and to preſerve him from all the miſeries I ſuffer. Indeed, Hamet, ſaid the merchant, he is much obliged to you, although from his preſent circumſtances, he does not appear much expoſed to danger. But tell me,

for

for I wiſh to do you good, in what can I aſſiſt you? for my ſon informs me that you are the prey of continual regret and ſorrow. Is it wonderful, anſwered the Turk, with a glow of generous indignation that ſuddenly animated his countenance, is it wonderful that I ſhould pine in ſilence, and mourn my fate, who am bereft of the firſt and nobleſt preſent of nature, my liberty? And yet, anſwered the Venetian, how many thouſands of our nation do you retain in fetters? I am not anſwerable, ſaid the Turk, for the cruelty of my countrymen, more than you are for the barbarity of yours. But as to myſelf, I have never practiſed the inhuman cuſtom of enſlaving my fellow-creatures; I have never ſpoiled Venetian merchants of their property to increaſe my riches; I have always reſpected the rights of nature, and therefore it is the more ſevere..... Here a tear ſtarted from his eye and wetted his manly cheek: inſtantly, however, he recollected himſelf, and folding his arms upon his boſom, and gently bowing his head, he added, God is good, and man muſt ſubmit to his decrees. The Venetian was affected with this appearance

of

of manly fortitude, and ſaid, Hamet, I pity your ſufferings, and may perhaps be able to relieve them. What would you do to regain your liberty? What would I do! anſwered Hamet; by the eternal majeſty of Heaven, I would confront every pain and danger that can appal the heart of man. Nay, anſwered the merchant, you will not be expoſed to ſuch a trial. The means of your deliverance are certain, provided your courage does not belie your appearance. Name them! name them! cried the impatient Hamet; place death before me in every horrid ſhape, and if I ſhrink ..... Patience, anſwered the merchant, we ſhall be obſerved. But hear me attentively ——I have in this city an inveterate foe, that has heaped upon me every injury which can moſt bitterly ſting the heart of man. This man is brave as he is haughty, and I muſt confeſs that the dread of his ſtrength and valour has hitherto deterred me from reſenting his inſults as they deſerve. Now, Hamet, your look, your form, your words, convince me that you are born for manly daring. Take this dagger—as ſoon as the ſhades of night involve

involve the city, I will myſelf conduct you to the place, where you may at once revenge your friend, and regain your freedom.——— At this propoſal, ſcorn and ſhame flaſhed from the kindling eye of Hamet, and paſſion for a conſiderable time deprived him of the power of utterance; at length he lifted his arm as high as his chains would permit, and cried with an indignant tone, Mighty prophet; and are theſe the wretches to which you permit your faithful votaries to be enſlaved? Go, baſe Chriſtian, and know that Hamet would not ſtoop to the vile trade of an aſſaſſin, for all the wealth of Venice! no! not to purchaſe the freedom of all his race! At theſe words, the merchant, without ſeeming much abaſhed, told him he was ſorry he had offended him —but that he thought freedom had been dearer to him than he found it was. However, added he, as he turned his back, you will reflect upon my propoſal, and perhaps by to-morrow you may change your mind. Hamet diſdained to anſwer, and the merchant went his way.

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The next day, however, he returned in company with his ſon, and mildly accoſted Hamet thus: The abruptneſs of the propoſal I yeſterday made you, might perhaps aſtoniſh you; but I am now come to diſcourſe the matter more calmly with you, and I doubt not, when you have heard my reaſons..... Chriſtian, interrupted Hamet, with a ſevere but compoſed countenance, ceaſe at length to inſult the miſerable with propoſals more ſhocking than even theſe chains. If thy religion permits ſuch acts as thoſe, know that they are execrable and abominable to the ſoul of every Mahometan: therefore, from this moment let us break off all farther intercourſe, and be ſtrangers to each other. No, anſwered the merchant, flinging himſelf into the arms of Hamet, let us from this moment be more cloſely linked than ever! Generous man, whoſe virtues may at once diſarm and enlighten thy enemies! Fondneſs for my ſon firſt made me intereſted in thy fate; but from the moment that I ſaw thee yeſterday, I determined to ſet thee free: therefore, pardon me this unneceſſary trial of thy virtue, which

has only raiſed thee higher in my eſteem. Franciſco has a ſoul which is as averſe to deeds of treachery and blood as even Hamet himſelf. From this moment, generous man, thou art free; thy ranſom is already paid, with no other obligation than that of remembering the affection of this thy young and faithful friend; and perhaps, hereafter, when thou ſeeſt an unhappy Chriſtian groaning in Turkiſh fetters, thy generoſity may make thee think of Venice.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe the ecſtacies of the gratitude of Hamet at this unexpected deliverance. I will not therefore attempt to repeat what he ſaid to his benefactors: I will only add, that he was that day ſet free; and Franciſco embarked him on board a ſhip which was going to one of the Grecian iſlands, took leave of him with the greateſt tenderneſs, and forced him to accept a purſe of gold to pay his expences. Nor was it without the greateſt regret that Hamet parted from his young friend, whoſe diſintereſted kindneſs had thus produced his freedom; he embraced him with an agony of tenderneſs, wept over him

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at parting, and prayed for every bleſſing upon his head.

It was about ſix months after this tranſaction, that a ſudden fire burſt forth in the houſe of this generous merchant. It was early in the morning, when ſleep is the moſt profound, and none of the family perceived it till almoſt the whole building was involved in flames. The frighted ſervants had juſt time to waken the merchant and hurry him down ſtairs; and the inſtant he was down, the ſtair-caſe itſelf gave way, and ſunk with a horrid craſh into the midſt of the fire. But if Franciſco congratulated himſelf for an inſtant upon his eſcape, it was only to reſign himſelf immediately after to the moſt deep deſpair, when he found, upon enquiry, that his ſon, who ſlept in an upper apartment, had been neglected in the general tumult, and was yet amidſt the flames. No words can deſcribe the father's agony; he would have ruſhed headlong into the fire, but was reſtrained by his ſervants; he then raved in an agony of grief, and offered half his fortune to the intrepid man that would riſk his life to ſave

his child. As Franciſco was known to be immenſely rich, ſeveral ladders were in an inſtant raiſed, and ſeveral daring ſpirits, incited by the vaſt reward, attempted the adventure. The violence of the flames, however, which burſt forth at every window, together with the ruins that fell on every ſide, drove them all back; and the unfortunate youth, who now appeared upon the battlements, ſtretching out his arms, and imploring aid, ſeemed to be deſtined to certain deſtruction. The unhappy father now loſt all perception, and ſunk down in a ſtate of inſenſibility; when, in this dreadful moment of general ſuſpenſe and agony, a man ruſhed through the opening crowd, mounted the talleſt of the ladders, with an intrepidity that ſhewed he was reſolved to ſucceed or periſh, and inſtantly diſappeared. A ſudden guſt of ſmoke and flame burſt forth immediately after, which made the people imagine he was loſt; when on a ſudden, they beheld him emerge again with the child in his arms, and deſcend the ladder without any material damage. An univerſal ſhout of applauſe now reſounded to the

the ſkies; but what words can give an adequate idea of the father's feelings, when, upon recovering his ſenſes, he found his darling miraculouſly preſerved, and ſafe within his arms? After the firſt effuſions of his tenderneſs were over, he aſked for his deliverer, and was ſhewn a man of a noble ſtature, but dreſſed in mean attire, and his features were ſo begrimmed with ſmoke and filth, that it was impoſſible to diſtinguiſh them. Franciſco, however, accoſted him with courteſy, and preſenting him with a purſe of gold, begged he would accept of that for the preſent, and that the next day he ſhould receive to the utmoſt of his promiſed reward. No, anſwered the ſtranger, generous merchant, I do not ſell my blood. Gracious heavens! cried the merchant, ſure I ſhould know that voice!—It is——Yes, exclaimed the ſon, throwing himſelf into the arms of his deliverer, it is my Hamet! It was indeed Hamet who ſtood before them, in the ſame mean attire which he had worn ſix months before, when firſt the generoſity of the merchant had redeemed him from ſlavery. Nothing could equal the aſto-

niſhment and gratitude of Franciſco; but as they were then ſurrounded by a large concourſe of people, he deſired Hamet to go with him to the houſe of one of his friends, and when they were alone he embraced him tenderly, and aſked by what extraordinary chance he had thus been enſlaved a ſecond time; adding a kind reproach for his not informing him of his captivity. I bleſs God for that captivity, anſwered Hamet, ſince it has given me an opportunity of ſhewing that I was not altogether undeſerving of your kindneſs, and of preſerving the life of that dear youth, that I value a thouſand times beyond my own. But it is now fit that my generous patron ſhould be informed of the whole truth. Know then, that when the unfortunate Hamet was taken by your gallies, his aged father ſhared his captivity: it was his fate which ſo often made me ſhed thoſe tears which firſt attracted the notice of your ſon; and when your unexampled bounty had ſet me free, I flew to find the Chriſtian that had purchaſed him. I repreſented to him that I was young and vigorous, while he was aged and infirm: I added

I added too the gold which I had received from your bounty: in a word, I prevailed upon the Chriſtian to ſend back my father in that ſhip which was intended for me, without acquainting him with the means of his freedom——ſince that time I have ſtaid here to diſcharge the debt of nature and gratitude, a willing ſlave.

At this part of the ſtory, Harry, who had with difficulty reſtrained himſelf before, burſt into ſuch a fit of crying, and Tommy himſelf was ſo much affected, that Mr. Barlow told them they had better leave off for the preſent, and go to ſome other employment. They, therefore, went into the garden to reſume the labour of their houſe, but found, to their unſpeakable regret, that, during their abſence, an accident had happened which had entirely deſtroyed all their labours. A violent ſtorm of wind and rain had riſen that morning, which, blowing full againſt the walls of their newly-conſtructed houſe, had levelled it with the ground. Tommy could ſcarcely re-

ſtrain from crying when he ſaw the ruins lying around; but Harry, who bore the loſs with more compoſure, told him not to mind it, for it could be eaſily repaired, and they would build it ſtronger the next time. Harry then went up to the ſpot, and, after examining it ſome time, told Tommy that he believed he had found out the reaſon of their misfortune. What is it, ſaid Tommy? Why, ſaid Harry, it is only becauſe we did not drive theſe ſtakes, which are to bear the whole weight of our houſe, far enough into the ground; and therefore when the wind blew againſt the flat ſide of it with ſo much violence, it could not reſiſt. And now I remember to have ſeen the workmen, when they begin a building, dig a conſiderable way into the ground, to lay the foundation faſt; and I ſhould think, that, if we drove theſe ſtakes a great way into the ground, it would produce the ſame effect, and we ſhould have nothing to fear from any future ſtorms. Mr. Barlow then came into the garden, and the two boys ſhewed him their misfortune, and aſked him whether he

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did not think that driving the ſtakes farther in would prevent ſuch an accident for the future? Mr. Barlow told them, he thought it would; and that, as they were too ſhort to reach to the top of the ſtakes, he would aſſiſt them. He then went and brought a wooden mallet, with which he ſtruck the top of the ſtakes, and drove them ſo faſt into the ground, that there was no longer any danger of their being ſhaken by the weather. Harry and Tommy then applied themſelves with ſo much aſſiduity to their work, that they in a very ſhort time had repaired all the damage, and advanced it as far as it had been before. The next thing that was neceſſary to be done, was putting on a roof; for hitherto they had conſtructed nothing but the walls. For this purpoſe they took ſeveral other long poles, which they laid acroſs their building where it was narroweſt; and upon theſe they placed ſtraw in conſiderable quantities, ſo that now they imagined they had conſtructed an houſe that would completely ſcreen them from the weather. But in this, unfortunately, they were again miſtaken; for a violent ſhower of rain

coming juſt as they had finiſhed their building, they took ſhelter under it, and remarked for ſome time, with infinite pleaſure, how dry and comfortable it kept them; but at laſt the ſtraw that covered it being completely ſoaked through, and the water having no vent to run off, by reaſon of the flatneſs of the roof, the rain began to penetrate in conſiderable quantities. For ſome time Harry and Tommy bore the inconveniency; but it increaſed ſo much, that they were ſoon obliged to yield to it, and ſeek for ſhelter in the houſe. When they were thus ſecured, they began again to conſider the affair of the houſe, and Tommy ſaid, that it ſurely muſt be becauſe they had not put ſtraw enough upon it. No, ſaid Harry, I think that cannot be the reaſon; I rather imagine that it muſt be owing to our roof lying ſo flat: for I have obſerved, that all houſes that I have ever ſeen have their roofs in a ſhelving poſture, by which means the wet continually runs off from them, and falls to the ground; whereas, ours being quite flat, detained almoſt all the rain that fell upon it, which muſt neceſſarily ſoak deeper and deeper

into the ſtraw, till it penetrated quite through. They therefore agreed to remedy this defect; and for this purpoſe they took ſeveral poles of an equal length, the one end of which they faſtened to the ſide of their houſe, and let the other two ends meet in the middle, by which means they formed a roof, exactly like that which we commonly ſee upon buildings. They alſo took ſeveral other poles, which they tied croſs the others, to keep them firm in their places, and give the roof additional ſtrength. And, laſtly, they covered the whole with ſtraw or thatch; and for fear the thatch ſhould be blown away, they ſtuck ſeveral pegs in different places, and put ſmall pieces of ſtick croſs-wiſe from peg to peg, to keep the ſtraw in its place. When this was done, they found they had a very tolerable houſe; only the ſides, being formed of bruſh-wood alone, did not ſufficiently exclude the wind. To remedy this inconvenience, Harry, who was chief architect, procured ſome clay; and mixing it up with water to render it ſufficiently ſoft, he daubed it all over the walls, both within and without, by which means the wind was ex-

cluded, and the houſe rendered much warmer than before.—Some time had now elapſed ſince the ſeeds of the wheat were ſown, and they began to ſhoot ſo vigorouſly, that the blade of the corn appeared green above the ground, and increaſed every day in ſtrength. Tommy went to look at it every morning, and remarked its gradual increaſe with the greateſt ſatisfaction. Now, ſaid he to Harry, I think we ſhould ſoon be able to live, if we were upon a deſert iſland. Here is an houſe to ſhelter us from the weather, and we ſhall ſoon have ſome corn for food. Yes, anſwered Harry, but there are a great many things ſtill wanting to enable us to make bread.

Mr. Barlow had a very large garden, and an orchard full of the fineſt fruit-trees; and he had another bit of ground where he uſed to ſow ſeeds in order to raiſe trees; and then they were carefully planted out in beds, till they were big enough to be moved into the orchard, and produce fruit. Tommy had often eaten of the fruit of the orchard, and thought it delicious; and this led him to think that it would be a great improvement

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to their houſe, if he had a few trees which he might ſet near it, and which would ſhelter it from the ſun, and hereafter produce fruit: ſo he deſired Mr. Barlow to give him a couple of trees, and Mr. Barlow told him to go into the nurſery, and take his choice. Accordingly, Tommy went, and choſe out two of the ſtrongeſt looking trees he could find, which, with Harry's aſſiſtance, he tranſplanted into the garden in the following manner. They both took their ſpades, and very carefully dug the trees up without injuring their roots. Then they dug two large holes in the place where they choſe the trees ſhould ſtand, and very carefully broke the earth to pieces, that it might lie light upon the roots: then the tree was placed in the middle of the hole, and Tommy held it upright, while Harry gently threw the earth over the roots, which he trod down with his feet, in order to cover them well: laſtly, he ſtruck a large ſtake in the ground, and tied the tree to it, from the fear that the wintery wind might injure it, or perhaps entirely blow it out of the ground. Nor did they bound their attention here. There

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was a little ſpring of water which burſt forth from the upper ground in the garden, and ran down the ſide of the hill in a ſmall ſtream. Harry and Tommy laboured very hard for ſeveral days to form a new channel, to lead the water near the roots of their trees; for it happened to be hot and dry weather, and they feared their trees might periſh from the want of moiſture.

It happened about this time, that Tommy and Harry roſe early one morning, and went to take a long walk before breakfaſt, as they uſed frequently to do: they rambled ſo far, that at laſt they both found themſelves tired, and ſat down under an hedge to reſt. While they were here, a very clean and decently-dreſt woman paſſed by, who ſeeing two little boys ſitting by themſelves, ſtopped to look at them; and after conſidering them attentively, ſhe ſaid, You ſeem, my little dears, to be either tired, or to have loſt your way. No, ſaid Harry, madam, we have not loſt our way; but we have walked farther than uſual this morning, and we wait here a little while to reſt ourſelves. Well, ſaid the woman, if you

you will come into my little houſe that you ſee a few yards farther on, you may ſit more comfortably; and as my daughter has by this time milked the cows, ſhe ſhall give you a meſs of bread and milk. Tommy, who was by this time extremely hungry as well as tired, told Harry that he ſhould like to accept the good woman's invitation; ſo they both followed her to a ſmall but clean-looking farm-houſe which ſtood at a little diſtance. Here they entered a very clean kitchen, furniſhed with plain but convenient furniture, and were deſired to ſit down by a warm and comfortable fire, which was made of turf. Tommy, who had never ſeen ſuch a fire, could not help enquiring about it: and the good woman told him, that poor people, like her, were unable to purchaſe coals; therefore, ſaid ſhe, we go and pare the ſurface of the commons, which is full of graſs, and heath, and other vegetables, together with their roots all matted together; theſe we dry in ſmall pieces, by leaving them expoſed to the ſummer's ſun, and then we bring them home and put them under the cover of a ſhed, and uſe them for our fires.

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But, ſaid Tommy, I ſhould think that you would hardly have fire enough by theſe means to dreſs your dinner; for I have by accident been in my father's kitchen when they were dreſſing the dinner, and I ſaw a fire that blazed up to the very top of the chimney. The poor woman ſmiled at this, and ſaid, Your father, I ſuppoſe, maſter, is ſome rich man that has a great deal of victuals to dreſs; but we poor people muſt be more eaſily contented. Why, ſaid Tommy, you muſt at leaſt want to roaſt meat every day. No, ſaid the poor woman, we ſeldom ſee roaſt meat in our houſe; but we are very well contented, if we can have a bit of fat pork every day, boiled in a pot with turnips: and we bleſs God that we fare ſo well; for there are many poor ſouls, that are as good as we, that can ſcarcely get a morſel of dry bread. As they were converſing in this manner, Tommy happened to caſt his eyes on one ſide, and ſaw a room that was almoſt filled with apples. Pray, ſaid he, what can you do with all theſe apples? I ſhould think you would never be able to eat them, though you were to eat nothing elſe. That

is very true, ſaid the woman; but we make cyder of them. What, cried Tommy, are you able to make that ſweet pleaſant liquor that they call cyder, and is it made of apples? The woman. Yes, indeed it is. Tommy. And pray how is it made? The woman. We take the apples when they are ripe, and ſqueeze them in a machine we have for that purpoſe. Then we take this pulp and put it into large hair bags, which we preſs in a great preſs, till all the juice runs out. Tommy. And is this juice cyder? The woman. You ſhall taſte, little maſter, as you ſeem ſo curious. She then led him into another room, where there was a great tub full of the juice of apples, and taking ſome up in a cup, ſhe deſired him to taſte whether it was cyder. Tommy taſted, and ſaid it was very ſweet and pleaſant, but not cyder. Well, ſaid the woman, let us try another caſk. She then took ſome liquor out of another barrel, which ſhe gave him; and Tommy, when he had taſted it, ſaid that it really was cyder. But pray, ſaid he, what do you do to the apple-juice to make it into cyder? The woman. Nothing at all. Tommy.

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How then ſhould it become cyder? for I am ſure what you gave me at firſt is not cyder. The woman. Why, we put the juice into a large caſk, and let it ſtand in ſome warm place, where it ſoon begins to ferment. Tommy. Ferment! pray what is that? The woman. You ſhall ſee. She then ſhewed him another caſk, and bid him obſerve the liquor that was in it. This he did, and ſaw it was covered all over with a thick ſcum and froth. Tommy. And is this what you call fermentation? The woman. Yes, maſter. Tommy. And what is the reaſon of it? The woman. That I do not know indeed; but when we have preſſed the juice out, as I told you, we put it into a caſk, and let it ſtand in ſome warm place, and in a ſhort time it begins to work or ferment of itſelf, as you ſee; and after this fermentation has continued ſome time, it acquires the taſte and properties of cyder; and then we draw it off into caſks and ſell it, or elſe keep it for our own uſe. And I am told this is the manner in which they make wine in other countries. Tommy. What is wine made of apples then? The woman. No, maſter; wine is made of grapes,

grapes, but they ſqueeze the juice out and treat it in the ſame manner as we do the juice of the apples. Tommy. I declare this is very curious indeed. Then cyder is nothing but wine made of apples. While they were converſing in this manner, a little clean girl came and brought Tommy an earthen porringer full of new milk, with a large ſlice of brown bread. Tommy took it, and ate it with ſo good a reliſh that he thought he had never made a better breakfaſt in his life. When Harry and he had eaten their breakfaſt, Tommy told him it was time they ſhould go home; ſo he thanked the good woman for her kindneſs, and putting his hand into his pocket, pulled out a ſhilling, which he deſired her to accept. No, God bleſs you, my little dear, ſaid the woman; I will not take a farthing of you for the world. What, though my huſband and I are poor; yet we are able to get a living by our labour, and give a meſs of milk to a traveller, without hurting ourſelves. Tommy thanked her again, and was juſt going away, when a couple of ſurly looking men came in, and aſked the woman if her name

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was Toſſet. Yes, it is, ſaid the woman; I have never been aſhamed of it. Why then, ſaid one of the men, pulling a paper out of his pocket, here is an execution againſt you, on the part of Mr. Richard Gruff; and if your huſband does not inſtantly diſcharge the debt with intereſt and all coſts, amounting altogether to the ſum of thirty-nine pounds ten ſhillings, we ſhall take an inventory of all you have, and proceed to ſell it by auction for the diſcharge of the debt. Indeed, ſaid the poor woman, looking a little confuſed, this muſt certainly be a miſtake; for I never heard of Mr. Richard Gruff, in all my life, nor do I believe that my huſband owes a farthing in the world, unleſs to his landlord; and I know that he has almoſt made up half a year's rent for him: ſo that I do not think he would go to trouble a poor man. No, no, miſtreſs, ſaid the man, ſhaking his head; we know our buſineſs too well to make theſe kind of miſtakes: but when your huſband comes in we'll talk with him; in the mean time we muſt go on with our inventory. The two men then went into the next room, and, immediately after, a ſtout, comely-looking

ing man, of about the age of forty, came in, and aſked if his breakfaſt was ready. Oh! my poor dear William, ſaid the woman, here is a ſad breakfaſt for you; but I think it cannot be true that you owe any thing; ſo what the fellows told me muſt be falſe, about Richard Gruff.—At this name the man inſtantly ſtarted, and his countenance, which was before ruddy, became pale as a ſheet. Surely, ſaid the woman, it cannot be true, that you owe forty pounds to Richard Gruff. Alas, anſwered the man, I do not know the exact ſum; but when your brother Peter failed, and his creditors ſeized all that he had, this Richard Gruff was going to ſend him to a jail, had not I agreed to be bound for him, which enabled him to go to ſea: he indeed promiſed to remit his wages to me, to prevent my getting into any trouble upon that account; but you know it is now three years ſince he went, and in all that time we have heard nothing about him. Then, ſaid the woman, burſting into tears, you and all your poor dear children are ruined for my ungrateful brother; for here are two bailiffs in the houſe, who are come to take poſſeſſion

poſſeſſion of all you have, and to ſell it. At this the man's face became red as ſcarlet; and ſeizing an old ſword which hung over the chimney, he cried out, No, it ſhall not be—I will die firſt—I will make theſe villains know what it is to make honeſt men deſperate. He then drew the ſword, and was going out in a fit of madneſs which might have proved fatal either to himſelf or to the bailiffs; but his wife flung herſelf upon her knees before him, and, catching hold of his legs, beſought him to be more compoſed. Oh! for Heaven's ſake, ſaid ſhe, my dear, dear huſband, conſider what you are doing! You can do neither me nor your children any ſervice by this violence; inſtead of that, ſhould you be ſo unfortunate as to kill either of theſe men, would it not be murder? And would not our lot be a thouſand times harder than it is at preſent? This remonſtrance ſeemed to have ſome effect upon the farmer: his children too, although too young to underſtand the cauſe of all this confuſion, gathered round him, and hung about him, ſobbing in concert with their mother. Little Harry too, although a ſtranger

to

to the poor man before, yet with the tendereſt ſympathy took him by the hand, and bathed it with his tears. At length, ſoftened and overcome by the ſorrows of thoſe he loved ſo well, and by his own cooler reflections, he reſigned the fatal inſtrument, and ſat himſelf down upon a chair, covering his face with his hands, and only ſaying, The will of God be done!——Tommy had beheld this affecting ſcene with the greateſt attention, although he had not ſaid a word; and now beckoning Harry away, he went ſilently out of the houſe, and took the road which led to Mr. Barlow's. While he was upon the way, he ſeemed to be ſo full of the ſcene which he had juſt paſſed, that he did not open his lips; but when he came home, he inſtantly went to Mr. Barlow, and deſired that he would directly ſend him to his father's. Mr. Barlow ſtared at the requeſt, and aſked him what was the occaſion of his being ſo ſuddenly tired with his reſidence at the vicarage? Sir, anſwered Tommy, I am not the leaſt tired, I aſſure you; you have been extremely kind to me, and I ſhall always remember it with the greateſt gratitude; but

I want

I want to ſee my father immediately, and I am ſure, when you come to know the occaſion, you will not diſapprove it. Mr. Barlow did not preſs him any farther, but ordered a careful ſervant to ſaddle an horſe directly and take Tommy home before him. Mr. and Mrs. Merton were extremely ſurprized and overjoyed at the ſight of their ſon, who thus unexpectedly arrived at home; but Tommy, whoſe mind was full of the project which he had formed, as ſoon as he had anſwered their firſt queſtions, accoſted his father thus: Pray, ſir, will you be angry with me, if I aſk you for a great favour? No ſurely, ſaid Mr. Merton, that I will not. Why then, ſaid Tommy, as I have often heard you ſay that you were very rich, and that, if I was good, I ſhould be rich too, will you give me ſome money? Money, ſaid Mr. Merton, yes, to be ſure: how much do you want? Why, ſir, ſaid Tommy, I want a very large ſum, indeed. Perhaps a guinea, anſwered Mr. Merton. Tommy. No, ſir, a great deal more—a great many guineas. Mr. Merton. Let us however ſee. T. Why, ſir, I want at leaſt forty pounds. God bleſs the boy!

anſwered

anſwered Mrs. Merton; ſurely Mr. Barlow muſt have taught him to be ten times more extravagant than he was before. Tommy. Indeed, madam, Mr. Barlow knows nothing about the matter. But, ſaid Mr. Merton, what can ſuch an urchin as you want with ſuch a large ſum of money? Sir, anſwered Tommy, that is a ſecret; but I am ſure, when you come to hear it, you will approve of the uſe I intend to make of it. Mr. Merton. That I very much doubt. But, replied Tommy, ſir, if you pleaſe, you may let me have this money, and I will pay you again by degrees. Mr. Merton. How will you ever be able to pay me ſuch a ſum? T. Why, ſir, you know you are ſo kind as frequently to give me new cloaths and pocket money; now, if you will only let me have this money, I will neither want new cloaths, nor any thing elſe, till you have made it up. Mr. Merton. But what can ſuch a child as you want with all this money? T. Pray, ſir, wait a few days, and you ſhall know; and if I make a bad uſe of it, never believe me again as long as I live. Mr. Merton was extremely ſtruck with the

earneſtneſs with which his ſon perſevered in his demand; and as he was both very rich and very liberal, he determined to hazard the experiment, and comply with his requeſt. He accordingly went and fetched him the money which he aſked, and put it into his hands, telling him at the ſame time, that he expected to be acquainted with the uſe he put it to; and that if he was not ſatisfied with the account, he would never truſt him again. Tommy appeared in extacies at the confidence which was repoſed in him, and after thanking his father for his extraordinary goodneſs, he deſired leave to go back again with Mr. Barlow's ſervant. When he arrived at Mr. Barlow's, his firſt care was to deſire Harry to accompany him again to the farmer's houſe. Thither the two little boys went with the greateſt expedition; and, upon their entering the houſe, found the unhappy family in the ſame ſituation as before. But Tommy, who had hitherto ſuppreſſed his feelings, finding himſelf now enabled to execute the project he had formed, went up to the good woman of the houſe, who ſat ſobbing in a corner of the room,

room, and taking her gently by the hand, ſaid, My good woman, you were very kind to me in the morning, and therefore I am determined to be kind to you in return. God bleſs you, my little maſter, ſaid the woman, you were very welcome to what you had; but you are not able to do any thing to relieve our diſtreſs. How do you know that? ſaid Tommy; perhaps I can do more for you than you imagine. Alas! anſwered the woman, I believe you would do all you could: but all our goods will be ſeized and ſold, unleſs we can immediately raiſe the ſum of forty pounds; and that is impoſſible, for we have no earthly friend to aſſiſt us: therefore, my poor babes and I muſt ſoon be turned out of doors, and God alone can keep them from ſtarving. Tommy's little heart was too much affected to keep the woman longer in ſuſpence; therefore pulling out his bag of money, he poured it into her lap, ſaying, Here, my good woman, take this, and pay your debts, and God bleſs you and your children! It is impoſſible to expreſs the ſurprize of the poor woman at the ſight; ſhe ſtared wildly round

her, and upon her little benefactor, and claſping her hands together in an agony of gratitude and feeling, ſhe fell back in her chair with a kind of convulſive motion. Her huſband, who was in the next room, ſeeing her in this condition, ran up to her, and catching her in his arms, aſked her, with the greateſt tenderneſs, what was the matter: but ſhe, ſpringing on a ſudden from his embraces, threw herſelf upon her knees before the little boy, ſobbing and bleſſing with a broken, inarticulate voice, embracing his knees, and kiſſing his feet. The huſband, who did not know what had happened, imagined that his wife had loſt her ſenſes, and the little children that had before been ſkulking about the room, ran up to their mother, pulling her by the gown, and hiding their faces in her boſom. But the woman, at ſight of them, ſeemed to recollect herſelf, and cried out, Little wretches, that muſt all have been ſtarved without the aſſiſtance of this little angel, why do you not fall down and join with me to worſhip him? At this the huſband ſaid, Surely, Mary, you muſt have loſt your ſenſes. What can this young

young gentleman do for us, or to prevent our wretched babes from periſhing? Oh! ſaid the woman, William, I am not mad, though I may appear ſo: but look here, William, look what Providence has ſent us by the hands of this little angel, and then wonder that I ſhould be wild. Saying this, ſhe held up the money, and at the ſight her huſband looked as wild and aſtoniſhed as ſhe. But Tommy went up to the man, and taking him by the hand, ſaid, My good friend, you are very welcome to this; I freely give it you, and I hope it will enable you to pay what you owe, and to preſerve theſe poor little children. But the man, who had before appeared to bear his misfortunes with ſilent dignity, now burſt into tears, and ſobbed like his wife and children. But Tommy, who now began to be pained with this exceſs of gratitude, went ſilently out of the houſe, followed by Harry, and before the poor family perceived what was become of him, was out of ſight.

When he came back to Mr. Barlow's, that gentleman received him with the greateſt affection; and when he had inquired after the

health of Mr. and Mrs. Merton, aſked Tommy whether he had forgotten the ſtory of the grateful Turk. Tommy told him he had not, and ſhould now be very glad to hear the remainder, which Mr. Barlow gave him to read, and was as follows:

The Continuation of the Hiſtory of the GRATEFUL TURK.

WHEN Hamet had thus finiſhed his ſtory, the Venetian was aſtoniſhed at the virtue and elevation of his mind; and after ſaying every thing that his gratitude and admiration ſuggeſted, he concluded with preſſing him to accept the half of his fortune, and to ſettle in Venice for the remainder of his life. This offer Hamet refuſed, with the greateſt reſpect, but with a generous diſdain; and told his friend, that in what he had done, he had only diſcharged a debt of gratitude and friendſhip. You were, ſaid he, my generous benefactor; you had a claim upon my life by the benefit you had already conferred: that life would have been well beſtowed, had it been loſt in your ſervice; but ſince Providence has otherwiſe

wiſe decreed, it is a ſufficient recompence to me to have proved that Hamet is not ungrateful, and to have been inſtrumental to the preſervation of your happineſs.

But though the diſintereſtedneſs of Hamet made him under-rate his own exertions, the merchant could not remain contented, without ſhewing his gratitude by all the means within his power. He therefore once more purchaſed the freedom of Hamet, and freighted a ſhip on purpoſe to ſend him back to his own country; he and his ſon then embraced him with all the affection that gratitude could inſpire, and bade him, as they thought, an eternal adieu.

Many years had now elapſed ſince the departure of Hamet into his own country without their ſeeing him, or receiving any intelligence from him. In the mean time, the young Franciſco, the ſon of the merchant, grew up to manhood; and as he had acquired every accompliſhment which tends to improve the mind, or form the manners, added to an excellent diſpoſition, he was generally beloved and eſteemed.

It happened that ſome buſineſs about this time made it neceſſary for him and his father to go to a neighbouring maritime city; and as they thought a paſſage by ſea would be more expeditious, they both embarked in a Venetian veſſel, which was upon the point of ſailing to that place. They ſet ſail, therefore, with favourable winds, and every appearance of an happy paſſage; but they had not proceeded more than half their intended voyage, before a Turkiſh corſair, a ſhip purpoſely fitted out for war, was ſeen bearing down upon them; and as the enemy exceeded them much in ſwiftneſs, they ſoon found that it was impoſſible to eſcape. The greater part of the crew belonging to the Venetian veſſel, was ſtruck with conſternation, and ſeemed already overcome by fear; but the young Franciſco drawing his ſword, reproached his comrades with their cowardice, and ſo effectually encouraged them, that they determined to defend their liberty by a deſperate reſiſtance. The Turkiſh veſſel now approached them in awful ſilence; but in an inſtant the dreadful noiſe of the artillery was heard, and

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the heavens were obſcured with ſmoke, intermixed with tranſitory flaſhes of fire. Three times did the Turks leap with horrid ſhouts upon the deck of the Venetian veſſel, and three times were they driven back by the deſperate reſiſtance of the crew headed by young Franciſco. At length the ſlaughter of their men was ſo great, that they ſeemed diſpoſed to diſcontinue the fight, and were actually taking another courſe. The Venetians beheld their flight with the greateſt joy, and were congratulating each other upon their ſucceſsful valour and merited eſcape, when two more ſhips on a ſudden appeared in ſight, bearing down upon them with incredible ſwiftneſs before the wind. Every heart was now chilled with new terrors, when upon their nearer approach they diſcovered the fatal enſigns of their enemies, and knew that there was no longer any poſſibility either of reſiſtance or eſcape. They therefore lowered their flag, the ſign of ſurrendering their ſhip, and in an inſtant ſaw themſelves in the power of their enemies, who came pouring in on every ſide with the rage and violence of beaſts of prey.

All that remained alive of the brave Venetian crew were loaded with fetters, and closely guarded in the hold of the ship till it arrived at Tunis. They were then brought out in chains, and exposed in the public market to be sold for slaves. They had there the mortification to see their companions picked out, one by one, according to their apparent strength and vigour, and sold to different masters. At length, a Turk approached, who, from his look and habit, appeared to be of superior rank; and after glancing his eye over the rest, with an expression of compassion, he fixed them at last upon young Francisco, and demanded of the captain of the ship what was the price of that young man? The captain answered that he would not take less than five hundred pieces of gold for that captive. That, said the Turk, is very extraordinary, since I have seen you sell those that much exceed him in vigour for less than a fifth part of that sum. Yes, answered the captain, but he shall either pay me some part of the damage he has occasioned, or labour for life at the oar. What damage, answered the other, can he have done

you

you more than all the reſt, that you have prized ſo cheaply? He it was, replied the captain, that animated the Chriſtians to that deſperate reſiſtance which coſt me the lives of ſo many of my braveſt ſailors. Three times did we leap upon their deck, with a fury that ſeemed irreſiſtible; and three times did that youth attack us with ſuch cool, determined oppoſition, that we were obliged to retreat inglorioufly, leaving at every charge twenty of our number behind. Therefore, I repeat it, I will either have that price for him, great as it may appear, or elſe I will gratify my revenge by ſeeing him drudge for life in my victorious galley.

At this, the Turk examined young Franciſco with new attention; and he, who had hitherto fixed his eyes upon the ground in ſullen ſilence, now lifted them up; but ſcarcely had he beheld the perſon that was talking to the captain, when he uttered a loud cry, and repeated the name of Hamet. The Turk, with equal emotion, ſurveyed him for a moment, and then catching him in his arms, embraced him with the tranſports of a parent

who unexpectedly recovers a long-loſt child. —It is unneceſſary to repeat all that gratitude and affection inſpired Hamet to ſay; but when he heard that his ancient benefactor was amongſt the number of thoſe unhappy Venetians who ſtood before him, he hid his face for a moment under his veſt, and ſeemed overwhelmed with ſorrow and aſtoniſhment; then recollecting himſelf, he raiſed his arms to Heaven, and bleſſed that Providence which had made him the inſtrument of ſafety to his ancient benefactor.

He then inſtantly flew to that part of the market where Franciſco ſtood waiting for his fate, with a manly, mute deſpair. He called him his friend, his benefactor, and every endearing name which friendſhip and gratitude could inſpire; and ordering his chains to be inſtantly taken off, he conducted him and his ſon to a magnificent houſe which belonged to him in the city. As ſoon as they were alone, and had time for an explanation of their mutual fortunes, Hamet told the Venetians, that when he was ſet at liberty by their generoſity, and reſtored to his country, he had accepted

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a command in the Turkiſh armies; and that having had the good fortune to diſtinguiſh himſelf upon ſeveral occaſions, he had gradually been promoted, through various offices, to the dignity of Baſhaw of Tunis. Since I have enjoyed this poſt, added he, there is nothing which I find in it ſo agreeable as the power it gives me of alleviating the misfortunes of thoſe unhappy Chriſtians that are taken priſoners by our corſairs. Whenever a ſhip arrives which brings with it any of theſe ſufferers, I conſtantly viſit the markets, and redeem a certain number of the captives, whom I reſtore to liberty. And gracious Allah has ſhewn that he approves of theſe faint endeavours to diſcharge the ſacred duties of gratitude for my own redemption, by putting it in my power to ſerve the beſt and deareſt of men.

Ten days were Franciſco and his ſon entertained in the houſe of Hamet, during which time he put in practice every thing within his power to pleaſe and intereſt them; but when he found that they were deſirous of returning home, he told them that he would no longer

detain them from their country, but that they ſhould embark the next day, in a ſhip that was ſetting ſail for Venice. Accordingly, on the morrow, he diſmiſſed them with many embraces, and much reluctance, and ordered a choſen party of his own guards to conduct them on board their veſſel. When they arrived there, their joy and admiration were conſiderably increaſed on finding that, by the generoſity of Hamet, not only the ſhip which had been taken, but the whole crew were redeemed, and reſtored to freedom. Franciſco and his ſon embarked, and after a favourable voyage, arrived without accident in their own country, where they lived many years reſpected and eſteemed, continually mindful of the viciſſitudes of human affairs, and attentive to diſcharge their duties to their fellow-creatures.

When the children came back to Mr. Barlow's, they found Maſter Merton's ſervant and horſes waiting to bring him home. When he arrived there, he was received with the greateſt joy and tenderneſs by his parents; but though he gave them an account of every thing elſe that

that had happened, he did not ſay a word about the money he had given to the farmer. But the next day being Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Merton and Tommy went together to the pariſh-church; which they had ſcarcely entered, when a general whiſper ran through the whole congregation, and all eyes were in an inſtant turned upon the little boy. Mr. and Mrs. Merton were very much aſtoniſhed at this, but they forbore to enquire till the end of the ſervice: then, as they were going out of church together, Mr. Merton aſked his ſon what could be the reaſon of the general attention which he excited at his entrance into church. Tommy had no time to anſwer, for at that inſtant a very decent-looking woman ran up, and threw herſelf at his feet, calling him her guardian-angel and preſerver, and praying that Heaven would ſhower down upon his head all the bleſſings which he deſerved. It was ſome time before Mr. and Mrs. Merton could underſtand the nature of this extraordinary ſcene; but when they at length underſtood the ſecret of their ſon's generoſity, they ſeemed to be ſcarcely leſs affected than

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the woman herſelf; and ſhedding tears of tranſport and affection, they embraced their ſon, without attending to the crowd that ſurrounded them; but immediately recollecting themſelves, they took their leave of the poor woman, and hurried to their coach with ſuch ſenſations as it is more eaſy to conceive than to deſcribe.

The ſummer had now completely paſt away while Tommy was receiving theſe improvements at the houſe of Mr. Barlow. In the courſe of this time, both his body and mind had acquired additional vigour; for he was neither ſo fretful and humourſome, nor ſo eaſily affected by the viciſſitudes of the ſeaſon.

And now the winter had ſet in with unuſual ſeverity. The water was all frozen into a ſolid maſs of ice; the earth was bare of food; and the little birds that uſed to hop about and chirp with gladneſs, ſeemed to lament in ſilence the inclemency of the weather. Tommy was one day ſurprized, when he entered his chamber, to find a very pretty little bird flying about it. He went down ſtairs and informed

Mr.

Mr. Barlow, who, after he had ſeen the bird, told him it was called a Robin Red-breaſt; and that it was naturally more tame and diſpoſed to cultivate the ſociety of men than any other ſpecies. But, at preſent, added he, the little fellow is in want of food, becauſe the earth is too hard to furniſh him any aſſiſtance, and hunger inſpires him with this unuſual boldneſs. Why then, ſaid Tommy, ſir, if you will give me leave, I will fetch a piece of bread and feed him. Do ſo, anſwered Mr. Barlow, but firſt ſet the window open, that he may ſee you do not intend to take him priſoner. Tommy accordingly opened his window, and, ſcattering a few crumbs of bread about the room, had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing his gueſt hop down, and make a very hearty meal. He then flew out of the room, and ſettled upon a neighbouring tree, ſinging all the time, as if to return thanks for the hoſpitality he had met with.

Tommy was greatly delighted with his new acquaintance, and from this time never failed to ſet his window open every morning, and ſcatter ſome crumbs about the room; which the

the bird perceiving hopped fearleſs in, and regaled himſelf under the protection of his benefactor. By degrees, the intimacy increaſed ſo much, that little Robin would alight on Tommy's ſhoulder, and whiſtle his notes in that ſituation, or eat out of his hand; all which gave Tommy ſo much ſatisfaction, that he would frequently call Mr. Barlow and Harry to be witneſs of his favourite's careſſes; nor did he ever eat his own meals without reſerving a part for his little friend.

It however happened that one day Tommy went up ſtairs after dinner, intending to feed his bird as uſual; but as ſoon as he opened the door of his chamber, he diſcovered a ſight that pierced him to the very heart. His little friend and innocent companion lay dead upon the floor, and torn in pieces; and a large cat taking that opportunity to eſcape, ſoon directed his ſuſpicions towards the murderer. Tommy inſtantly ran down with tears in his eyes, to relate the unfortunate death of his favourite to Mr. Barlow, and to demand vengeance againſt the wicked cat that had occaſioned it. Mr. Barlow heard him with great

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compaſſion, but aſked what puniſhment he wiſhed to inflict upon the cat.

TOMMY.

Oh! ſir, nothing can be too bad for that cruel animal. I would have her killed, as ſhe killed the poor bird.

Mr. BARLOW.

But do you imagine that ſhe did it out of any particular malice to your bird, or merely becauſe ſhe was hungry, and accuſtomed to catch her prey in that manner?

Tommy conſidered ſome time, but at laſt he owned that he did not ſuſpect the cat of having any particular ſpite againſt his bird, and therefore he ſuppoſed ſhe had been impelled by hunger.

Mr. BARLOW.

Have you never obſerved that it was the property of that ſpecies to prey upon mice and other little animals?

TOMMY.

Yes, ſir, very often.

Mr. BARLOW.

And have you ever corrected her for ſo doing, or attempted to teach her other habits?

TOMMY.

TOMMY.

I cannot ſay I have.—Indeed I have ſeen little Harry, when ſhe had caught a mouſe and was tormenting it, take it from her, and give it liberty. But I have never meddled with her myſelf.

Mr. BARLOW.

Are you not then more to be blamed than the cat herſelf?—You have obſerved that it was common to the whole ſpecies to deſtroy mice and little birds, whenever they could ſurprize them, yet you have taken no pains to ſecure your favourite from the danger; on the contrary, by rendering him tame, and accuſtoming him to be fed, you have expoſed him to a violent death, which he would probably have avoided, had he remained wild. Would it not then be juſt and more reaſonable to endeavour to teach the cat that ſhe muſt no longer prey upon little birds, than to put her to death for what you have never taught her was an offence?

TOMMY.

But is that poſſible?

Mr.

Mr. Barlow.

Very poſſible I ſhould imagine. But we may at leaſt try the experiment.

Tommy.

But why ſhould ſuch a miſchievous creature live at all?

Mr. Barlow.

Becauſe if you deſtroyed every creature that preys upon others, you would perhaps leave few alive.

Tommy.

Surely, ſir, the poor bird which that naughty cat has killed, was never guilty of ſuch a cruelty?

Mr. Barlow.

I will not anſwer for that. Let us obſerve what they live upon in the fields; we ſhall then be able to give a better account.

Mr. Barlow then went to the window, and deſired Tommy to come to him, and obſerve a Robin which was then hopping upon the graſs with ſomething in its mouth, and aſked him what he thought it was.

Tommy.

TOMMY.

I proteſt, ſir, it is a large worm. And now he has ſwallowed it! I ſhould never have thought that ſuch a pretty bird could be ſo cruel.

Mr. BARLOW.

Do you imagine that the bird is conſcious of all that is ſuffered by the inſect?

TOMMY.

No, ſir.

Mr. BARLOW.

In him then it is not the ſame cruelty which it would be in you, who are endowed with reaſon and reflection. Nature has given him a propenſity for animal food, which he obeys in the ſame manner as the ſheep and ox when they feed upon graſs, or the aſs when he browſes upon the furze or thiſtles.

TOMMY.

Why, then, perhaps the cat did not know the cruelty ſhe was guilty of in tearing that poor bird to pieces.

Mr. BARLOW.

No more than the bird we have juſt ſeen is conſcious of his cruelty to the inſect. The natural

natural food of cats conſiſts in rats, mice, birds, and ſuch ſmall animals as they can ſeize by violence, or catch by craft. It was impoſſible ſhe ſhould know the value you ſet upon your bird, and therefore ſhe had no more intention of offending you, than had ſhe caught a mouſe.

TOMMY.

But if that is the caſe, ſhould I have another tame bird, ſhe will kill it as ſhe has done this poor fellow.

Mr. BARLOW.

That, perhaps, may be prevented—I have heard people, that deal in birds, affirm, there is a way of preventing cats from meddling with them.

TOMMY.

Oh! dear ſir! I ſhould like to try it. Will you not ſhew me how to prevent the cat from killing any more birds?

Mr. BARLOW.

Moſt willingly.—It is certainly better to correct the faults of an animal, than to deſtroy it. Beſides, I have a particular affection for this cat, becauſe I found her when ſhe was a

kitten, and have bred her up ſo tame and gentle, that ſhe will follow me about like a dog. She comes every morning to my chamber door, and mews till ſhe is let in; and ſhe ſits upon the table at breakfaſt and dinner, as grave and polite as a viſitor, without offering to touch the meat. Indeed, before ſhe was guilty of this offence, I have often ſeen you ſtroke and careſs her with great affection; and puſs, who is by no means of an ungrateful temper, would always pur and arch her tail, as if ſhe were ſenſible of your attention.

In a few days after this converſation, another Robin ſuffering like the former, from the inclemency of the ſeaſon, flew into the houſe, and commenced acquaintance with Tommy. But he, who recollected the mournful fate of his former bird, would not encourage it to any familiarity, till he had claimed the promiſe of Mr. Barlow, in order to preſerve it from danger. Mr. Barlow, therefore, enticed the new gueſt into a ſmall wire cage, and as ſoon as he had entered it ſhut the door, in order to prevent his eſcaping. He then took a ſmall iron gridiron, ſuch as

is

is uſed to broil meat upon, and having almoſt heated it red hot, placed it erect upon the ground, before the cage in which the bird was confined. He then contrived to entice the cat into the room, and obſerving that ſhe fixed her eye upon the bird, which ſhe deſtined to become her prey, he withdrew the two little boys in order to leave her unreſtrained in her operations. They did not retire far, but obſerved her from the door fix her eyes upon the cage, and begin to approach it in ſilence, bending her body to the ground, and almoſt touching it as ſhe crawled along. When ſhe judged herſelf within a proper diſtance, ſhe exerted all her agility in a violent ſpring, which would probably have been fatal to the bird, had not the gridiron placed before the cage received the impreſſion of her attack. Nor was this diſappointment the only puniſhment ſhe was deſtined to undergo: the bars of the machine had been ſo thoroughly heated, that in ruſhing againſt them ſhe felt herſelf burned in ſeveral parts of her body; and retired from the field of battle, mewing dreadfully and full of pain; and ſuch was the impreſſion which

this adventure produced, that from this time, ſhe was never known again to attempt to deſtroy birds.

The coldneſs of the weather ſtill continuing, all the wild animals began to perceive the effects, and compelled by hunger, approached nearer to the habitations of man and the places they had been accuſtomed to avoid. A multitude of hares, the moſt timorous of all animals, were frequently ſeen ſcudding about the garden, in ſearch of the ſcanty vegetables which the ſeverity of the ſeaſon had ſpared. In a ſhort time, they had devoured all the green herbs which could be found, and hunger ſtill oppreſſing them, they began to gnaw the very bark of the trees for food. One day, as Tommy was walking in the garden, he found that even the beloved tree which he had planted with his own hands, and from which he had promiſed himſelf ſo plentiful a produce of fruit, had not eſcaped the general depradation, but had been gnawed round at the root and killed. Tommy, who could ill brook diſappointment, was ſo enraged to ſee his labours prove abortive, that he ran with tears

in

in his eyes to Mr. Barlow, to demand vengeance againſt the devouring hares. Indeed, ſaid Mr. Barlow, I am ſorry for what they have done, but it is now too late to prevent it. Yes, anſwered Tommy, but you may have all thoſe miſchievous creatures ſhot, that they may do no farther damage. A little while ago, replied Mr. Barlow, you wanted to deſtroy the cat becauſe ſhe was cruel, and preyed upon living animals, and now you would murder all the hares, merely becauſe they are innocent, inoffenſive animals, that ſubſiſt upon vegetables. Tommy looked a little fooliſh, but he ſaid, that he did not want to hurt them for living upon vegetables, but for deſtroying his tree. But, ſaid Mr. Barlow, how can you expect the animal to diſtinguiſh your trees from any other? You ſhould therefore have fenced them round in ſuch a manner as might have prevented the hares from reaching them. Beſides, in ſuch extreme diſtreſs as animals now ſuffer from the want of food, I think they may be forgiven, if they treſpaſs a little more than uſual. Mr. Barlow then took Tommy by the hand, and led him

into a field at ſome diſtance which belonged to him, and which was ſown with turnips. Scarcely had they entered the field, before a flock of larks roſe up in ſuch innumerable quantities as almoſt darkened the air. See, ſaid Mr. Barlow, theſe little fellows are treſpaſſing upon my turnips in ſuch numbers, that in a ſhort time they will deſtroy every bit of green about the field; yet I would not hurt them upon any account. Look round the whole extent of the country, you will ſee nothing but a barren waſte, which preſents no food either to bird or beaſt. Theſe little creatures therefore aſſemble in multitudes here, where they find a ſcanty ſubſiſtence, and though they do me ſome miſchief they are welcome to what they can find. In the ſpring they will enliven our walks by their agreeable ſongs.

Some few days after this converſation, when the ſnow was a good deal worn away, though the froſt and cold continued, the two little boys went out to take a walk. Inſenſibly they wandered ſo far that they ſcarcely knew their way, and therefore reſolved to return as ſpeedily as poſſible. But, unfortunately, in paſſing

through a wood, they entirely miſſed the track and loſt themſelves. To add to their diſtreſs, the wind began to blow moſt bitterly from the north, and a violent ſhower of ſnow coming on, obliged them to ſeek the thickeſt ſhelter they could find. There happened fortunately to be near an aged oak, whoſe inſide gradually decaying was worn away by time, and afforded an ample opening to ſhelter them from the ſtorm. Into this the two little boys crept ſafe, and endeavoured to keep each other warm, while a violent ſhower of ſnow and ſleet fell all around, and gradually covered the earth. Tommy, who had been little uſed to hardſhip, bore it for ſome time with fortitude, and without uttering a complaint. At length hunger and fear took entire poſſeſſion of his ſoul, and turning to Harry with watery eyes and a mournful voice, he aſked him what they ſhould do. Do, ſaid Harry, we muſt wait here, I think, till the weather clears up a little, and then we will endeavour to find the way home.

TOMMY.

But what if the weather ſhould not clear up at all?

HARRY.

In that caſe we muſt either endeavour to find our way through the ſnow, or ſtay here, where we are ſo conveniently ſheltered.

TOMMY.

But oh! what a dreadful thing it is to be here all alone in this dreary wood! And then I am ſo hungry, and ſo cold: oh! that we had but a little fire to warm us!

HARRY.

I have heard that ſhipwrecked perſons, when they have been caſt away upon a deſert coaſt, have made a fire to warm themſelves by rubbing two pieces of wood together till they caught fire; or, here is a better thing, I have a large knife in my pocket, and if I could but find a piece of flint, I could eaſily ſtrike fire with the back of it.

Harry then ſearched about, and with ſome little difficulty found a couple of flints, as the ground was nearly hidden with ſnow. He then took the flints, and ſtriking one upon the other with all his force, he ſhivered them into ſeveral pieces; out of theſe he choſe the thinneſt and ſharpeſt, and told Tommy with a ſmile, that

that he believed that would do. He then took the flint, and ſtriking it ſeveral times againſt the back of his knife, produced ſeveral ſparks of fire. This, ſaid Harry, will be ſufficient to light a fire, if we can but find ſomething of a ſufficient combuſtible nature to kindle from theſe ſparks. He then collected all the drieſt leaves he could find, with little decayed pieces of wood, and piling them into an heap, endeavoured to kindle a blaze by the ſparks which he continually ſtruck from his knife and the flint. But it was in vain; the leaves were not of a ſufficiently combuſtible nature, and while he wearied himſelf in vain, they were not at all the more advanced. Tommy, who beheld the ill ſucceſs of his friend, began to be more and more terrified, and in deſpair aſked Harry again what they ſhould do. Harry anſwered, that, as they had failed in their attempt to warm themſelves, the beſt thing they could do, was to endeavour to find their way home, more eſpecially as the ſnow had now ceaſed, and the ſky was become much clearer. This Tommy conſented to, and with infinite difficulty they

began their march; for, as the ſnow had completely covered every track, and the day light began to fail, they wandered at random through a vaſt and pathleſs wood. At every ſtep which Tommy took, he ſunk almoſt to his knees in ſnow, the wind was bleak and cold, and it was with infinite difficulty that Harry could prevail upon him to continue his journey. At length, however, as they thus purſued their way, with infinite toil, they came to ſome lighted embers, which either ſome labourers, or ſome wandering paſſengers, had lately quitted, and which were yet unextinguiſhed. See, ſaid Harry, with joy, ſee what a lucky chance is this! Here is a fire ready lighted for us, which needs only the aſſiſtance of a little wood to make it burn. Harry then again collected all the dry pieces he could find, and piled them upon the embers, which in a few moments began to blaze, and diffuſed a cheerful warmth. Tommy then began to warm and chafe his almoſt frozen limbs over the fire with infinite delight; at length he could not help obſerving to Harry, that he never could have believed that a few dried ſticks

could

could have been of ſo much conſequence to him. Ah! anſwered Harry, Maſter Tommy, you have been brought up in ſuch a manner that you never knew what it was to want any thing. But that is not the caſe with thouſands and millions of people. I have ſeen hundreds of poor children that have neither bread to eat, fire to warm, nor clothes to cover them. Only think, then, what a diſagreeable ſituation they muſt be in: yet they are ſo accuſtomed to hardſhip, that they do not cry in a twelve-month as much as you have done within this quarter of an hour.

Why, anſwered Tommy, a little diſconcerted at the obſervation of his crying, it cannot be expected that gentlemen ſhould be able to bear all theſe inconveniences as well as the poor. Why not? anſwered Harry: Is not a gentleman as much a man as the poor can be? And, if he is a man, ſhould he not accuſtom himſelf to ſupport every thing that his fellow-creatures do?

TOMMY.

That is very true—But he will have all the conveniences of life provided for him, victuals

to eat, a good warm bed, and fire to warm him.

HARRY.

But he is not ſure of having all theſe things as long as he lives.—Beſides, I have often obſerved the gentlemen and ladies in the neighbourhood, riding about in coaches, and covered from head to foot, yet ſhaking with the leaſt breath of air as if they all had agues; while the children of the poor run about bare-footed upon the ice, and divert themſelves with making ſnow balls.

TOMMY.

That is indeed true, for I have ſeen my mother's viſitors ſitting over the warmeſt fire that could be made, and complaining of cold, while the labourers out of doors were ſtripped to their ſhirts to work, and never minded it in the leaſt.

HARRY.

Then I ſhould think that exerciſe, by which a perſon can warm himſelf when he pleaſes, is infinitely a better thing than all theſe conveniences you ſpeak of; becauſe, after all, they will not hinder a perſon from being cold, but exerciſe will warm him in an inſtant.

TOMMY.

But then it is not proper for gentlemen to do the ſame kind of work with the common people.

HARRY.

But is it not proper for a gentleman to have his body ſtout and hardy?

TOMMY.

To be ſure it is.

HARRY.

Why then he muſt ſometimes labour and uſe his limbs, or elſe he will never be able to do it.

TOMMY.

What, cannot a perſon be ſtrong without working?

HARRY.

You can judge for yourſelf. You very often have fine young gentlemen at your father's houſe, and are any of them as ſtrong as the ſons of the farmers in the neighbourhood, that are always uſed to handle an hoe, a ſpade, a fork, and other tools?

TOMMY.

Indeed, I believe that is true, for I think I

am become ſtronger myſelf, ſince I have learned to divert myſelf in Mr. Barlow's garden.

As they were converſing in this manner, a little boy came ſinging along, with a bundle of ſticks at his back, and as ſoon as Harry ſaw him he recollected him, and cried out, As I am alive here is Jacky Smithers, the little ragged boy that you gave the clothes to in the ſummer; he lives, I dare ſay, in the neighbourhood, and either he, or his father, will now ſhow you the way home. Harry then ſpoke to the boy, and aſked him if he could ſhew them the way out of the wood. Yes ſurely I can, anſwered the boy, but I never ſhould have thought of ſeeing maſter Merton out ſo late, in ſuch a tempeſtuous night as this. But, if you will come with me to my father's cottage, you may warm yourſelf at our fire, and father will run to Mr. Barlow to let him know you are ſafe. Tommy accepted the offer with joy, and the little boy led them out of the wood, and in a few minutes they came to a ſmall cottage which ſtood by the ſide of the road. When they entered, they ſaw a middle-aged woman buſy

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in ſpinning, the eldeſt girl was cooking ſome broth over the fire, the father was ſitting in the chimney corner, and reading a book, while three or four ragged children were tumbling upon the floor, and creeping between their father's legs. Daddy, ſays the little boy, as he came in, here is maſter Merton, that was ſo good to us all in the ſummer. He has loſt his way in the wood, and is almoſt periſhed in the ſnow. The man upon this aroſe, and with much civility deſired the two little boys to ſeat themſelves by the fire, while the good woman ran to fetch her largeſt faggot, which ſhe threw upon the fire, and created a cheerful blaze in an inſtant. There, my dear little maſter, ſaid ſhe, you may at leaſt refreſh yourſelf a little by our fire, and I wiſh I had any thing to offer you that you could eat. But I am afraid you would never be able to bear ſuch coarſe brown bread as we poor folks are obliged to eat. Indeed, ſaid Tommy, my good mother, I have faſted ſo long and am ſo hungry, that I think I could eat any thing. Well then, anſwered the woman, here is a little bit of gammon of bacon, which I will broil

broil for you upon the embers, and if you can make a ſupper you are heartily welcome.

While the good woman was thus preparing ſupper, the man had cloſed his book and placed it with great reſpect upon a ſhelf; which gave Tommy the curioſity to aſk him what he was reading about. Maſter, anſwered the man, I am reading the book which teaches me my duty towards man, and my obligations to God, I was reading the Goſpel of Jeſus Chriſt, when you came in, and teaching it to my children.

TOMMY.

Indeed I have heard of that good book; Mr. Barlow has often read part of it to me, and promiſed I ſhould read it myſelf. That is the book they read at church; I have often heard Mr. Barlow read it to the people; and he always reads it ſo well and ſo affectingly, that every body liſtens, and you may hear even a pin drop upon the pavement.

THE MAN.

Yes, maſter, Mr. Barlow is a worthy ſervant and follower of Jeſus Chriſt himſelf. He is the friend of all the poor in the neighbourhood.

hood. He gives us food and medicines when we are ill; he employs us when we can find no work. But what we are even more obliged to him for, than the giving us food and raiment, and life itſelf, he inſtructs us in our duty, makes us aſhamed of our faults, and teaches us how we may be happy not only here, but in another world. I was once an idle, abandoned man myſelf, given up to ſwearing and drinking, neglecting my family, and taking no thought for my poor wife and children. But ſince Mr. Barlow has taught me better things, and made me acquainted with this bleſſed book, my life and manners, I hope, are much amended, and I do my duty better to my poor family. That indeed you do, Robin, anſwered the woman; there is not now a better and kinder huſband in the world: you have not waſted an idle penny or a moment's time, theſe two years; and without that unfortunate fever, which prevented you from working laſt harveſt, we ſhould have the greateſt reaſon to be all contented. Have we not the greateſt reaſon now, anſwered the man, to be not only contented, but thankful, for all the

the bleſſings we enjoy? It is true, that I and ſeveral of the children, were ill this year for many weeks; but did we not all eſcape, through the bleſſing of God, and the care of good Mr. Barlow, and this worthy Maſter Sandford, who brought us victuals ſo many days, with his own hands, when we otherwiſe ſhould perhaps have ſtarved? Have I not had very good employment ever ſince, and do I not now earn ſix ſhillings a week, which is a very comfortable thing, when many poor wretches as good as I, are ſtarving becauſe they cannot find employment?

Six ſhillings a week! ſix ſhillings a week! anſwered Tommy in amazement; and is that all you and your wife and children have to live on for a whole week?

THE MAN.

Not all, maſter; my wife ſometimes earns a ſhilling or eighteen-pence a week by ſpinning; and our eldeſt daughter begins to do ſomething that way, but not much.

TOMMY.

That makes ſeven ſhillings and ſix-pence a week. Why, I have known my mother give more

more than that, to go to a place where outlandiſh people ſing. I have ſeen her and other ladies give a man a guinea for dreſſing their hair. And I knew a little miſs, whoſe father gives half a guinea a time to a little Frenchman, that teaches her to jump and caper about the room.

Maſter, replied the man, ſmiling, theſe are great gentlefolks that you are talking about; they are very rich, and have a right to do what they pleaſe with their own. It is the duty of us poor folks to labour hard, take what we can get, and thank the great and wiſe God, that our condition is no worſe.

TOMMY.

What, and is it poſſible that you can thank God for living in ſuch a houſe as this, and earning ſeven ſhillings and ſixpence a week?

THE MAN.

To be ſure I can, maſter. Is it not an act of his goodneſs, that we have cloaths and a warm houſe to ſhelter us, and wholeſome food to eat? It was but yeſterday that two poor men came by, who had been caſt away in a ſtorm, and loſt their ſhip and all they had.

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One of theſe poor men had ſcarcely any cloaths to cover him, and was ſhaking all over with a violent ague, and the other had his toes almoſt mortified by walking barefooted in the ſnow. Am I not a great deal better off than theſe poor men, and perhaps than a thouſand others, who are at this time toſt about upon the waves, or caſt away, or wandering about the world, without a ſhed to cover them from the weather, or impriſoned for debt? Might I not have gone on in committing bad actions, like many other unhappy men, till I had been guilty of ſome notorious crime, which might have brought me to a ſhameful end? And ought I not to be grateful for all theſe bleſſings which I poſſeſs without deſerving them?

Tommy, who had hitherto enjoyed all the good things of this life, without reflecting from whom he had received them, was very much ſtruck with the piety of this honeſt and contented man; but as he was going to anſwer, the good woman, who had laid a clean though coarſe cloth upon her table, and taken up her ſavoury ſupper in an earthen plate, invited

vited them to ſit down; an invitation which both the boys obeyed with the greateſt pleaſure, as they had eaten nothing ſince the morning. In the mean time the honeſt man of the houſe had taken his hat, and walked to Mr. Barlow's to inform him that his two pupils were ſafe in the neighbourhood. Mr. Barlow had long ſuffered the greateſt uneaſineſs at their abſence, and, not contented with ſending after them on every ſide, was at that very time buſy in the purſuit; ſo that the man met him about half way from his own houſe. As ſoon as Mr. Barlow heard the good news, he determined to return with the man, and reached his houſe juſt as Tommy Merton had finiſhed one of the heartieſt meals he had ever made. The little boys roſe up to meet Mr. Barlow, and thanked him for his kindneſs, and the pains he had taken to look after them, expreſſing their concern for the accident which had happened, and the uneaſineſs which, without deſigning it, they had occaſioned: but he, with the greateſt good-nature, adviſed them to be more cautious for the future, and not to extend their

walks

walks ſo far; then thanking the worthy people of the houſe, he offered to conduct them; and they all three ſet out together, in a very cold, but fine and ſtar-light evening. As they went home, he renewed his caution, and told them the dangers they had incurred. Many people, ſaid he, in your ſituation, have been ſurprized by an unexpected ſtorm, and loſing their way have periſhed with cold. Sometimes both men and beaſts, not being able to diſcern their accuſtomed track, have fallen into deep pits filled up and covered with the ſnow, where they have been found buried ſeveral feet deep, and frozen to death. And is it impoſſible, ſaid Tommy, in ſuch a caſe to eſcape? In general it is, ſaid Mr. Barlow; but there have been ſome extraordinary inſtances of perſons who have lived ſeveral days in that condition, and yet been taken out alive; to-morrow you ſhall read a remarkable ſtory to that purpoſe.

As they were thus walking on, Tommy looked up at the ſky, where all the ſtars glimmered with unuſual brightneſs, and ſaid, What an innumerable quantity of ſtars is here! I think

think I never obſerved ſo many before in all my life! Innumerable as they appear to you, ſaid Mr. Barlow, there are perſons that have not only counted all you now ſee, but thouſands more which are at preſent inviſible to your eye. How can that be, anſwered Tommy, for there is neither beginning nor end? They are ſcattered ſo confuſedly about the ſky, that I ſhould think it as impoſſible to number them as the flakes of ſnow that fell to-day, while we were in the wood. At this Mr. Barlow ſmiled, and ſaid, that he believed Harry could give him a different account, although perhaps he could not number them all. Harry, ſaid he, cannot you ſhew your companion ſome of the conſtellations? Yes, anſwered Harry, I believe I remember ſome, that you have been ſo good to teach me. But pray, ſir, ſaid Tommy, what is a conſtellation? Thoſe, anſwered Mr. Barlow, that firſt began to obſerve the heavens, as you do now, have obſerved certain ſtars, remarkable either for their brightneſs or poſition. To theſe they have given a particular name, that they might the more eaſily know them again, and

diſcourſe

diſcourſe of them to others; and theſe particular cluſters of ſtars thus joined together and named, they call conſtellations. But come, Harry, you are a little farmer, and can certainly point out to us Charles's wain. Harry then looked up to the ſky, and pointed out ſeven very bright ſtars towards the north. You are right, ſaid Mr. Barlow; four of theſe ſtars have put the common people in mind of the four wheels of a waggon, and the three others of the horſes; therefore, they have called them by this name. Now, Tommy, look well at theſe, and ſee if you can find any ſeven ſtars in the whole ſky, that reſemble them in their poſition.

TOMMY.

Indeed, ſir, I do not think I can.

Mr. BARLOW.

Do you not think, then, that you can find them again?

TOMMY.

I will try, ſir;—Now, I will take my eye off, and look another way.—I proteſt I cannot find them again.—Oh! I believe there they

they are—Pray, ſir, (pointing with his finger,) is not that Charles's wain?

Mr. Barlow.

You are right; and by remembering theſe ſtars, you may very eaſily obſerve thoſe which are next to them, and learn their names too; till you are acquainted with the whole face of the heavens.

Tommy.

That is indeed very clever, and very ſurprizing. I will ſhew my mother Charles's wain, the firſt time I go home: I dare ſay ſhe has never obſerved it.

Mr. Barlow.

But look on the two ſtars which compoſe the hinder wheel of the waggon, and raiſe your eye up towards the top of the ſky; do you not ſee a very bright ſtar, that ſeems to be almoſt, but not quite, in a line with the two others?

Tommy.

Yes, ſir—I ſee it plain.

Mr. Barlow.

That is called the pole-ſtar; it never moves from

from its place, and, by looking full at it, you may always find the north.

TOMMY.

Then, if I turn my face towards that ſtar, I always look to the north.

Mr. BARLOW.

You are right.

TOMMY.

Then I ſhall turn my back to the ſouth.

Mr. BARLOW.

You are right again; and now cannot you find the eaſt and weſt?

TOMMY.

Is not the eaſt where the ſun riſes?

Mr. BARLOW.

Yes; but there is no ſun to direct you now.

TOMMY.

Then, ſir, I cannot find it out.

Mr. BARLOW.

Do not you know, Harry?

HARRY.

I believe, ſir, that, if you turn your face to the north, the eaſt will be on the right hand, and the weſt on the left.

Mr.

Mr. Barlow.

Perfectly right.

Tommy.

That is very clever indeed; ſo then, by knowing the pole-ſtar, I can always find north, eaſt, weſt, and ſouth. But you ſaid that the pole-ſtar never moves; do the other ſtars, then, move out of their places?

Mr. Barlow.

That is a queſtion you may learn to anſwer yourſelf, by obſerving the preſent appearance of the heavens, and then examining whether the ſtars change their places at any future time.

Tommy.

But, ſir, I have thought that it would be a good contrivance, in order to remember their ſituations, if I were to draw them upon a bit of paper.

Mr. Barlow.

But how would you do that?

Tommy.

I would make a mark upon the paper for every ſtar in Charles's wain, and I would place the marks juſt as I ſee the ſtars placed in the

ſky, and I would intreat you to write the names for me, and this I would do till I was acquainted with all the ſtars in the heavens.

Mr. BARLOW.

That would be an excellent way; but you ſee a paper is flat: is that the form of the ſky?

TOMMY.

No, the ſky ſeems to riſe from the earth on every ſide like the dome of a great church.

Mr. BARLOW.

Then if you were to have ſome round body, I ſhould think it would correſpond to the different parts of the ſky, and you might place your ſtars with more exactneſs.

TOMMY.

That is true indeed, ſir; I wiſh I had juſt ſuch a globe.

Mr. BARLOW.

Well, juſt ſuch a globe I will endeavour to procure you.

TOMMY.

Sir, I am much obliged to you, indeed. But what uſe is it of to know the ſtars?

Mr.

Mr. Barlow.

Were there no other uſe, I ſhould think there would be a very great pleaſure in obſerving ſuch a number of glorious, glittering bodies, as are now above us. We ſometimes run to ſee a proceſſion of coaches, or a few people in fine clothes ſtrutting about: we admire a large room that is painted, and ornamented, and gilded; but what is there in all theſe things, to be compared with the ſight of theſe luminous bodies that adorn every part of the ſky?

Tommy.

That's true indeed. My lord Wimple's great room, that I have heard all the people admire ſo much, is no more to be compared to it than the ſhabbieſt thing in the world.

Mr. Barlow.

That is indeed true; but there are ſome, and thoſe very important uſes, to be derived from an acquaintance with the ſtars. Harry, do you tell maſter Merton the ſtory of your being loſt upon the great moor.

Harry.

You muſt know, maſter Tommy, that I

have an uncle lives about three miles off, acroſs the great moor, that we have ſometimes walked upon. Now my father, as I am in general pretty well acquainted with the roads, very often ſends me with meſſages to my uncle. One evening I came there ſo late, that it was ſcarcely poſſible to get home again before it was quite dark: it was at that time in the month of October. My uncle wiſhed me very much to ſtay at his houſe all night, but that was not proper for me to do, becauſe my father had ordered me to come back. So I ſet out as ſoon as I poſſibly could; but juſt as I had reached the heath, the evening grew extremely dark.

TOMMY.

And was not you frighted to find yourſelf all alone upon ſuch a diſmal place?

HARRY.

No; I knew the worſt that could happen would be that I ſhould ſtay there all night; and, as ſoon as ever the morning ſhone, I ſhould have found my way home. But, however, by the time that I had reached the middle of the heath, there came on ſuch a violent

tempeſt of wind, blowing full in my face, accompanied with ſuch a ſhower, that I found it impoſſible to continue my way. So I quitted the track, which is never very eaſy to find, and ran aſide to an holly buſh that was growing at ſome diſtance, in order to ſeek a little ſhelter. Here I lay, very conveniently, till the ſtorm was almoſt over; then I roſe and attempted to continue my way, but unfortunately I miſſed the track, and loſt myſelf.

TOMMY.

That was a very diſmal thing indeed.

HARRY.

I wandered about a great while, but ſtill to no purpoſe: I had not a ſingle mark to direct me, becauſe the common is ſo extenſive, and ſo bare either of trees or houſes, that one may walk for miles, and ſee nothing but heath and furzes. Sometimes I tore my legs in ſcrambling through great thickets of furze; now and then I plumped into a hole full of water, and ſhould have been drowned if I had not learnt to ſwim: ſo that at laſt, I was going to give it up in deſpair, when looking on one ſide, I ſaw a light at a little diſtance, which

ſeemed to be a candle and lantern that ſomebody was carrying acroſs the moor.

TOMMY.

Did not that give you very great comfort?

You ſhall hear, anſwered Harry, ſmiling. At firſt I was doubtful whether I ſhould go up to it: but I conſidered that it was not worth any body's pains to hurt a poor boy like me, and that no perſon who was out on any ill deſign, would probably chooſe to carry a light. So I determined boldly to go up to it, and inquire the way.

TOMMY.

And did the perſon with the candle and lantern direct you?

HARRY.

I began walking up towards it; when, immediately, the light, which I had firſt obſerved on my right hand, moving ſlowly along by my ſide, changed its direction, and went directly before me, with about the ſame degree of ſwiftneſs. I thought this very odd, but I ſtill continued the chace, and, juſt as I thought I had approached very near, I tumbled into another pit, full of water.

TOMMY.

TOMMY.

That was unlucky indeed.

HARRY.

Well, I ſcrambled out, and very luckily on the ſame ſide with the light, which I began to follow again, but with as little ſucceſs as ever. I had now wandered many miles about the common; I knew no more where I was, than if I had been ſet down upon an unknown country: I had no hopes of finding my way home, unleſs I could reach this wandering light; and, though I could not conceive that the perſon who carried it, could know of my being ſo near, he ſeemed to act, as if he was determined to avoid me. However, I was reſolved to make one attempt, and therefore I began to run as faſt as I was able, hallooing out at the ſame time to the perſon that I thought before me, to intreat him to ſtop.

TOMMY.

And did he?

HARRY.

Inſtead of that, the light which had before been moving along a ſlow and eaſy pace, now began to dance along before me, ten times

faſter than before: ſo that, inſtead of overtaking it, I found myſelf farther and farther behind. Still, however, I ran on, till I unwarily ſunk up to the middle in a large bog, out of which I at laſt ſcrambled with very great difficulty. Surprized at this, and not conceiving that any human being could paſs over ſuch a bog as this, I determined to purſue it no longer. But now I was wet and weary; the clouds had indeed rolled away, and the moon and ſtars began to ſhine; I looked around me and could diſcern nothing but a wide, barren country, without ſo much as a tree to ſhelter me, or any animal in ſight. I liſtened, in hopes of hearing a ſheep-bell, or the barking of a dog; but nothing met my ear, but the ſhrill whiſtling of the wind, which blew ſo cold and bleak along that open country, that it chilled me to the very heart. In this ſituation, I ſtopped a while to conſider what I ſhould do, and raiſing my eyes by accident to the ſky, the firſt object I beheld, was that very conſtellation of Charles's wain, and above it I diſcerned the pole-ſtar, glimmering as it were from the very top of heaven.

Inſtantly

Inſtantly a thought came into my mind: I conſidered, that when I had been walking along the road which led towards my uncle's houſe, I had often obſerved the pole-ſtar full before me; therefore it occurred to me, that if I turned my back exactly upon it, and went ſtraight forward in a contrary direction, it muſt lead me towards my father's houſe. As ſoon as I had formed this reſolution, I began to execute it. I was perſuaded I ſhould now eſcape, and therefore, forgetting my fatigue, I ran along as briſk as if I had but then ſet out. Nor was I diſappointed; for though I could ſee no tracks, yet taking the greateſt care always to go on in that direction, the moon afforded me light enough to avoid the pits and bogs, which are found in various parts of that wild moor; and when I had travelled as I imagined about three miles, I heard the barking of a dog, which gave me double vigour; and going a little farther, I came to ſome incloſures at the ſkirts of the common, which I knew; ſo that I then with eaſe found my way home, after having almoſt deſpaired of doing it.

TOMMY.

Indeed, then, the knowledge of the pole-ſtar was of very great uſe to you. I am determined I will make myſelf acquainted with all the ſtars in the heavens. But did you ever find out what that light was, which danced before you in ſo extraordinary a manner?

HARRY.

When I came home my father told me it was what the common people call Jack of the lantern: and Mr. Barlow has ſince informed me, that theſe things are only vapours which riſe out of the earth, in moiſt and fenny places, although they have that bright appearance; and therefore told me, that many people, like me, who have taken them for a lighted candle, have followed them, as I did, into bogs and ditches.

Juſt as Harry had finiſhed his hiſtory, they arrived at Mr. Barlow's, and after ſitting ſome time and talking over the accidents of the day, the little boys retired to bed. Mr. Barlow was ſitting alone and reading in his parlour, when, to his great ſurprize, Tommy came running into the room, half undreſt, and

bawling out, Sir, ſir, I have found it out—they move! they move!—What moves? ſaid Mr. Barlow. Why, Charles's wain moves, anſwered Tommy. I had a mind to take one peep at the ſky before I went to bed, and I ſee that all the ſeven ſtars have moved from their places a great way higher up into the ſky. Well, ſaid Mr. Barlow, you are indeed right. You have done a vaſt deal to-day, and to-morrow we will talk over theſe things again.

When the morrow came, the little boys went out and returned to a diverſion they had been amuſing themſelves with for ſeveral days, the making a prodigious ſnow-ball. They had begun by making a ſmall globe of ſnow with their hands, which they turned over and over, till, by continually collecting freſh matter, it grew ſo large that they were unable to roll it any farther. Here, Tommy obſerved, that their labours muſt end, for it was impoſſible to turn it any longer. No, ſaid Harry, I know a remedy for that: ſo he ran, and fetched a couple of thick ſticks, about five feet long, and giving one of them to Tommy, he took the other himſelf. He then deſired

him to put the end of his ſtick under the maſs, while he did the ſame on his ſide, and then lifting at the other end, they rolled the heap forward with the greateſt eaſe. Tommy was extremely ſurprized at this, and ſaid; How can this be? We are not a bit ſtronger than we were before, and yet now we are able to roll this ſnow-ball along with eaſe, which we could not even ſtir before. That is very true, anſwered Harry, but it is owing to theſe ſticks. This is the way that the labourers move the largeſt trees, which, without this contrivance, they would not be able to ſtir. I am very much ſurprized at this, ſaid Tommy; I never ſhould have imagined that the ſticks would have given us more ſtrength than we had before. Juſt as he had ſaid this, by a violent effort, both their ſticks broke ſhort in the middle. This is no great loſs, obſerved Tommy, for the ends will do juſt as well as the whole ſticks. They then tried to ſhove the ball again with the truncheons which remained in their hands, but to the new ſurprize of Tommy, they found they were unable to ſtir it. This is very curious indeed, ſaid

Tommy;

Tommy; I find that only long ſticks are of any uſe. That, ſaid Harry, I could have told you before: but I had a mind you ſhould find it out yourſelf. The longer the ſtick is, provided it is ſufficiently ſtrong and you can manage it, the more eaſily will you ſucceed. This is really very curious, replied Tommy; but I ſee ſome of Mr. Barlow's labourers at work a little way off; let us go to them, and deſire them to cut us two longer ſticks, that we may try their effects. They then went up to the men who were at work; but here a new ſubject of admiration preſented itſelf to Tommy's mind. There was a root of a prodigious oak tree, ſo large and heavy that half a dozen horſes would ſcarcely have been able to draw it along: beſides, it was ſo tough and knotty, that the ſharpeſt axe could hardly make any impreſſion upon it. This a couple of old men were attempting to cleave in pieces, in order to make billets for Mr. Barlow's fire. Tommy, who thought their ſtrength totally diſproportionate to ſuch an undertaking, could not help pitying them, and obſerving, that certainly Mr. Barlow did not know what they

they were about, or he would have prevented ſuch poor, weak, old men, from fatiguing themſelves about what they never could perform. Do you think ſo, replied Harry; what would you then ſay, if you were to ſee me, little as I am, perform this wonderful taſk, with the aſſiſtance of one of theſe good people? So he took up a wooden mallet, an inſtrument which, although much larger, reſembles an hammer, and began beating the root, which he did for ſome time without making the leaſt impreſſion. Tommy, who imagined that for this time his friend Harry was caught, began to ſmile, and told him that he would break an hundred mallets to pieces before he made the leaſt impreſſion upon the wood. Say you ſo? anſwered Harry ſmiling; then I believe I muſt try another method: ſo he ſtooped down and picked up a ſmall piece of tough iron, about ſix inches long, which Tommy had not obſerved before as it lay upon the ground. This iron was broad at the top, but gradually ſloped all the way down, till it came to a perfect edge at bottom. Harry took this up, and with a few blows drove it a little way into the

the body of the root. The old man and he then ſtruck alternately with their mallets upon the head of the iron, till the root began to gape and crack on every ſide, and the iron was totally buried in the wood. There, ſays Harry, this firſt wedge has done its buſineſs very well, two or three more will finiſh it. He then took up another larger wedge, and inſerting the bottom of it between the wood and the top of the former one, which was now completely buried in the root, began to beat upon it as he had done before. The root now cracked and ſplit on every ſide of the wedges, till a prodigious cleft appeared quite down to the bottom. Thus did Harry proceed, ſtill continuing his blows, and inſerting new and larger wedges, as faſt as he had driven the former down, till he had completely effected what he had undertaken, and entirely ſeparated the monſtrous maſs of wood into two unequal parts. Harry then ſaid, Here is a very large log, but I think you and I can carry it in to mend the fire, and I will ſhew you ſomething elſe that will ſurprize you. So he took a pole of about ten feet long, and

hung

hung the log upon it by a piece of cord which he found there; then he aſked Tommy which end of the pole he choſe to carry. Tommy, who thought it would be moſt convenient to have the weight near him, choſe that end of the pole near which the weight was ſuſpended, and put it upon his ſhoulder; while Harry took the other end. But when Tommy attempted to move, he found that he could hardly bear the preſſure; however, as he ſaw Harry walk briſkly away under his ſhare of the load, he determined not to complain. As they were walking along in this manner, Mr. Barlow met them, and ſeeing poor Tommy labouring under his burden, aſked him who had loaded him in that manner. Tommy ſaid it was Harry. Upon this Mr. Barlow ſmiled and ſaid, Well, Tommy, this is the firſt time I ever ſaw your friend Harry attempt to impoſe upon you, but he is making you carry about three times the weight which he ſupports himſelf. Harry replied, that Tommy had choſen that himſelf; and that he ſhould directly have informed him of his miſtake, but that he had been ſo ſurprized at ſeeing the

common

common effects of a lever, that he wiſhed to teach him ſome other facts about it: then ſhifting the ends of the pole, ſo as to ſupport that part which Tommy had done before, he aſked him if he found his ſhoulder any thing eaſier than before. Indeed I do, replied Tommy, but I cannot conceive how; for we carry the ſame weight between us which we did before, and juſt in the ſame manner. Not quite in the ſame manner, anſwered Mr. Barlow; for, if you obſerve, the log is a great deal farther from your ſhoulder than from Harry's; by which means he now ſupports juſt as much as you did before, and you, on the contrary, as little as he did when I met you. This is very extraordinary indeed, ſaid Tommy: I find there are a great many things which I did not know, nor even my mama, nor any of the fine ladies that come to our houſe. Well, replied Mr. Barlow, if you have acquired ſo much uſeful knowledge already, what may you expect to do in a few years more?—He then led Tommy into the houſe, and ſhowed him a ſtick of about four feet long, with a ſcale hung at each end.

Now,

Now, ſaid he, if you place this ſtick over the back of a chair, ſo that it may reſt exactly upon the middle, you ſee the two ſcales will juſt balance each other. So if I put into each of them an equal weight they will ſtill remain ſuſpended. In this method, we weigh every thing which is bought, only for the greater convenience, the beam of the ſcale, which is the ſame thing as this ſtick, is generally hung up to ſomething elſe by its middle. But let us now move the ſtick, and ſee what will be the conſequence. Mr. Barlow then puſhed the ſtick along in ſuch a manner, that when it reſted upon the back of the chair, there were three feet of it on one ſide, and only one on the other. That ſide which was longeſt inſtantly came to the ground as heavieſt. You ſee, ſaid Mr. Barlow, if we would now balance them, we muſt put a greater weight on the ſhorter ſide; ſo he kept adding weights, till Tommy found that one pound on the longeſt ſide would exactly balance three on the ſhorteſt; for, as much as the longer ſide exceeded the ſhorter in length, ſo much did the weight,

weight, which was hung at that end, require to exceed that on the longeſt ſide.

This, ſaid Mr. Barlow, is what they call a lever; and all the ſticks that you have been uſing to-day, are only levers of a different conſtruction. By theſe ſhort trials, you may conceive the prodigious advantage which they are of to men. For, thus can one man move a weight, which half a dozen would not be able to do with their hands alone. Thus may a little boy, like you, do more than the ſtrongeſt man could effect, who did not know theſe ſecrets. As to that inſtrument, by which you were ſo ſurprized that Harry could cleave ſo vaſt a body of wood, it is called a wedge, and is almoſt equally uſeful with the lever. The whole force of it conſiſts in its being gradually narrower and narrower, till at laſt it ends in a thin edge capable of penetrating the ſmalleſt chink. By this we are enabled to overthrow the largeſt oaks, to cleave their roots almoſt as hard as iron itſelf, and even to ſplit the ſolid rocks. All this, ſaid Tommy, is wonderful indeed; and I need not aſk the uſe of them, becauſe I ſee it plainly in the experiments

experiments I have made to-day. One thing more, added Mr. Barlow, as we are upon this ſubject, I will ſhow you: ſo, he led him into the yard, to the bottom of his granary, where ſtood a heavy ſack of corn. Now, ſaid Mr. Barlow, if you are ſo ſtout a fellow as you imagine, take up this ſack of corn, and carry it up the ladder into the granary. That, replied Tommy laughing, is impoſſible; and I doubt, ſir, whether you could do it yourſelf. Well, ſaid Mr. Barlow, we will at leaſt try what is to be done. He then led them up into the granary, and ſhowing them a middle-ſized wheel with an handle fixed upon it, deſired the little boys to turn it round. They began to turn it with ſome little difficulty, and Tommy could hardly believe his eyes, when preſently after he ſaw the ſack of corn, which he had deſpaired of moving, mounted up into the granary and ſafely landed upon the floor. You ſee, ſaid Mr. Barlow, here is another ingenious contrivance, by which the weakeſt perſon may perform the work of the ſtrongeſt. This is called the wheel and axis. You ſee this wheel, which is not very large, turns round an axle

which

which goes into it, and is much ſmaller, and at every turn the rope to which the weight is fixed that you want to move, is twiſted round the axle. Now, juſt as much as the breadth of the whole wheel is greater than that of the axle which it turns round, ſo much greater is the weight, that the perſon who turns it can move, than he could do without it. Well, ſaid Tommy, I ſee it is a fine thing indeed to acquire knowledge; for by theſe means, one not only increaſes one's underſtanding, but one's bodily ſtrength. But are there no more ſir, of theſe ingenious contrivances? For I ſhould like to underſtand them all. Yes, anſwered Mr. Barlow, there are more; and all of them you ſhall be perfectly acquainted with in time; but for this purpoſe you ſhould be able to write, and comprehend ſomething of arithmetic.

TOMMY.

What is arithmetic, ſir?

Mr. BARLOW.

That is not ſo eaſy to make you underſtand at once; I will however try to explain it. Do you

you ſee the grains of wheat, which lie ſcattered in the window?

TOMMY.

Yes, ſir.

Mr. BARLOW.

Can you count how many there are?

TOMMY.

There are juſt five and twenty of them.

Mr. BARLOW.

Very well. Here is another parcel: how many grains are there?

TOMMY.

Juſt fourteen.

Mr. BARLOW.

If there are fourteen grains in one heap and twenty-five in the other, how many grains are there in all; or how many do fourteen and twenty-five make? Tommy was unable to anſwer, and Mr. Barlow propoſed the ſame queſtion to Harry, who anſwered that together they made thirty-nine. Again, ſaid Mr. Barlow, I will put the two heaps together, and then how many will there be?

TOMMY.

Thirty-nine.

Mr.

Mr. BARLOW.

Now look, I have juſt taken away nineteen from the number, how many do you think remain?

TOMMY.

I will count them.

Mr. BARLOW.

And cannot you tell without counting? How many are there, Harry?

HARRY.

Twenty, ſir.

Mr. BARLOW.

All this is properly the art of arithmetic, which is the ſame as that of counting only it is done in a much ſhorter and eaſier way, without the trouble of having the things always before you. Thus, for inſtance, if you wanted to know how many barley-corns were in this ſack, you would perhaps be a week in counting the whole number.

TOMMY.

Indeed I believe I ſhould.

Mr. BARLOW.

If you underſtood arithmetic you might do it in five minutes.

TOMMY.

TOMMY.

That is extraordinary indeed; I can hardly conceive it poſſible.

Mr. BARLOW.

A buſhel of corn weighs about fifty pounds weight; this ſack contains four buſhels, ſo that there are juſt two hundred pounds weight in all. Now every pound contains ſixteen ounces; and ſixteen times two hundred make thirty-two hundred ounces. So that you have nothing to do but to count the number of grains in a ſingle ounce, and there will be thirty-two hundred times that number in the ſack.

TOMMY.

I declare this is curious indeed, and I ſhould like to learn arithmetic. Will Harry and you teach me, ſir?

Mr. BARLOW.

You know we are always ready to improve you. But, before we leave this ſubject, I muſt tell you a little ſtory. There was a gentleman who was extremely fond of beautiful horſes, and did not grudge to give the higheſt prices for them. One day an horſe-courſer

courſer came to him, and ſhewed him one ſo handſome, that he thought it ſuperior to all he had ever ſeen before. He mounted him, and found his paces equally excellent; for, though he was full of ſpirit, he was gentle and tractable as could be wiſhed. So many perfections delighted the gentleman, and he eagerly demanded the price. The horſe-courſer anſwered that he would bate nothing of two hundred guineas; the gentleman, although he admired the horſe, would not conſent to give it, and they were juſt on the point of parting. As the man was turning his back, the gentleman called out to him and ſaid, Is there no poſſible way of our agreeing? for I would give you any thing in reaſon for ſuch a beautiful creature. Why, replied the dealer, who was a ſhrewd fellow, and perfectly underſtood calculation, if you do not like to give me two hundred guineas, will you give me a farthing for the firſt nail the horſe has in his ſhoe, two farthings for the ſecond, four for the third, and ſo go doubling throughout the whole twenty-four? for there are no more than twenty-four nails in all his ſhoes. The gentle-

man gladly accepted the condition, and ordered the horſe to be led away to his ſtables.

TOMMY.

This fellow muſt have been a very great blockhead, to aſk two hundred guineas, and then to take a few farthings for his horſe.

Mr. BARLOW.

The gentleman was of the ſame opinion; however, the horſe-courſer added, I do not mean, ſir, to tie you down to this laſt propoſal, which, upon conſideration, you may like as little as the firſt; all that I require is, that if you are diſſatisfied with your bargain, you will promiſe to pay me down the two hundred guineas which I firſt aſked. This the gentleman willingly agreed to, and then called his ſteward to calculate the ſum, for he was too much of a gentleman to be able to do it himſelf. The ſteward ſat down with his pen and ink, and after ſome time gravely wiſhed his maſter joy, and aſked him in what part of England the eſtate was ſituated that he was going to purchaſe. Are you mad, replied the gentleman? It is not an eſtate, but an horſe, that I have juſt bargained for,

and

and here is the owner of him, to whom I am going to pay the money. If there is any madneſs, Sir, replied the ſteward, it certainly is not on my ſide; the ſum you have ordered me to calculate, comes to juſt ſeventeen thouſand, four hundred, and ſeventy-ſix pounds, beſide ſome ſhillings and pence; and ſurely no man in his ſenſes would give this price for an horſe. The gentleman was more ſurprized than he had ever been before, to hear the aſſertion of his ſteward; but, when upon examination he found it more than the truth, he was very glad to compound for his fooliſh agreement, by giving the horſe courſer the two hundred guineas, and diſmiſſing him.

TOMMY.

This is quite incredible, that a farthing, juſt doubled a few times, ſhould amount to ſuch a prodigious ſum: however, I am determined to learn arithmetic, that I may not be impoſed upon in this manner; for I think a gentleman muſt look very ſilly in ſuch a ſituation.

Thus had Tommy a new employment and diverſion for the winter nights, the learning

arithmetic. Almoſt every night did Mr. Barlow, and Harry, and he, amuſe themſelves with little queſtions that related to numbers: by which means Tommy became in a ſhort time ſo expert, that he could add, ſubtract, multiply, or divide, almoſt any given ſum, with little trouble and great exactneſs.

Some time after, in one of their walks, they happened to paſs through a ſmall town in their way, and ſaw a crowd of people going into an houſe, which gave Mr. Barlow the curioſity to inquire the reaſon. They were told, that there was a wonderful perſon there, who performed a variety of ſtrange and diverting experiments. Upon Tommy's expreſſing a great deſire to ſee theſe curious exhibitions, Mr. Barlow took them both in, and they all ſeated themſelves among the audience. Preſently the performer began his exhibitions, which very much diverted Tommy, and ſurprized the ſpectators. At length, after a variety of curious tricks upon cards, the conjurer deſired them to obſerve a large baſon of water, with the figure of a little ſwan floating upon the ſurface. Gentlemen, ſaid the man,

man, I have reſerved this curious experiment for the laſt; becauſe it is the moſt wonderful of all that I have to ſhow, or that perhaps was ever exhibited to the preſent hour. You ſee that ſwan; it is no more than a little image without either ſenſe or life. If you have any doubt upon the ſubject, take it up in your hands and examine it. Accordingly, ſeveral of the ſpectators took it up in their hands, and, after having examined it, ſet it down again upon the water. Now, continued he, this ſwan, which to you appears totally without ſenſe or motion, is of ſo extraordinary a nature, that he knows me, his maſter, and will follow in any direction that I command. Saying this, he took out a little piece of bread, and whiſtling to his bird, ordered him to come to the ſide of the baſon, and be fed. Immediately, to the great ſurprize of all the company, the ſwan turned about, and ſwam to the ſide of the baſon. The man whiſtled again, and preſently the ſwan turned himſelf round, and purſued the hand of his maſter to the other ſide of the baſon. The ſpectators could hardly believe their eyes, and ſome of

them got little pieces of bread, and held them out, imagining that he would do the ſame to them. But it was in vain they whiſtled and preſented their bread; the bird remained unmoved upon the water, and obeyed no orders but thoſe of his maſter. When this exhibition had been repeated over and over again, to the extreme delight and aſtoniſhment of all preſent, the company roſe and diſperſed, and Mr. Barlow and the little boys purſued their way home.

But Tommy's mind was ſo engaged with what he had ſeen, that for ſeveral days he could think and talk of nothing elſe. He would give all that he had in the world, to find out this curious trick, and to be poſſeſſed of ſuch a ſwan. At length, as he was one day talking to Harry upon the ſubject, Harry told him with a ſmile, that he believed he had found out the method of doing it; and that if he did not miſtake, he would the next day ſhow him a ſwan that would come to be fed as well as the conjurer's. Accordingly, Harry moulded a bit of wax into the ſhape of a ſwan, and placed it upon a baſon of water. He then preſented

preſented to it a piece of bread, and, to the inexpreſſible delight of Tommy, the ſwan purſued the bread juſt as he had ſeen before. After he had ſeveral times diverted himſelf with this experiment, he wanted to be informed of the compoſition of this wonderful ſwan. Harry, therefore, ſhowed him, within the body of the bird, a large needle, which lay acroſs it from one end to the other. In the bread with which the ſwan was fed, he alſo ſhowed him concealed a ſmall bar of iron. Tommy could not comprehend all this, although he ſaw it before his eyes. But Mr. Barlow, who was preſent, taking up the bar of iron, and putting down ſeveral needles upon the table, Tommy was infinitely ſurprized to ſee the needles all jump up, one after another, at the approach of the bar, and ſhoot towards it as if they had been poſſeſſed of life and ſenſe. They then all hung about the bar ſo firmly, that, though it was lifted into the air, they all remained ſuſpended, nor ever quitted their hold. Mr. Barlow then placed a key upon the table, and putting the iron near it, the key attached itſelf as firmly to the bar as

the needles had done before. All this appeared ſo ſurprizing to Tommy, that he begged an explanation of it from Mr. Barlow. That gentleman told him, that there was a ſtone often found in iron mines that was called the load-ſtone. This ſtone is naturally poſſeſſed of the ſurprizing power of drawing to itſelf all pieces of iron that are not too large, nor placed at too great a diſtance. But what is equally extraordinary is, that iron itſelf, after having been rubbed upon the load-ſtone, acquires the ſame virtue as the ſtone itſelf, of attracting other iron. For this purpoſe, they take ſmall bars of iron, and rub them carefully upon the load-ſtone; and when they have acquired this very extraordinary power, they call them magnets. When Harry had ſeen the exhibition of the ſwan, upon revolving it over in his mind, he began to ſuſpect that it was performed entirely by the power of magnetiſm. Upon his talking to me about the affair, I confirmed him in his opinion, and furniſhed him with a ſmall magnet to put into the bread, and a large needle to conceal in the body of the bird. So this is the explanation

planation of the feat, which ſo much puzzled you a few days paſt. Mr. Barlow had ſcarcely done ſpeaking, when Tommy obſerved another curious property of the ſwan, which he had not found out before. This bird, when left to itſelf, conſtantly reſted in one particular direction; and that direction was full north and ſouth. Tommy inquired the reaſon of this, and Mr. Barlow gave him this additional explanation. The perſons that firſt diſcovered the wonderful powers of the load-ſtone in communicating its virtues to iron, diverted themſelves, as we do now, in touching needles and ſmall pieces of iron, which they made to float upon water, and attracted them about with other pieces of iron. But it was not long before they found out, as you do now, another ſurprizing property of this wonderful ſtone. They obſerved, that when a needle had once been touched by the load-ſtone, if it was left to float upon the water without reſtraint, it would invariably turn itſelf towards the north. In a ſhort time, they improved the diſcovery farther, and contrived to ſuſpend the middle of the needle upon a point,

ſo looſely that it could move about in every direction. This they covered with a glaſs-caſe, and by this means they always had it in their power to find out all the quarters of the heavens and earth.

TOMMY.

Was this diſcovery of any great uſe?

Mr. BARLOW.

Before this time, they had no other method of finding their way along the ſea, but by obſerving the ſtars. They knew by experience, in what parts of the ſky certain ſtars appeared at every ſeaſon of the year, and this enabled them to diſcover Eaſt, Weſt, North, and South. But when they ſet out from their own country by ſea, they knew in which direction the place was ſituated, which they were going to. If it lay to the eaſt, they had only to keep the head of the ſhip turned full to that quarter of the heavens, and they would arrive at the place they were going to; and this they were enabled to do by obſerving the ſtars. But frequently the weather was thick, and the ſtars no longer appeared; and then they were left to wander about the pathleſs ocean

ocean without the ſmalleſt track to guide them in their courſe.

TOMMY.

Poor people, they muſt be in a dreadful ſituation indeed, toſt about on ſuch an immenſe place as the ſea, in the middle of a dark night, and not able even to gueſs at their ſituation.

Mr. BARLOW.

For this reaſon they ſeldom dared to venture out of ſight of ſhore, for fear of loſing their way: by which means, all their voyages were long and tedious; for they were obliged to make them ſeveral times as long as they would have done, could they have taken the ſtraight and neareſt way. But ſoon after the diſcovery of this admirable property of the load-ſtone, they found that the needle which had been thus prepared, was capable of ſhowing them the different points of the heavens even in the darkeſt night. This enabled them to ſail with greater ſecurity, and to venture boldly upon the immenſe ocean, which they had always feared before.

And now the time arrived, when Tommy was by appointment to go home and ſpend ſome time with his parents. Mr. Barlow had been long afraid of this viſit, as he knew he would meet a great deal of company there, who would give him impreſſions of a very different nature from what he had with ſo much aſſiduity been labouring to excite. However, the viſit was unavoidable, and Mr. Merton ſent ſo preſſing an invitation for Harry to accompany his friend, after having obtained the conſent of his father, that Mr. Barlow, with much regret, took leave of both his pupils. Harry, from the experience he had formerly acquired of polite life, had no great inclination for the expedition; however, his temper was too eaſy and obliging to raiſe any objections, and the real affection he now entertained for Maſter Merton, rendered him leſs averſe than he would otherwiſe have been. When they arrived at Mr. Merton's, they were introduced into a crowded drawing-room, full of the moſt elegant company which that part of the country afforded; among whom were ſeveral young gentlemen and ladies of different ages,

ages, who had been purpoſely invited to ſpend their holidays with Maſter Merton. As ſoon as Maſter Merton entered, every tongue was let looſe in his praiſe; he was grown, he was improved, he was ſuch a charming boy; his eyes, his hair, his teeth, his every feature was the admiration of all the ladies. Thrice did he make the circle in order to receive the congratulations of the company and to be introduced to the young ladies. As to Harry, he had the good fortune to be taken notice of by nobody except Mr. Merton, who received him with great cordiality. A lady however, that ſat by Mrs. Merton, aſked her in a whiſper, which was loud enough to be heard all over the room, whether that was the little plough-boy which ſhe had heard Mr. Barlow was attempting to breed up like a gentleman. Mrs. Merton anſwered it was. I proteſt, ſaid the lady, I ſhould have thought ſo by his plebeian look and vulgar air. But I wonder, my dear madam, that you will ſuffer your ſon, that without flattery is one of the moſt accompliſhed children I ever ſaw in my life, with quite the air of faſhion, to keep ſuch company.

company. Are you not afraid that Maſter Merton ſhould inſenſibly contract bad habits and a groveling way of thinking? For my own part, as I think a good education is a thing of the utmoſt conſequence in life, I have ſpared no pains to give my dear Matilda every poſſible advantage. Indeed, replied Mrs. Merton, one may ſee the excellence of her education in every thing that Miſs Matilda does. She plays moſt divinely upon the harpſichord, talks French even better than ſhe does Engliſh, and draws in the ſtyle of a maſter. Indeed, I think that laſt figure of the naked gladiator the fineſt thing I ever ſaw in my life.

While this converſation was going on in one part of the room, a young lady obſerving that nobody ſeemed to take the leaſt notice of Harry, advanced towards him with the greateſt affability, and began to enter into converſation with him. This young lady's name was Simmons: her father and mother had been two of the moſt reſpectable people in the country, according to the old ſtyle of Engliſh gentry; but having died while ſhe was young, the care

of

of her had devolved upon an uncle, who was a man of ſenſe and benevolence, but a very great humouriſt. This gentleman had ſuch peculiar ideas of female character, that he waged war with moſt of the polite and modern accompliſhments. As one of the firſt bleſſings of life, according to his notions, was health, he endeavoured to prevent that ſickly delicacy, which is conſidered as ſo great an ornament in faſhionable life, by a more robuſt and hardy education. His niece was accuſtomed from her earlieſt years to plunge into the cold bath at every ſeaſon of the year, to riſe by candle-light in the winter, to ride a dozen miles upon a trotting-horſe, or to walk as many even with the hazard of being ſplaſhed or ſoiling her clothes. By this mode of education Miſs Sukey, for ſo ſhe had the misfortune to be named, acquired an excellent character, accompanied however with ſome diſpoſitions, which diſqualified her almoſt as much as Harry, for faſhionable life. She was acquainted with all the beſt authors in our own language, nor was ſhe ignorant of thoſe in French; although ſhe could not ſpeak a word of the language.

Her

Her uncle, who was a man of ſenſe and knowledge, had beſides inſtructed her in ſeveral parts of knowledge, which rarely fall to the lot of ladies; ſuch as the eſtabliſhed laws of nature and a ſmall degree of geometry. She was, beſides, brought up to every ſpecies of houſehold employment, which is now exploded by ladies in every rank and ſtation, as mean and vulgar; and taught to believe that domeſtic œconomy is a point of the utmoſt conſequence to every woman that intends to be a wife or mother. As to muſic, though Miſs Simmons had a very agreeable voice, and could ſing ſeveral ſimple ſongs in a very pleaſing manner, ſhe was entirely ignorant of it; her uncle uſed to ſay, that human life is not long enough, to throw away ſo much time upon the ſcience of making a noiſe.

Such had been the education of Miſs Simmons, who was the only one of all the genteel company at Mr. Merton's that thought Harry deſerving the leaſt attention. This young lady, who poſſeſſed an uncommon degree of natural benevolence of character, came up to him, and addreſſed him in ſuch a manner as

ſet

ſet him perfectly at his eaſe. Harry was deſtitute of the artificial graces of ſociety; but he poſſeſſed that natural politeneſs and good-nature, without which all artificial graces are the moſt diſguſting things in the world. Harry had an underſtanding naturally ſtrong; and Mr. Barlow, while he had with the greateſt care preſerved him from all falſe impreſſions, had taken great pleaſure in cultivating the faculties of his mind. Harry indeed never ſaid any of thoſe brilliant things which render a boy the darling of the ladies; he had not that vivacity, or rather impertinence, which frequently paſſes for wit with ſuperficial people: but he paid the greateſt attention to what was ſaid to him, and made the moſt judicious obſervations upon ſubjects he underſtood. For this reaſon, Miſs Simmons, although much older, and more improved, received great ſatisfaction from converſing with him, and thought little Harry infinitely more agreeable and judicious than any of the ſmart young gentlemen ſhe had hitherto ſeen at Mr. Merton's.

But now the company was ſummoned to the important buſineſs of dinner. Harry could not help ſighing, when he reflected upon what he had to undergo; however, he determined to bear it with all imaginable fortitude for the ſake of his friend Tommy. The dinner indeed was, if poſſible, more dreadful than any thing he had before undergone; ſo many fine gentlemen and fine ladies; ſo many powdered ſervants to ſtand behind their chairs; ſuch an apparatus of diſhes that Harry had never taſted before, and that almoſt made him ſick when he did taſte; ſo many removes; ſuch pomp and ſolemnity about what ſeemed the eaſieſt thing in the world; that Harry could not help envying the condition of his father's labourers, who when they are hungry, can ſit at their eaſe under an hedge, and make a dinner, without plates, table-cloths, or compliments. In the mean time his friend Tommy was received amid the circle of the ladies, and attended to as a prodigy of wit and ingenuity. Harry could not help being ſurprized at this; his affection for his friend was totally unmixed with the meanneſs of jealouſy,

louſy, and he received the ſincereſt pleaſure from every improvement which Tommy had made; however, he had never diſcovered in him any of thoſe ſurprizing talents, and when he could catch any thing that Tommy ſaid, it appeared to him rather inferior to his uſual method of converſation: however, as ſo many fine ladies were of a different opinion, he took it for granted that he muſt be miſtaken. But if Harry's opinion of his friend's abilities was not much improved by this exhibition, it was not ſo with Tommy. The repeated aſſurances which he received that he was indeed a little prodigy, began to convince him that he really was ſo. When he conſidered the company he came from, he found that infinite injuſtice had been done to his merit; for at Mr. Barlow's he was frequently contradicted, and obliged to give a reaſon for what he ſaid; but here in order to be admired, he had nothing to do but talk; whether he had any meaning or not, his auditors always found either wit, or ſenſe, or a moſt entertaining ſprightlineſs in all he ſaid. Nor was Mrs. Merton herſelf deficient in beſtowing marks

of

of admiration upon her ſon. To ſee him before improve in health, in underſtanding, in virtue, had given her a pleaſurable ſenſation, for ſhe was by no means deſtitute of good diſpoſitions; but to ſee him ſhine with ſuch tranſcendent brightneſs, before ſuch excellent judges, and in ſo polite a company, inſpired her with raptures ſhe had never felt before. Indeed, in conſequence of this ſucceſs, the young gentleman's volubility improved ſo much, that before the dinner was over, he ſeemed diſpoſed to engroſs the whole converſation to himſelf; and Mr. Merton, who did not quite reliſh the ſallies of his ſon ſo much as his wife, was once or twice obliged to interpoſe and check him in his career. This Mrs. Merton thought very hard, and all the ladies, after they had retired into the drawing-room, agreed, that his father would certainly ſpoil his temper by ſuch improper contradiction. As to little Harry, he had not the good fortune to pleaſe the greater number of the ladies; they obſerved that he was awkward and ungenteel, and had an heavy clowniſh look; he was alſo ſilent and reſerved, and had not ſaid

a ſingle

a ſingle agreeable thing: if Mr. Barlow choſe to keep a ſchool for carters and threſhers, nobody would hinder him; but it was not proper to introduce ſuch vulgar people to the ſons of perſons of faſhion. It was therefore agreed, that Mr. Barlow ought either to ſend little Harry home to his friends, or to be no more honoured with the company of Maſter Merton. Indeed, one of the ladies hinted that Mr. Barlow himſelf was but an odd kind of man, that never went to aſſemblies, and played upon no kind of inſtrument. Why, anſwered Mrs. Merton, to tell the truth, I was not over fond of the ſcheme: Mr. Barlow, to be ſure, though a very good, is a very odd kind of man; however, as he is ſo diſintereſted, and would never receive the leaſt preſent from us, I doubt whether we could with propriety inſiſt upon his turning little Sandford out of the houſe. If that is the caſe, madam, anſwered Mrs. Compton, for that was the name of the lady, I think it would be infinitely better to remove Maſter Merton, and place him in ſome polite ſeminary; where he might acquire a knowledge

of

of the world, and make genteel connections. This will be always the greateſt advantage to a young gentleman, and will prove of the moſt eſſential ſervice to him in life. For though a perſon has all the merit in the world, without ſuch acquaintance it never will puſh him forward, or enable him to make a figure. This is the plan which I have always purſued with Auguſtus and Matilda; I think I may ſay, not entirely without ſucceſs; for they have both the good fortune to have formed the moſt brilliant acquaintances. As to Auguſtus, he is ſo intimate with young Lord Squander, who you know is poſſeſſed of the greateſt parliamentary intereſt, that I think his fortune is as good as made. Miſs Simmons, who was preſent at this refined and wiſe converſation, could not help looking with ſo much ſignificance at this mention of Lord Squander, that Mrs. Compton coloured a little, and aſked with ſome warmth, whether ſhe knew any thing of that young nobleman. Why, madam, anſwered the young lady, what I know is very little; but if you deſire me to inform you, it is my duty to ſpeak the truth.

Oh!

Oh! to be ſure miſs, replied Mrs. Compton, a little angrily; we all know that your judgment and knowledge of the world are ſuperior to what any body elſe can boaſt; and therefore, I ſhall be infinitely obliged to you for any information you may be pleaſed to give. Indeed, madam, anſwered the young lady, I have very little of either to boaſt, nor am I perſonally acquainted with the nobleman you are talking of; but I have a couſin, a very good boy, that is at the ſame public ſchool with his lordſhip, who has given me ſuch a character of him as does not much prepoſſeſs me in his favour.—And what may this wiſe couſin of yours, have ſaid of his lordſhip?—Only, madam, that he is one of the worſt boys in the whole ſchool. That he has neither genius, nor application for any thing that becomes his rank and ſituation. That he has no taſte for any thing but gaming, horſe-racing, and the moſt contemptible amuſements. That though his allowance is ſo large, he is eternally running in debt with every body that will truſt him; and that he has broken his word ſo often that nobody has the

leaſt confidence in what he ſays. Added to this, I have heard that he is ſo haughty, tyrannical, and overbearing, that nobody can long preſerve his friendſhip, without the meaneſt flattery and ſubſervience to all his vicious inclinations. And to finiſh all, that he is of ſo ungrateful a temper, that he was never known to do an act of kindneſs to any one, or to care about any thing but himſelf. — Here Miſs Matilda could not help interpoſing with warmth: ſhe ſaid, that his lordſhip had nothing in his character or manners that did not perfectly become a nobleman of the moſt elevated ſoul. Little, groveling minds, indeed, which are always envious of their ſuperiors, might give a diſagreeable turn to the generous openneſs of this young nobleman's temper. That as to gaming and running in debt, they were ſo eſſential to a man of faſhion, that nobody who was not born in the city, and oppreſſed by city prejudices, would think of making the leaſt objection to them. She then made a panegyric upon his lordſhip's perſon, his elegant taſte and dreſs, his new phaeton, his entertaining converſation, his extraordinary performance upon

the violin, and concluded that, with ſuch abilities and accompliſhments, ſhe did not doubt of one day ſeeing him at the head of the nation. Miſs Simmons had no deſire of puſhing the converſation any farther, and the reſt of the company coming in to tea, the diſquiſition about Lord Squander finiſhed. After tea, ſeveral of the young ladies were deſired to amuſe the company with muſic and ſinging: among the reſt, Miſs Simmons ſang a little Scotch ſong, called Lochaber, in ſo artleſs, but ſweet and pathetic a manner, that little Harry liſtened almoſt with tears in his eyes, though ſeveral of the other young ladies, by their ſignificant looks and geſtures, treated it with ineffable contempt. After this Miſs Matilda, who was allowed to be a perfect miſtreſs of muſic, played and ſang ſeveral celebrated Italian airs. But as they were in a language totally unintelligible to him, Harry received very little pleaſure, though all the reſt of the company were in raptures. She then proceeded to play ſeveral pieces of muſic, which were allowed by all connoiſſeurs to require infinite ſkill to execute. The audience

ſeemed all delighted, and either felt, or pretended to feel, inexpreſſible pleaſure; even Tommy himſelf, though he did not know one note from another, had caught ſo much of the general enthuſiaſm, that he applauded as loud as the reſt of the company: but Harry, whoſe temper was not quite ſo pliable, could not conceal the intolerable wearineſs that overpowered his ſenſes during this long exhibition. He gaped, he yawned, he ſtretched, he even pinched himſelf, in order to keep his attention alive, but all in vain; the more Miſs Matilda exerciſed her ſkill in playing pieces of the moſt difficult execution, the more did Harry's propenſity to drowſineſs increaſe. At length, the lateneſs of the hour, which much exceeded Harry's time of going to bed, conſpiring with the opiate charms of muſic, he could reſiſt no longer, but inſenſibly fell back upon his chair, faſt aſleep. This unfortunate accident was ſoon remarked by the reſt of the company, and confirmed them very much in the opinion they had conceived of Harry's vulgarity; while he, in the mean time, enjoyed the moſt placid ſlumber, which was not diſ-

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ſipated till Miſs Matilda had deſiſted from playing.

Thus was the firſt day paſt at Mr. Merton's, very little to the ſatisfaction of Harry; the next, and the next after, was only a repetition of the ſame ſcene. The little gentry, whoſe taſtes and manners were totally different from his, had now imbibed a perfect contempt for Harry, and it was with great difficulty that they would condeſcend to treat him even with common civility. In this laudable behaviour they were very much confirmed by Maſter Compton and Maſter Maſh. Maſter Compton was reckoned a very genteel boy, though all his gentility conſiſted in a pair of buckles ſo big that they almoſt crippled him, in a ſlender, emaciated figure, and a look of conſummate impudence. He had almoſt finiſhed his education at a public ſchool, where he had learned every vice and folly which is commonly taught at ſuch places, without the leaſt improvement either of his character or his underſtanding. Maſter Maſh was the ſon of a neighbouring gentleman who had conſiderably impaired his fortune by an

inordinate love of horſe-racing. Having been from his infancy accuſtomed to no other converſation than about winning and loſing money, he had acquired the idea that to bet ſucceſsfully was the ſummit of all human ambition. He had been almoſt brought up in the ſtable, and therefore had imbibed the greateſt intereſt about horſes; not from any real affection for that noble animal, but merely becauſe he conſidered them as engines for the winning of money. He too was now improving his talents by a public education, and longed impatiently for the time when he ſhould be ſet free from all reſtraint, and allowed to diſplay the ſuperiority of his genius at Aſcot and New-market. Theſe two young gentlemen had conceived the moſt violent diſlike to Harry, and loſt no occaſion of ſaying or doing every thing they had in their power to mortify him. To Tommy they were in the contrary extreme, and omitted no opportunity of rendering themſelves agreeable. Nor was it long before their forward, vivacious manners, accompanied with a knowledge of many of thoſe gay ſcenes which acted forcibly upon

upon Tommy's imagination, began to render their converſation highly agreeable. They talked to him about public diverſions, about celebrated actreſſes, about parties of pleaſure, and parties of miſchief. Tommy began to feel himſelf introduced to a new train of ideas, and a wider range of conduct; he began to long for the time when he ſhould ſhare in the glories of robbing orchards, or inſulting paſſengers, with impunity; but when he heard that little boys, ſcarcely bigger than himſelf, had often joined in the glorious proſpect of forming open rebellions againſt their maſters, or of diſturbing a whole audience at a play-houſe, he panted for the time when he might have a chance of ſharing in the fame of ſuch atchievements. By degrees he loſt all regard for Mr. Barlow, and all affection for his friend Harry: at firſt, indeed, he was ſhocked at hearing Mr. Barlow mentioned with diſreſpect; but, becoming by degrees more callous to every good impreſſion, he at laſt took infinite pleaſure in ſeeing Maſter Maſh, who, though deſtitute of either wit or genius, had a great taſte for mimicry, take off the parſon

in the middle of his ſermon. Harry perceived and lamented this change in the manners of his friend; he ſometimes took the liberty of remonſtrating with him upon the ſubject, but was only anſwered with a contemptuous ſneer; and Maſter Maſh, who happened once to be preſent, told him that he was a monſtrous bore.

It happened that while Harry was at Mr. Merton's, there was a troop of ſtrolling players at a neighbouring town. In order to divert the young gentry, Mr. Merton contrived that they ſhould make a party to ſee a play. They went accordingly, and Harry with the reſt. Tommy, who now no longer condeſcended to take any notice of his friend, was ſeated between his two inſeperable companions. Theſe young gentlemen firſt began to give ſpecimens of their politeneſs by throwing nuts and orange peel upon the ſtage, and Tommy, who was reſolved to profit by ſuch excellent example, threw nuts and orange peel with infinite ſatisfaction. As ſoon as the curtain drew up, and the actors appeared, all the reſt of the audience obſerved a decent ſilence; but Maſh and Compton, who were now determined to prove

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the ſuperiority of their manners, began to talk ſo loud, and make ſo much noiſe, that it was impoſſible for any one near them to hear a word of the play. This alſo ſeemed amazingly fine to Tommy; and he too talked and laughed as loud as the reſt. The ſubject of their converſation was the audience and the performers; neither of which theſe polite young gentlemen found bearable. The company was chiefly compoſed of the tradeſmen of the town, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring country: this was a ſufficient reaſon for theſe refined young gentlemen to ſpeak of them with the moſt inſufferable contempt. Every circumſtance of their dreſs and appearance was criticized with ſuch a minuteneſs of attention, that Harry, who ſat near, and very much againſt his inclination was witneſs to all that paſſed, began to imagine that his companions, inſtead of being brought up like the ſons of gentlemen, had only ſtudied under barbers and taylors; ſuch amazing knowledge did they diſplay in the hiſtory of buckles, buttons, and dreſſing of hair. As to the poor performers, they found them totally undeſerving mercy;

they were ſo ſhockingly awkward, ſo ill dreſt, ſo low-lived, and ſuch deteſtable creatures, that it was impoſſible to bear them with any patience. Maſter Maſh, who prided himſelf upon being a young gentleman of great ſpirit, was of opinion that they ſhould kick up a riot and demoliſh all the ſcenery. Tommy, indeed, did not very well underſtand what the expreſſion meaned, but he was ſo intimately perſuaded of the merit and genius of his companions, that he agreed that it would be the propereſt thing in the world, and the propoſal was accordingly made to the reſt of the young gentlemen. But Harry, who had been ſilent all the time, could not help remonſtrating at what appeared to him the greateſt cruelty and injuſtice. Theſe poor people, ſaid he, are doing all they can to entertain us; is it not very unkind to treat them in return with ſcorn and contempt? If they could act better, even as well as thoſe fine people you talk of in London, would they not willingly do it; and therefore why ſhould we be angry at them for what they cannot help? And as to cutting the ſcenes to pieces, or doing the houſe any damage,

have

have we any more right to attempt it, than they would have to come into your father's dining-room and break the diſhes to pieces, becauſe they did not like the dinner?—While we are here let us behave with good manners; and if we do not like their acting, it is our own faults if ever we come to ſee them again. This method of reaſoning was not much reliſhed by thoſe to whom it was addreſſed, and it is uncertain how far they might have proceeded, had not a decent, plain looking man, who had been long diſturbed with the noiſe of theſe young gentry, at length taken the liberty of expoſtulating with them upon the ſubject. This freedom or impertinence, as it was termed by Maſter Maſh, was anſwered by him with ſo much rudeneſs, that the man, who was a neighbouring farmer, was obliged to reply in an higher ſtrain. Thus did the altercation increaſe every minute, till Maſter Maſh, who thought it an unpardonable affront that any one in an inferior ſtation ſhould preſume to think or feel for himſelf, ſo far loſt all command of his temper as to call the man a blackguard, and ſtrike him upon the face.

But the farmer, who poſſeſſed great ſtrength and equal reſolution, very deliberately laid hold of the young gentleman who had offered him the inſult, and without the ſmalleſt exertion, laid him ſprawling upon the ground, at his full length under the benches, and ſetting his feet upon his body, told him that ſince he did not know how to ſit quiet at a play, he would have the honour of teaching him to lie; and that if he offered to ſtir, he would trample him to pieces; a threat which was very evident he could find no difficulty in executing. This unexpected incident ſtruck an univerſal damp over the ſpirits of the little gentry; and even Maſter Maſh himſelf ſo far forgot his dignity, as to ſupplicate in a very ſubmiſſive manner for a releaſe: in this he was joined by all his companions, and Harry among the reſt. Well, ſaid the farmer, I ſhould never have thought that a parcel of young gentlemen, as you call yourſelves, would come into public to behave with ſo much rudeneſs; I am ſure, that there is ne'er a plough-boy at my houſe, but what would have ſhown more ſenſe and manners: but ſince you are

ſorry

ſorry for what has happened, I am very willing to make an end of the affair; more eſpecially for the ſake of this little maſter here, who has behaved with ſo much propriety, that I am ſure he is a better gentleman than any of you, though he is not dreſſed ſo much like a monkey or a barber. With theſe words he ſuffered the creſt-fallen Maſh to riſe, who crept from his place of confinement, with looks infinitely more expreſſive of mildneſs than he had brought with him: nor was the leſſon loſt upon the reſt, for they behaved with the greateſt decency during all the reſt of the exhibition. However, Maſter Maſh's courage began to riſe as he went home, and found himſelf farther from his formidable farmer; for he aſſured his companions, that if it had not been ſo vulgar a fellow, he would certainly call him out and piſtol him.

The next day at dinner, Mr. Merton, and the ladies who had not accompanied the young gentlemen to the play, nor had yet heard of the misfortune which had enſued, were very inquiſitive about the preceding night's entertainment. The young people agreed that the

performers were deteſtable, but that the play was a charming piece, full of wit and ſentiment, and extremely improving: this play was called The Marriage of Figaro, and Maſter Compton had informed them, that it was amazingly admired by all the people of faſhion in London. But Mr. Merton, who had obſerved that Harry was totally ſilent, at length inſiſted upon knowing his opinion upon the ſubject. Why, ſir, anſwered Harry, I am very little judge of theſe matters, for I never ſaw a play before in my life, and therefore I cannot tell whether it was acted well or ill; but as to the play itſelf, it ſeemed to me to be full of nothing but cheating and diſſimulation, and the people that come in and out, do nothing but impoſe upon each other, and lie, and trick, and deceive. Were you or any gentleman to have ſuch a parcel of ſervants, you would think them fit for nothing in the world; and therefore I could not help wondering, while the play was acting, that people would throw away ſo much of their time upon ſights that can do them no good; and ſend their children and their relations to learn fraud and inſincerity.

Mr. Merton ſmiled at the honeſt bluntneſs of Harry; but ſeveral of the ladies, who had juſt been expreſſing an extravagant admiration of this piece, ſeemed to be not a little mortified; however, as they could not contradict the charges which Harry had brought againſt it, they thought it more prudent to be ſilent.

In the evening, it was propoſed that all the little gentry ſhould divert themſelves with cards; and they accordingly ſat down to a game which is called Commerce. But Harry, who was totally ignorant of this accompliſhment, deſired to be excuſed; however, his friend Miſs Simmons offered to teach him the game, which ſhe aſſured him was ſo eaſy, that in three minutes he would be able to play as well as the reſt. Harry, however, ſtill continued to refuſe, and at length confeſſed to Miſs Simmons, that he had expended all his money the day before, and therefore was unable to furniſh the ſtake which the reſt depoſited. Don't let that diſturb you, ſaid ſhe, I will put down for you with a great deal of pleaſure. Madam, anſwered Harry, I am very much obliged to you, I am ſure; but

Mr.

Mr. Barlow has always forbidden me either to receive or borrow money of any body, for fear in the one caſe I ſhould become mercenary, or in the other, diſhoneſt; and therefore, though there is nobody here, whom I eſteem more than yourſelf, I am obliged to refuſe your offer. Well, replied Miſs Simmons, that need not diſturb you, for you ſhall play upon my account; and that you may do without any violation of your principles. Thus was Harry, though with ſome reluctance, induced to ſit down to cards with the reſt. The game, indeed, he found no difficulty in learning, but he could not help remarking with wonder, the extreme ſolicitude which appeared in the face of all the players at every change of fortune. Even the young ladies, all but Miſs Simmons, ſeemed to be equally ſenſible of the paſſion of gaining money with the reſt; and ſome of them behaved with a degree of aſperity which quite aſtoniſhed him. After ſeveral changes of fortune, it happened that Miſs Simmons and Harry were the only remaining players; all the reſt, by the laws of the game, had forfeited all pretenſions to the

ſtake, the property of which was clearly veſted in theſe two, and one more deal was wanting to decide it. But Harry with great politeneſs roſe from table, and told Miſs Simmons, that as he had only played upon her account, he was now no longer wanted, and that the whole undoubtedly belonged to her. Miſs Simmons refuſed to take it, and when ſhe found that Harry was not to be induced to play any more, ſhe at laſt propoſed to him to divide what was left. This alſo Harry declined, alledging that he had not the leaſt title to any part. But Miſs Simmons, who began to be uneaſy at the obſervation which this extraordinary conteſt produced, told Harry that he would very much oblige her by taking his ſhare of the money, and laying it out in any manner for her that he judged beſt. Upon this condition, anſwered Harry, I will take it; and I think I know a method of laying it out, which you will not entirely diſapprove.

The next day, as ſoon as breakfaſt was over, Harry diſappeared; nor was he come back when the company were aſſembled at dinner.

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At length he came in, with a glow of health and exerciſe upon his face, and that diſorder of dreſs which is produced by a long expedition. The young ladies eyed him with great contempt, which ſeemed a little to diſconcert him; but Mr. Merton ſpeaking to him with great good humour, and making room for him to ſit down, Harry ſoon recovered from his confuſion. In the evening, after a long converſation among the young people about public diverſions, and plays, and dancers, and actors, they happened to mention the name of a celebrated performer, who at this time engaged the whole attention of the town. Maſter Compton, after expatiating with great enthuſiaſm upon the ſubject, added, that nothing was ſo faſhionable as to make great preſents to this perſon, in order to ſhow the taſte and elegance of the giver. He then propoſed, that as ſo many young gentlemen and ladies were here aſſembled, they ſhould ſet an example which would do them infinite honour, and probably be followed throughout the kingdom, of making a little collection among themſelves to buy a piece of plate, or a gold

ſnuff-

ſnuff-box, or ſome other trifle, to be preſented in their name. He added, that though he could ill ſpare the money, having juſt laid out ſix guineas upon a new pair of buckles, he would contribute a guinea to ſo excellent a purpoſe, and that Maſter Maſh and Merton would do the ſame. This propoſal was univerſally approved of by all the company; and all, but Harry, promiſed to contribute in proportion to their finances. This Maſter Maſh obſerving, ſaid, Well, farmer, and what will you ſubſcribe? Harry anſwered, that upon this occaſion he muſt beg to be excuſed, for he had nothing to give. Here is a pretty fellow! anſwered Maſh; laſt night we ſaw him pouch thirty ſhillings of our money, which he cheated us out of at Commerce, and now the little ſtingy wretch will not contribute half a crown, where we are giving away whole guineas. Upon this, Miſs Matilda ſaid, in an ironical manner, that Maſter Harry had always an excellent reaſon to give for his conduct; and ſhe did not doubt but he could prove to all their ſatisfaction, that it was more liberal to keep his money in his pocket than

to give it away. Harry, who was a little nettled at theſe reflections, anſwered, that though he was not bound to give any reaſon, he thought he had a very good one to give; and that was, that he ſaw no generoſity in thus beſtowing money. According to your own account, added he, the perſon you have been talking of, gains more than fifty poor families have in the country to maintain themſelves; and therefore, if I had any money to give away, I ſhould certainly give it to thoſe that want it moſt. With theſe words, Harry went out of the room, and the reſt of the gentry, after abuſing him very liberally, ſat down to cards. But Miſs Simmons, who imagined that there was more in Harry's conduct than he had explained, excuſed herſelf from cards, and took an opportunity of talking to him upon the ſubject. After ſpeaking to him with great good-nature, ſhe aſked him, whether it might not have been better to have contributed ſomething along with the reſt, than to have offended them by ſo free an expoſition of his ſentiments: even though he did not entirely approve of the ſcheme. Indeed,

madam,

madam, ſaid Harry, this is what I would gladly have done, but it was totally out of my power. How can that be, Harry; did you not win the other night near thirty ſhillings? That, Madam, all belonged to you; and I have already diſpoſed of it in your name, in a manner that I hope you will not diſapprove. How is that, anſwered the young lady with ſome ſurprize! Madam, ſaid Harry, there was a young woman that lived with my father as a ſervant, and always behaved with the greateſt honeſty and carefulneſs. This young woman had an aged father and mother, who for a great while were able to maintain themſelves by their own labour; but at laſt the poor old man became too weak to do a day's work, and his wife was afflicted with a diſeaſe they call the palſy. Now, when this good young woman ſaw that her parents were in ſuch great diſtreſs, ſhe left her place and went to live with them, on purpoſe to take care of them; and ſhe works very hard, whenever ſhe can get work, and fares very hard, in order to maintain her parents; and though we aſſiſt them all we can, I know that ſometimes they

can

can hardly get food and clothes. Therefore, madam, as you were ſo kind to ſay, that I ſhould diſpoſe of this money for you, I ran over this morning to theſe poor people, and gave them all the money in your name: and I hope you will not be diſpleaſed at the uſe I have put it to. Indeed, anſwered the young lady, I am much obliged to you for the good opinion you have of me; and the application of it does me a great deal of honour: I am only ſorry, you did not give it in your own name. That, replied Harry, I had not any right to do; it would have been attributing to myſelf what did not belong to me, and equally inconſiſtent with truth and honeſty.

In this manner did the time paſs away at Mr. Merton's, while Harry received very little ſatisfaction from his viſit, except in converſing with Miſs Simmons. The affability and good ſenſe of this young lady had entirely gained his confidence. While all the other young ladies were continually intent upon diſplaying their talents and importance, ſhe alone was ſimple and unaffected. But what diſguſted Harry more than ever was, that his refined com-

companions ſeemed to conſider themſelves, and a few of their acquaintance, as the only beings of any conſequence in the world. The moſt trifling inconvenience, the being a little too hot, a little too cold, the walking a few hundred yards, the waiting a few minutes for their dinner, the having a trifling cold, or a little head-ache, were misfortunes ſo feelingly lamented, that he would have imagined they were the moſt tender of the human ſpecies, had he not obſerved that they conſidered the ſufferings of all below them with a profound indifference. If the misfortunes of the poor were mentioned, he heard of nothing but the inſolence and ingratitude of that claſs of people, which ſeemed to be a ſufficient excuſe for the want of common humanity. Surely, ſaid Harry to himſelf, there cannot be ſo much difference between one human being and another; or if there is, I ſhould think that part of them the moſt valuable, which cultivates the ground and provides neceſſaries for all the reſt: not thoſe, who underſtand nothing but dreſs, walking with their toes out, ſtaring

modeſt people out of countenance, and jabbering a few words of a foreign language.

But now the attention of all the younger part of the company was fixed upon making preparations for a ball; which Mrs. Merton had determined to give in honour of Maſter Tommy's return. The whole houſe was now full of milliners, mantua-makers, and dancing maſters. All the young ladies were employed in giving directions about their clothes, or in practiſing the ſteps of different dances. Harry now, for the firſt time, began to comprehend the infinite importance of dreſs. Even the elderly ladies ſeemed to be as much intereſted about the affair as their daughters; and inſtead of the leſſons of conduct and wiſdom which he expected to hear, nothing ſeemed to employ their attention a moment, but French trimmings, gauzes, and Italian flowers. Miſs Simmons alone appeared to conſider the approaching ſolemnity with perfect indifference. Harry had never heard a ſingle word drop from her that expreſſed either intereſt or impatience; but he had for ſome days obſerved her employed in her room, with more than common

common aſſiduity. At length, upon the very day that was deſtined for this important exhibition, ſhe came to him with a benevolent ſmile, and ſpoke to him thus: I was ſo much pleaſed with the account you gave me the other day, of that poor young woman's duty and affection towards her parents, that I have for ſome time employed myſelf in preparing for them a little preſent, which I ſhall be obliged to you, Maſter Harry, to convey to them. I have unfortunately never learned either to embroider or to paint artificial flowers; but my good uncle has taught me, that the beſt employment I can make of my hands is to aſſiſt thoſe that cannot aſſiſt themſelves. Saying this, ſhe put into his hands a parcel that contained ſome linen and other neceſſaries for the poor old people; and bade him tell them not to forget to call upon her uncle, when ſhe was returned home; as he was always happy to aſſiſt the deſerving and induſtrious poor. Harry received her preſent with gratitude, and almoſt with tears of joy; and looking up in her face imagined that he ſaw the features of one of thoſe angels which he had read of in the ſcriptures:

tures: ſo much does real, diſintereſted benevolence improve the expreſſion of the human countenance.

But all the reſt of the young gentry were employed in cares of a very different nature, the dreſſing their hair, and adorning their perſons. Tommy himſelf had now completely reſumed his natural character, and thrown aſide all that he had learned during his reſidence with Mr. Barlow. He had contracted an infinite fondneſs for all thoſe ſcenes of diſſipation which his new friends daily deſcribed to him, and began to be convinced that one of the moſt important things in life is a faſhionable dreſs. In this moſt rational ſentiment he had been confirmed by almoſt all the young ladies, with whom he had converſed ſince his return home.

And now the important evening approached; the largeſt room in the houſe was lighted up for the dancers, and all the little company aſſembled. Tommy was that day dreſſed in an unuſual ſtyle of elegance; and had ſubmitted without murmuring to be under the hands of an hair-dreſſer for two hours. But what

what gave him the greateſt ſatisfaction of all, was an immenſe pair of new buckles, which Mrs. Merton had ſent for on purpoſe to grace the perſon of her ſon. Several minuets were danced, to the great admiration of the company; and among the reſt Tommy, who had been practiſing ever ſince he had been at home, had the honour of exhibiting with Miſs Matilda. He indeed began with a certain degree of diffidence, but was ſoon inſpired with a proper degree of confidence by the applauſes which reſounded on every ſide. What an elegant little creature, cried one lady! What a ſhape is there, ſaid a ſecond! I proteſt he puts me in mind of Veſtris himſelf. Indeed, ſaid a third, Mrs. Merton is a moſt happy mother to be poſſeſſed of ſuch a ſon, who wants nothing but an introduction to the world, to be one of the moſt elegant creatures in England, and the moſt accompliſhed. As ſoon as Tommy had finiſhed his dance, he led his partner to her ſeat, with a grace that ſurprized all the company anew; and then with the ſweeteſt condeſcenſion imaginable, he went from one lady to another, to receive the

praiſes which they liberally poured out; as if it was the greateſt action in the world to draw one foot behind another, and to walk on tip-toe. Harry, in the mean time, had ſhrouded himſelf in the moſt obſcure part of the room, and was ſilently gazing upon the ſcene that paſſed. He knew that his company would give no pleaſure among the elegant figures that engroſſed the foremoſt ſeats, and felt not the leaſt inclination for ſuch an honour. In this ſituation he was obſerved by Maſter Compton; who, at the ſame inſtant, formed a ſcheme of mortifying Miſs Simmons, whom he did not like, and of expoſing Harry to the general ridicule. He therefore propoſed it to Maſh, who had partly officiated as Maſter of the Ceremonies, who agreed to aſſiſt him, with all the readineſs of officious malice. Maſter Maſh, therefore, went up to Miſs Simmons, and with all the ſolemnity of reſpect invited her out to dance: which ſhe, although indifferent about the matter, accepted without heſitation. In the mean time, Maſter Compton went up to Harry with the ſame hypocritical civility, and in Miſs Simmons's name

invited

invited him to dance a minuet. It was in vain that Harry aſſured him he knew nothing about the matter; his perfidious friend told him, that it was an indiſpenſable duty for him to ſtand up; that Miſs Simmons would never forgive him if he ſhould refuſe; that it would be ſufficient if he could juſt deſcribe the figure, without embarraſſing himſelf about the ſteps. In the mean time, he pointed out Miſs Simmons, who was advancing towards the upper end of the room, and taking advantage of his confuſion and embarraſſment, led him forward, and placed him by the young lady's ſide. Harry was not yet acquainted with the ſublime ſcience of impoſing upon unwary ſimplicity, and therefore never doubted that the meſſage had come from his friend; and as nothing could be more repugnant to his character than the want of compliance, he thought it neceſſary at leaſt to go and expoſtulate with her upon the ſubject. This was his intention when he ſuffered himſelf to be led up the room; but his tormentors did not give him time, for they placed him by the ſide of the young lady, and inſtantly called to

the muſic to begin. Miſs Simmons, in her turn, was equally ſurprized at the partner that was provided for her; ſhe had never imagined minuet dancing to be one of Harry's accompliſhments; and therefore inſtantly ſuſpected that it was a concerted ſcheme to mortify her. However, in this ſhe was determined they ſhould be diſappointed, as ſhe was deſtitute of all pride, and had the ſincereſt regard for Harry. As ſoon, therefore, as the muſic ſtruck up, the young lady began her reverence; which Harry, who found he was now completely caught, and had no time for explanation, imitated as well as he was able, but in ſuch a manner as ſet the whole room in a titter. Harry, however, arming himſelf with all the fortitude he poſſeſſed, performed his part as well as could be expected from a perſon that had never learned a ſingle ſtep of dancing. By keeping his eye fixed upon his partner, he made a ſhift at leaſt to preſerve ſomething of the figure, although he was terribly deficient in the ſteps and graces of the dance. But his partner, who was ſcarcely leſs embarraſſed than himſelf, and wiſhed to ſhorten

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the exhibition, after croſſing once, preſented him with her hand. Harry had unfortunately not remarked the nature of this manœuvre with perfect accuracy; and therefore imagining that one hand was juſt as good as the other, he offered the young lady his left, inſtead of his right hand. At this inſtant, an univerſal peal of merriment, which they no longer laboured to conceal, burſt from almoſt all the company; and Miſs Simmons wiſhing at any rate to cloſe the ſcene, preſented her partner with both her hands, and abruptly finiſhed the dance. The unfortunate couple then retreated to the lower end of the room, and the jeſts and ſneers of their companions, particularly Maſh and Compton, who aſſumed unuſual importance upon the credit of ſuch a brilliant invention. When they were ſeated, Miſs Simmons could not help aſking Harry, with ſome diſpleaſure, why he had thus expoſed himſelf and her, by attempting what he was totally ignorant of; and added, that though there was no diſgrace in not being able to dance, it was very great folly to attempt it without having learned a ſingle ſtep. Indeed,

Madam, anſwered Harry, I never ſhould have thought of trying to do what I knew I was totally ignorant of; but Maſter Compton came to me, and told me, that you particularly deſired me to dance with you, and led me to the other end of the room; and I only came to ſpeak to you, and to inform you that I knew nothing about the matter, for fear you ſhould think me uncivil; and then the muſic began to play, and you to dance, ſo that I had no opportunity of ſpeaking; and I thought it better to do the beſt I could, than to ſtand ſtill, or leave you there. Miſs Simmons inſtantly recovered her former good humour, and ſaid, Well, Harry, we are not the firſt, nor ſhall be the laſt by hundreds, that have made a ridiculous figure in a ball-room, without ſo good an excuſe. But I am ſorry to ſee ſo malicious a diſpoſition in theſe young gentlemen, and that all their knowledge of polite life has not taught them a little better manners. Why, madam, anſwered Harry, ſince you are ſo good as to talk to me upon the ſubject, I muſt confeſs that I have been very much ſurprized at many things I have

ſeen

ſeen at Mr. Merton's. All theſe young gentlemen and ladies are continually talking about genteel life and manners, and yet they are frequently doing things which ſurprize me. Mr. Barlow has always told me that politeneſs conſiſted in a diſpoſition to oblige every body around us, and to ſay or do nothing which can give them diſagreeable impreſſions. Yet I continually ſee theſe young gentlemen ſtriving to do and ſay things, for no other reaſon than to give pain. For not to go any farther than the preſent inſtance, what motive can Maſter Compton and Maſh have had, but to mortify you by giving you ſuch a partner? You, madam, too, that are ſo kind and good to every body, that I ſhould think it impoſſible not to love you. Harry, anſwered the young lady, what you ſay about politeneſs is perfectly juſt. I have heard my uncle and many ſenſible people ſay the ſame. But in order to acquire this ſpecies of it, both goodneſs of heart and a juſt way of thinking are required.

Their attention was now called towards the company, who had ranged themſelves by pairs

for country-dancing. Miſs Simmons, who was very fond of this exerciſe, then aſked Harry if he had never practiſed any of theſe dances. Harry ſaid it had happened to him three or four times at home, and that he believed he ſhould not be puzzled about any of the figures. Well then, ſaid the young lady, to ſhow how little I regard their intended mortification, I will ſtand up, and you ſhall be my partner. So they roſe, and placed themſelves at the bottom of the whole company, according to the laws of dancing, which appoint that place for thoſe who come laſt. And now the muſic began to ſtrike up in a more joyous ſtrain; the little dancers exerted themſelves with all their activity, and the exerciſe diffuſed a glow of health and cheerfulneſs over the faces of the moſt pale and languid. Harry exerted himſelf here, with much better ſucceſs than he had lately done in the minuet. He had great command over all his limbs, and was well verſed in every play that gives addreſs to the body; ſo that he found no difficulty in practiſing all the varied figures of the dances; particularly with the aſſiſtance of Miſs Simmons,

mons, who explained to him every thing that appeared embarraſſing. But now, by the continuance of the dance, all who were firſt at the upper end had deſcended to the bottom; where, by the laws of the diverſion, they ought to have waited quietly till their companions, becoming in their turn uppermoſt, had danced down to their former places. But, when Miſs Simmons and Harry expected to have had their juſt ſhare of the exerciſe, they found that almoſt all their companions had deſerted them, and retired to their places. Harry could not help wondering at this behaviour; but Miſs Simmons told him with a ſmile, that it was only of a piece with the reſt; and that ſhe had often remarked it at country aſſemblies, where all the gentry of a county were gathered together. This is frequently the way, added ſhe, that thoſe who think themſelves ſuperior to the reſt of the world, chooſe to ſhow their importance. This is a very bad way, indeed, replied Harry: people may chooſe whether they will dance or practiſe any particular diverſion; but if they do, they ought to ſubmit to the laws of it, without repining:

pining: and I have always obſerved among the little boys that I am acquainted with, that wherever this diſpoſition prevails, it is the greateſt proof of a bad and contemptible temper.

As Harry was converſing in this manner, the little company had left off dancing, and were refreſhing themſelves with a variety of cakes and agreeable liquors, which had been provided for the occaſion. Tommy Merton and the other young gentlemen were now diſtinguiſhing themſelves by their attendance upon the ladies, whom they were ſupplying with every thing they choſe to have; but no one thought it worth his while to wait upon Miſs Simmons. When Harry obſerved this, he ran to the table, and upon a large waiter brought her cakes and lemonade, which he preſented, if not with a better grace, with a ſincerer deſire to oblige than any of the reſt. But, as he was ſtooping down to offer her the choice, Maſter Maſh unluckily paſſed that way, and elated by the ſucceſs of his late piece of ill-nature, determined to attempt a ſecond ſtill more brutal than the firſt. For this rea-

ſon, juſt as Miſs Simmons was helping herſelf to ſome wine and water, Maſh pretending to ſtumble, puſhed Harry in ſuch a manner, that the greater part of the contents of the glaſſes was diſcharged full into her boſom. The young lady coloured at the inſult, and Harry, who inſtantly perceived that it had been done on purpoſe, being no longer able to contain his indignation, ſeized a glaſs that was only half emptied, and diſcharged the contents full into the face of the aggreſſor. Maſh, who was a boy of violent paſſions, exaſperated at this retaliation, which he ſo well deſerved, inſtantly catched up a drinking glaſs, and flung it full at the head of Harry. Happy was it for him, that it only grazed his head without taking the full effect. It however laid bare a conſiderable gaſh, and Harry was in an inſtant covered with his own blood. This ſight only provoked him the more, and made him forget both the place and company where he was; ſo that flying upon Maſh with all the fury of juſt revenge, a dreadful combat enſued, which put the whole room into a conſternation. But Mr. Merton ſoon appeared,

and with ſome difficulty ſeparated the enraged champions. He then inquired into the ſubject of the conteſt, which Maſter Maſh endeavoured to explain away as an accident. But Harry perſiſted in his account with ſo much firmneſs, in which he was corroborated by the teſtimony of Miſs Simmons, that Mr. Merton readily perceived the truth. Maſh, however, apologized for himſelf in the beſt manner he was able, by ſaying, that he had only meant to play Maſter Harry an innocent trick, but that he had undeſignedly injured Miſs Simmons. Whatever Mr. Merton felt, he did not ſay a great deal; he, however, endeavoured to pacify the enraged combatants, and ordered aſſiſtance to Harry to bind up the wound, and clean him from the blood which had now disfigured him from head to foot. Mrs. Merton in the mean time, who was ſitting at the upper end of the room amidſt the other ladies, had ſeen the fray, and been informed that it was owing to Harry's throwing a glaſs of lemonade in Maſter Maſh's face. This gave Mrs. Compton an opportunity of indulging herſelf again in long invectives

vectives againſt Harry, his breeding, family, and manners. She never, ſhe ſaid, had liked the boy, and now he had juſtified all her forebodings upon the ſubject. Such a little vulgar wretch could never have been witneſs to any thing but ſcenes of riot and ill-manners; and now he was brawling and fighting in a gentleman's houſe, juſt as he would do at one of the public houſes to which he was uſed to go with his father. While ſhe was in the midſt of this eloquent harangue, Mr. Merton came up, and gave a more unprejudiced narrative of the affair; he acquitted Harry of all blame, and ſaid, that it was impoſſible, even for the mildeſt temper in the world, to act otherwiſe upon ſuch unmerited provocation. This account ſeemed wonderfully to turn the ſcale in Harry's favour; though Miſs Simmons was no great favourite with the young ladies, yet the ſpirit and gallantry which he had diſcovered in her cauſe began to act very forcibly upon their minds. One of the young ladies obſerved, that if maſter Harry was better dreſt, he would certainly be a very pretty boy; another ſaid, ſhe had always

thought that he had a look above his ſtation; and a third remarked, that conſidering he had never learned to dance, he had by no means a vulgar look.

This untoward accident having thus been amicably ſettled, the diverſions of the evening went forward. But Harry, who had now loſt all taſte for genteel company, took the firſt opportunity of retiring to bed; where he ſoon fell aſleep, and forgot both the mortification and bruiſes he had received. In the mean time, the little company below found means to entertain themſelves till paſt midnight, and then retired to their chambers.

The next morning they roſe later than uſual: and, as ſeveral of the young gentlemen who had been invited to the preceding evening's diverſion, were not to return till after dinner, they agreed to take a walk into the country. Harry went with them as uſual, though Maſter Maſh by his miſrepreſentations had prejudiced Tommy and all the reſt againſt him. But Harry, who was conſcious of his own innocence, and began to feel the pride of injured friendſhip, diſdained to give an explanation of his

his behaviour; ſince his friend was not ſufficiently intereſted about the matter to demand one. But while they were ſlowly walking along the common, they diſcovered at a diſtance a prodigious croud of people, that were all moving forward in the ſame direction. This attracted the curioſity of the little troop; and upon inquiry they found there was going to be a bull-baiting. Inſtantly an eager deſire ſeized upon all the little gentry to ſee the diverſion. One obſtacle alone preſented itſelf, which was that their parents, and particularly Mrs. Merton, had made them promiſe that they would avoid every ſpecies of danger. This objection was however removed by Maſter Billy Lyddal; who obſerved that there could be no danger in the ſight, as the bull was to be tied faſt, and could therefore do them no harm. Beſides, added he, ſmiling, what occaſion have they to know that we have been at all? I hope we are not ſuch ſimpletons as to accuſe ourſelves, or ſuch tell-tales as to inform againſt one another. No! no! no! was the univerſal exclamation from all but Harry, who had remained profoundly

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ſilent upon the occaſion. Maſter Harry has not ſaid a word, ſaid one of the little folks; ſure he will not tell of us. Indeed, ſaid Harry, I don't wiſh to tell of you; but if I am aſked where we have been, how can I help telling?—What, anſwered Maſter Lyddal, can't you ſay, that we have been walking along the road, or acroſs the common, without mentioning any thing farther?—No, ſaid Harry, that would not be ſpeaking truth: beſides, bull-baiting is a very cruel and dangerous diverſion, and therefore none of us ſhould go to ſee it; particularly Maſter Merton, whoſe mother loves him ſo much, and is ſo careful about him. This ſpeech was not received with much approbation by thoſe to whom it was addreſſed. A pretty fellow, ſaid one, to give himſelf theſe airs, and pretend to be wiſer than every one elſe!—What, ſaid Maſter Compton, does this beggar's brat think he is to govern gentlemen's ſons, becauſe Maſter Merton is ſo good as to keep company with him?—If I were Maſter Merton, ſaid a third, I'd ſoon ſend the little impertinent jackanapes home to his own blackguard

guard family.—And Maſter Maſh, who was the biggeſt and ſtrongeſt boy in the whole company, came up to Harry, and grinning in his face, ſaid, So all the return that you make to Maſter Merton for his goodneſs to you, is to be a ſpy and an informer, is it, you little dirty blackguard?—Harry, who had long perceived and lamented the coolneſs of Maſter Merton towards him, was now much more grieved to ſee that his friend was not only ſilent, but ſeemed to take an ill-natured pleaſure in theſe inſults, than at the inſults themſelves which were offered to him. However, as ſoon as the croud of tormentors which ſurrounded him, would give him leave to ſpeak, he coolly anſwered, that he was as little of a ſpy and informer as any of them; and as to begging, he thanked God, he wanted as little of them, as they did of him: beſides, added he, were I even reduced ſo low as that, I ſhould know better how to employ my time, than to aſk charity of any one here.

This ſarcaſtic anſwer, and the reflections that were made upon it, had ſuch an effect upon the too irritable temper of Maſter Mer-

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ton, that in an inſtant forgetting his former obligations and affection to Harry, he ſtrutted up to him, and clenching his fiſt, aſked him, whether he meaned to inſult him? Well done, Maſter Merton, echoed through the whole ſociety; threſh him heartily for his impudence. No, Maſter Tommy, anſwered Harry, it is you and your friends here that inſult me. What, anſwered Tommy, are you a perſon of ſuch conſequence, that you muſt not be ſpoken to? You are a prodigious fine gentleman indeed.—I always thought you one, till now, anſwered Harry.—How, you raſcal, ſaid Tommy, do you ſay that I am not a gentleman?—Take that, and immediately ſtruck Harry upon the face with his fiſt. His fortitude was not proof againſt this treatment, he turned his face away, and only ſaid in a low tone of voice, Maſter Tommy, Maſter Tommy, I never ſhould have thought it poſſible you could have treated me in this unworthy manner: then covering his face with both his hands, he burſt into an agony of crying.

But the little troop of gentlemen, who were vaſtly delighted with the mortification which

Harry

Harrry had received, and had formed a very indifferent opinion of his proweſs, from the patience which he had hitherto exerted, began to gather round, and repeat their perſecutions. Coward, and blackguard, and tell-tale, echoed in a chorus, through the circle; and ſome, more forward than the reſt, ſeized hold of him by the hair, in order that he might hold up his head, and ſhow his pretty face. But Harry, who now began to recollect himſelf, wiped his tears with his hand, and looking up, aſked them with a firm tone of voice and a ſteady countenance, why they meddled with him; then ſwinging round, he diſengaged himſelf at once, from all who had taken hold of him. The greateſt part of the company gave back at this queſtion, and ſeemed diſpoſed to leave him unmoleſted; but Maſter Maſh, who was the moſt quarrelſome and impertinent boy preſent, advanced, and looking at Harry with a contemptuous ſneer, ſaid, This is the way we always treat ſuch little blackguards as you; and if you have not had enough to ſatisfy you, we'll willingly give you ſome more. As to all your nick-names and nonſenſe,

nonſenſe, anſwered Harry, I don't think it worth my while to reſent them; but though I have ſuffered Maſter Merton to ſtrike me, there's not another in the company ſhall do it; or if he chooſes to try, he ſhall ſoon find whether or not I am a coward. Maſter Maſh made no anſwer to this but by a ſlap of the face, which Harry returned by a punch of his fiſt, which had almoſt overſet his antagoniſt, in ſpite of his ſuperiority of ſize and ſtrength. This unexpected check from a boy ſo much leſs than himſelf might probably have cooled the courage of Maſh, had he not been aſhamed of yielding to one whom he had treated with ſo much unmerited contempt. Summoning, therefore, all his reſolution, he flew at Harry like a fury; and, as he had often been engaged in quarrels like this, he ſtruck him with ſo much force, that with the firſt blow he aimed, he felled him to the ground. Harry, foiled in this manner but not diſmayed, roſe in an inſtant and attacked his adverſary with redoubled vigour, at the very moment when he thought himſelf ſure of the victory. A ſecond time did Maſh, after a ſhort but ſevere conteſt,

conteſt, cloſe with his undaunted enemy, and, by dint of ſuperior ſtrength, roughly hurl him to the ground. The little troop of ſpectators who had miſtaken Harry's patient fortitude for cowardice, began now to entertain the ſincereſt reſpect for his courage, and gathered round the combatants in ſilence. A ſecond time did Harry riſe and attack his ſtronger adverſary, with the cool intrepidity of a veteran combatant. The battle now began to grow more dreadful and more violent. Maſh had ſuperior ſtrength and dexterity, and greater habitude of fighting; his blows were aimed with equal ſkill and force; and each appeared ſufficient to cruſh an enemy ſo much inferior in ſize, in ſtrength, in years: but Harry poſſeſſed a body hardened to ſupport pain and hardſhip; a greater degree of activity, a cool, unyielding courage, which nothing could diſturb or daunt. Four times had he been now thrown down by the irreſiſtible ſtrength of his foe; four times had he riſen ſtronger from his fall, covered with dirt and blood, and panting with fatigue, but ſtill unconquered. At length from the duration of the combat and his own violent

exertions,

exertions, the ſtrength of Maſh began to fail: enraged and diſappointed at the obſtinate reſiſtance he had met with, he began to loſe all command of his temper and ſtrike at random; his breath grew ſhort, his efforts were more laborious, and his knees ſeemed ſcarcely able to ſuſtain his weight. But actuated by rage and ſhame, he ruſhed with all his might upon Harry, as if determined to cruſh him with one laſt effort. Harry prudently ſtepped back, and contented himſelf with parrying the blows that were aimed at him; till ſeeing that his antagoniſt was almoſt exhauſted by his own impetuoſity, he darted at him with all his force, and, by one ſucceſsful blow, levelled him with the ground.

An involuntary ſhout of triumph now burſt from the little aſſembly of ſpectators; for ſuch is the temper of human beings that they are more inclined to conſider ſuperiority of force than juſtice; and the very ſame boys who juſt before were loading Harry with taunts and outrages, were now ready to congratulate him upon his victory. He, however, when he found his antagoniſt no longer capable of reſiſtance,

ſiſtance, kindly aſſiſted him to riſe, and told him he was very ſorry for what had happened; but he, oppreſſed at once with the pain of his bruiſes and the diſgrace of his defeat, obſerved an obſtinate ſilence.

Juſt in this moment, their attention was engaged by a new and ſudden ſpectacle. A bull of the largeſt ſize and greateſt beauty was led acroſs the plain, adorned with ribbons of various colours. The majeſtic animal ſuffered himſelf to be led along an unreſiſting prey, till he arrived at the ſpot which was deſtined for the theatre of his perſecutions. Here he was faſtened to an iron ring, which had been ſtrongly let into the ground, and whoſe force they imagined would be ſufficient to reſtrain him, even in the midſt of his moſt violent exertions. An innumerable croud of men, of women, of children, then ſurrounded the place, waiting with eager curioſity for the inhuman ſport which they expected. The little party, which had accompanied Maſter Merton, were now no longer to be reſtrained; their friends, their parents, admonition, duty, promiſes, were all forgotten in an inſtant, and,

ſolely

ſolely intent upon gratifying their curioſity, they mingled with the ſurrounding multitude.

Harry, although reluctantly, followed them at a diſtance; neither the ill-uſage he had received, nor the pain of his wounds could make him unmindful of Maſter Merton, or careleſs of his ſafety. He knew too well the dreadful accidents which frequently attend theſe barbarous ſports, to be able to quit his friend, till he had once more ſeen him in a place of ſafety. And now the noble animal, that was to be thus wantonly tormented, was faſtened to the ring by a ſtrongly-twiſted cord; which, though it confined and cramped his exertions, did not entirely reſtrain them. Although poſſeſſed of almoſt irreſiſtible ſtrength, he ſeemed unwilling to exert it; and looked round upon the infinite multitude of his enemies with a gentleneſs that ought to have diſarmed their animoſity. Preſently, a dog of the largeſt ſize and moſt ferocious courage is let looſe; who, as ſoon as he beheld the bull, uttered a ſavage yell, and ruſhed upon him with all the rage of inveterate animoſity. The bull ſuffered him to approach with the coolneſs of deliberate

deliberate courage; but juſt as the dog was ſpringing up to ſeize him, he ruſhed forward to meet his foe, and putting his head to the ground, canted him into the air ſeveral yards; and had not the ſpectators run and caught him upon their backs and hands, he would have been cruſhed to pieces in the fall. The ſame fate attended another, and another dog, which were let looſe ſucceſſively; the one was killed upon the ſpot, while the other, who had a leg broken in the fall, crawled howling and limping away. The bull, in the mean while, behaved with all the calmneſs and intrepidity of an experienced warrior: without violence, without paſſion, he waited every attack of his enemies, and then ſeverely puniſhed them for their raſhneſs. While this was tranſacting, to the diverſion not only of the rude and illiterate populace, but to that of the little gentry with Maſter Merton, a poor half-naked black came up, and humbly implored their charity. He had ſerved, he told them, on board an Engliſh veſſel, and even ſhowed them the ſcars of ſeveral wounds he had received; but now he was diſcharged, and without friends, without

assistance, he could scarcely find food to support his wretched life, or clothes to cover him from the wintry wind. Some of the young gentry, who from a bad education had been little taught to feel or pity the distress of others, were base enough to attempt to jest upon his dusky colour and foreign accent; but Master Merton, who, though lately much corrupted and changed from what he had been with Mr. Barlow, preserved a great degree of generosity, put his hand into his pocket in order to relieve him, but unfortunately found nothing to give; the foolish profusion which he had lately learned from the young gentlemen at his father's house, had made him waste in cards, in play-things, in trifles, all his stock of money; and now he found himself unable to relieve that distress which he pitied. Thus repulsed on every side, and unassisted, the unfortunate black approached the place where Harry stood, holding out the tattered remains of his hat, and imploring charity. Harry had not much to give, but he took sixpence out of his pocket, which was all his riches, and gave it with the kindest look of compassion, saying, Here, poor man, this

is all I have; if I had more, it ſhould be at your ſervice. He had no time to add more, for at that inſtant, three fierce dogs ruſhed upon the bull at once, and by their joint attacks rendered him almoſt mad. The calm deliberate courage, which he had hitherto ſhewn, was now changed into rage and deſperation; he roared with pain and fury; flaſhes of fire ſeemed to come from his angry eyes, and his mouth was covered with foam and blood. He hurried round the ſtake with inceſſant toil and rage, firſt aiming at one, then at another, of the perſecuting dogs, that haraſſed him on every ſide, growling and baying inceſſantly, and biting him in every part. At length, with a furious effort that he made, he trampled one of his foes beneath his feet, and gored a ſecond to that degree, that his bowels came through the wound; and at the ſame moment, the cord which had hitherto confined him, ſnapped aſunder, and let him looſe upon the affrighted multitude. It is impoſſible to conceive the terror and diſmay which inſtantly ſeized the crowd of ſpectators. Thoſe, who before had been hallooing with joy, and

encouraging the fury of the dogs with ſhouts and acclamations, were now ſcattered over the plain, and fled from the fury of the animal, whom they had been ſo baſely tormenting. The enraged bull, mean-while, ruſhed like lightning over the plain, trampling ſome, goring others, and taking ample vengeance for the injuries he had received. Preſently, he ruſhed with headlong fury, towards the ſpot where Maſter Merton and his aſſociates ſtood; all fled with wild affright, but with a ſpeed that was not equal to that of the purſuer. Shrieks, and outcries, and lamentations were heard on every ſide; and thoſe, who a few minutes before had deſpiſed the good advice of Harry, would now have given the world to be ſafe in the houſes of their parents. Harry alone ſeemed to preſerve his preſence of mind; he neither cried out nor ran; but when the dreadful animal approached, leaped nimbly aſide, and the bull paſſed on, without embarraſſing himſelf about his eſcape. Not ſo fortunate was Maſter Merton; he happened to be the laſt of the little troop of flyers, and full in the way which the bull had taken.

And

And now his deſtruction appeared certain; for as he ran, whether through fear or the inequality of the ground, his foot ſlipped, and down he tumbled, in the very path of the enraged purſuing animal. All, who ſaw, imagined his fate inevitable; and it would certainly have proved ſo, had not Harry, with a courage and preſence of mind above his years, ſuddenly ſeized a prong, which one of the fugitives had dropped, and at the very moment when the bull was ſtooping to gore his defenceleſs friend, advanced and wounded him in the flank. The bull, in an inſtant, turned ſhort, and with redoubled rage made at his new aſſailant; and it is probable that, notwithſtanding his intrepidity, Harry would have paid the price of his aſſiſtance to his friend with his own life, had not an unexpected ſuccour arrived. But, in that inſtant, the grateful black ruſhed on like lightning to aſſiſt him, and aſſailing the bull with a weighty ſtick which he held in his hand, compelled him to turn his rage upon a new object. The bull indeed attacked him with all the impetuoſity of revenge, but the black jumped

nimbly aside and eluded his fury. Not contented with this, he wheeled round his fierce antagoniſt, and ſeizing him by the tail, began to batter his ſides with an unexpected ſtorm of blows. In vain did the enraged animal bellow and writhe himſelf about in all the convulſions of madneſs; his intrepid foe, without ever quitting his hold, ſuffered himſelf to be dragged about the field, ſtill continuing his diſcipline, till the creature was almoſt ſpent with the fatigue of his own violent agitations. And now ſome of the boldeſt of the ſpectators, taking courage, approached to his aſſiſtance, and throwing a well-twiſted rope over his head, they at length, by the dint of ſuperior numbers, completely maſtered the furious animal, and bound him to a tree. In the mean while, ſeveral of Mr. Merton's ſervants who had been ſent out after the young gentlemen, approached and took up their young maſter, who, though without a wound, was almoſt dead with fear and agitation. But Harry, after ſeeing that his friend was perfectly ſafe, and in the hands of his own family, invited the black to accompany him, and inſtead

ſtead of returning to Mr. Merton's, took the way which led to his father's houſe.

While theſe ſcenes were paſſing, Mrs. Merton, though ignorant of the danger of her ſon, was not undiſturbed at home. Some accounts had been brought of Harry's combat, which ſerved to make her uneaſy, and to influence her ſtill more againſt him. Mrs. Compton too, and Miſs Matilda, who had conceived a violent diſlike to Harry, were buſy to enflame her by their malicious repreſentations. While ſhe was in theſe diſpoſitions Mr. Merton happened to enter, and was at once attacked by all the ladies upon the ſubject of this improper connection. He endeavoured, for a long time, to remove their prejudices by reaſon, but when he found that to be impoſſible, he contented himſelf with telling his wife, that a little time would perhaps decide which were the moſt proper companions for their ſon; and that till Harry had done ſomething to render himſelf unworthy of their notice, he never could conſent to the treating him with coldneſs or neglect. At this moment a female ſervant burſt into the

room with all the wildneſs of affright, and cried out with a voice that was ſcarcely articulate, Oh! madam, madam! ſuch an accident—poor, dear maſter Tommy..... What of him, for God's ſake? cried out Mrs. Merton, with an impatience and concern that ſufficiently marked her feelings. Nay, madam, anſwered the ſervant, he is not much hurt, they ſay; but little Sandford has taken him to a bull-baiting, and the bull has gored him, and William and John are bringing him home in their arms. Theſe words were ſcarcely delivered, when Mrs. Merton uttered a violent ſhriek, and was inſtantly ſeized with an hyſteric fit. While the ladies were all employed in aſſiſting her and reſtoring her ſenſes, Mr. Merton, who, though much alarmed, was more compoſed, walked precipitately out, to learn the truth of this imperfect narration. He had not proceeded far, before he met the crowd of children and ſervants, one of whom carried Tommy Merton in his arms. As ſoon as he was convinced that his ſon had received no other damage than a violent fright, he began to inquire into the circumſtances of the

the affair, but before he had time to receive any information, Mrs. Merton, who had recovered from her fainting, came running wildly from the houſe. When ſhe ſaw that her ſon was ſafe, ſhe caught him in her arms, and began to utter all the incoherent expreſſions of a mother's fondneſs. It was with difficulty that her huſband could prevail upon her to moderate her tranſports till they were within. Then ſhe gave a looſe to her feelings in all their violence; and, for a conſiderable time, was incapable of attending to any thing but the joy of his miraculous preſervation. At length, however, ſhe became more compoſed, and obſerving that all the company were preſent except Harry Sandford, ſhe exclaimed with ſudden indignation; So, I ſee that little abominable wretch has not had the impudence to follow you in: and I almoſt wiſh that the bull had gored him as he deſerved. What little wretch, mamma, ſaid Tommy, do you mean? Whom can I mean, cried Mrs. Merton, but that vile Harry Sandford, that your father is ſo fond of, and who had nearly coſt you your life, by leading you into this dan-

ger? He! mamma, ſaid Tommy, he lead me into danger! He did all he could to perſuade me not to go; and I was a very naughty boy indeed, not to take his advice. Mrs. Merton ſtood amazed at this information; for her prejudices had operated ſo powerfully upon her mind, that ſhe had implicitly believed the guilt of Harry upon the imperfect evidence of the maid. Who was it then, ſaid Mr. Merton, could be ſo imprudent? Indeed, papa, anſwered Tommy, we were all to blame, all but Harry, who adviſed and begged us not to go, and particularly me, becauſe he ſaid it would give you ſo much uneaſineſs when you knew it, and that it was ſo dangerous a diverſion. Mrs. Merton looked confuſed at her miſtake, but Mrs. Compton obſerved that ſhe ſuppoſed Harry was afraid of the danger, and therefore had wiſely kept out of the way. Oh! no, indeed, madam, anſwered one of the little boys; Harry is no coward, though we thought him ſo at firſt, when he let maſter Tommy ſtrike him; but he fought maſter Maſh in the braveſt manner I ever ſaw; and though maſter Maſh

fought

fought very well, yet Harry had the advantage; and I saw him follow us at a little distance, and keep his eye upon master Merton all the time, till the bull broke loose; and then I was so frightened that I do not know what became of him. So, this is the little boy, said Mr. Merton, that you were for driving from the society of your children! But let us hear more of the story, for as yet I know neither the particulars of his danger nor his escape. Upon this, one of the servants, who from some little distance had seen the whole affair, was called in and examined. He gave them an exact account of all; of Tommy's misfortune; of Harry's bravery; of the unexpected succour of the poor black; and filled the whole room with admiration that such an action, so noble, so intrepid, so fortunate, should have been atchieved by such a child.

Mrs. Merton was now silent with shame at reflecting upon her own unjust prejudices, and the ease with which she had become the enemy of a boy who had saved the life of her darling son; and who appeared as much superior in

character to all the young gentlemen at her houſe, as they exceeded him in rank and fortune. The young ladies now forgot their former objections to his perſon and manners, and ſuch is the effect of genuine virtue, all the company conſpired to extol the conduct of Harry to the ſkies. But Mr. Merton, who had appeared more delighted than all the reſt with the relation of Harry's intrepidity, now caſt his eyes around the room, and ſeemed to be looking for his little friend. But when he could not find him, he ſaid, with ſome concern, Where can be our little deliverer? Sure he can have met with no accident that he has not returned with the reſt! No, ſaid one of the ſervants, as to that, Harry Sandford is ſafe enough, for I ſaw him go towards his own home in company with the black. Alas! anſwered Mr. Merton, ſurely he muſt have received ſome unworthy treatment that could make him thus abruptly deſert us all. And now I recollect that I heard one of the young gentlemen mention a blow that Harry had received; ſurely, Tommy, you could not have been ſo baſely ungrateful as to ſtrike the beſt

beſt and nobleſt of your friends! Tommy, at this, hung down his head; his face was covered with a burning bluſh, and the tears began ſilently to trickle down his cheeks. Mrs. Merton remarked the anguiſh and confuſion of her child, and, catching him in her arms, was going to claſp him to her boſom with the moſt endearing expreſſions; but Mr. Merton, haſtily interrupting her, ſaid, It is not now a time to give way to fondneſs for a child, that, I fear, has acted the baſeſt and vileſt part that can diſgrace an human being; and who, if what I ſuſpect is true, can be only a diſhonour to his parents. At this Tommy could no longer contain himſelf, but burſt out into ſuch a violent tranſport of crying, that Mrs. Merton, who ſeemed to feel the ſeverity of Mr. Merton's conduct with ſtill more poignancy than her ſon, caught her darling up in her arms, and carried him abruptly out of the room, accompanied by moſt of the ladies, who pitied Tommy's abaſement, and agreed that there was no crime he could have been guilty of which was not amply atoned for by ſuch a charming ſenſibility.

But

But Mr. Merton, who now felt all the painful intereſt of a tender father, and conſidered this as the critical moment which was to give his ſon the impreſſion of worth or baſeneſs for life, was determined to examine the affair to the utmoſt. He therefore took the firſt opportunity of drawing the little boy aſide who had mentioned maſter Merton's ſtriking Harry, and queſtioned him upon the ſubject. But he, who had no particular intereſt in diſguiſing the truth, related the circumſtances nearly as they had happened; and, though he a little ſoftened matters in Tommy's favour, yet, without intending it, he held up ſuch a picture of his violence and injuſtice as wounded his father to the ſoul. While Mr. Merton was occupied by theſe uneaſy feelings, he was agreeably ſurprized by a viſit from Mr. Barlow, who came accidentally to ſee him, with a perfect ignorance of all the great events which had ſo recently happened. Mr. Merton received this worthy man with the ſincereſt cordiality; but there was ſuch a gloom diffuſed over all his manners, that Mr. Barlow began to ſuſpect that all was not right with Tommy,

and

and therefore purpoſely inquired after him, to give his father an opportunity of ſpeaking. This Mr. Merton did not fail to do; and taking Mr. Barlow affectionately by the hand, he ſaid, Oh! my dear ſir, I begin to fear that all my hopes are at an end in that boy, and all your kind endeavours thrown away. He has juſt behaved in ſuch a manner as ſhews him to be radically corrupted, and inſenſible of every principle but pride. He then related to Mr. Barlow every incident of Tommy's behaviour, making the ſevereſt reflections upon his inſolence and ingratitude, and blaming his own ſupineneſs that had not earlier checked theſe boiſterous paſſions, that now burſt forth with ſuch a degree of fury and threatened ruin to his hopes. Indeed, anſwered Mr. Barlow, I am very ſorry to hear this account of my little friend; yet I do not ſee it quite in ſo ſerious a light as yourſelf: and, though I cannot deny the dangers that may ariſe from a character ſo ſuſceptible of falſe impreſſions, and ſo violent at the ſame time, yet I do not think the corruption either ſo great, or ſo general, as you ſeem to ſuſpect.

He

He has always appeared to me generous and humane, and to have a fund of natural goodneſs amid all the faults which ſpring up too luxuriantly in his character. It is impoſſible that he ſhould not be at preſent poſſeſt with the keeneſt ſhame for his own behaviour. It will be your firſt part to take advantage of theſe ſentiments, and, inſtead of fleeting and tranſitory ſenſation, to change them into fixt and active principles. Do not at preſent ſay much to him upon the ſubject. Let us both be attentive to the ſilent workings of his mind, and regulate our behaviour accordingly.

This converſation being finiſhed, Mr. Merton introduced Mr. Barlow to the company in the other room. Mrs. Merton, who now began to be a little ſtaggered in ſome of the opinions ſhe had been moſt fond of, received him with uncommon civility, and all the reſt of the company treated him with the greateſt reſpect. But Tommy, who had lately been the oracle and the admiration of all this brilliant circle, appeared to have loſt all his vivacity. He indeed advanced to meet Mr. Barlow

low with a look of tenderneſs and gratitude, and made the moſt reſpectful anſwers to all his inquiries; but his eyes were involuntarily turned to the ground, and ſilent melancholy and dejection were viſible in his face. Mr. Barlow remarked with the greateſt pleaſure theſe ſigns of humility and contrition, and pointed them out to Mr. Merton the firſt time he had an opportunity of ſpeaking to him without being overheard; adding, that unleſs he was much deceived, Tommy would ſoon give ample proofs of the natural goodneſs of his character, and reconcile himſelf to all his friends. Mr. Merton heard this obſervation with the greateſt pleaſure, and now began to entertain ſome hopes of ſeeing it accompliſhed.

After the dinner was over, moſt of the young gentlemen went away to their reſpective homes. Tommy ſeemed to have loſt much of the enthuſiaſm which he had lately felt for his polite and accompliſhed friends; he even appeared to feel a ſecret joy at their departure, and anſwered with a viſible coldneſs all their profeſſions of regard and repeated invitations.

Even

Even Mrs. Compton herſelf and Miſs Matilda, who were alſo departing, found him as inſenſible as the reſt; though they did not ſpare the moſt extravagant praiſes and the warmeſt profeſſions of regard.

And now the ceremonies of taking leave being over, and moſt of the viſitors departed, a ſudden ſolitude ſeemed to have taken poſſeſſion of the houſe which was lately the ſeat of noiſe, and buſtle, and feſtivity. Mr. and Mrs. Merton and Mr. Barlow we left alone with Miſs Simmons and Tommy, and one or two others of the ſmaller gentry who had not yet returned to their friends.

Tommy took an opportunity of following Mr. Barlow, who was walking out; and when he perceived they were alone, he looked at him as if he had ſome weighty matter to diſcloſe, but was unable to give it utterance. Mr. Barlow, therefore, turned towards him with the greateſt kindneſs, and, taking him tenderly by the hand, inquired what he wiſhed. Indeed, ſir, anſwered Tommy, almoſt crying, I am ſcarcely able to tell you. But I have been a very bad and ungrateful boy, and I am

am afraid you no longer have the ſame affection for me.

Mr. Barlow.

If you are ſenſible of your faults, my little friend, that is a very great ſtep towards amending them. Let me therefore know what it is, the recollection of which diſtreſſes you ſo much, and if it is in my power to aſſiſt in making you eaſy, there is nothing, I am ſure, which I ſhall be inclined to refuſe you.

Tommy.

Oh! ſir, your ſpeaking to me with ſo much goodneſs hurts me a great deal more than if you were to be very angry. For when people are angry and paſſionate, one does not ſo much mind what they ſay. But when you ſpeak with ſo much kindneſs it ſeems to pierce me to the very heart, becauſe I know I have not deſerved it.

Mr. Barlow.

But if you are ſenſible of having committed any faults, you may reſolve to behave ſo well for the future, that you may deſerve every body's friendſhip and eſteem. Few people are ſo perfect as not to err ſometimes; and if you

are

are convinced of your errors, you will be more cautious how you give way to them a ſecond time.

TOMMY.

Indeed, ſir, I am very happy to hear you ſay ſo—I will then tell you every thing which lies ſo heavy upon my mind. You muſt know then, ſir, that, although I have lived ſo long with you, and, during all that time, you have taken ſo much pains to improve me in every thing, and teach me to act well to every body, I had no ſooner quitted your ſight, than I became, I think, a worſe boy than ever I was before.

MR. BARLOW.

But why do you judge ſo ſeverely of yourſelf, as to think you were become worſe than ever? Perhaps you have been a little thoughtleſs and giddy, and theſe are faults which I cannot with truth ſay you were ever free from.

TOMMY.

No, ſir, what I have been guilty of is infinitely worſe than ever. I have always been very giddy and very thoughtleſs; but I never imagined

imagined I could have been the moſt inſolent and ungrateful boy in the world.

Mr. Barlow.

You frighten me, my little friend.—Is it poſſible you can have committed actions that deſerve ſo harſh a name?

Tommy.

You ſhall judge yourſelf, ſir; for now I have begun, I am determined to tell you all. You know, ſir, that when I firſt came to you, I had an high opinion of myſelf for being born a gentleman, and a very great contempt for every body in an inferior ſtation.

Mr. Barlow.

I muſt confeſs you have always had ſome tendency to both thoſe follies.

Tommy.

Yes, ſir; but you have ſo often laughed at me upon the ſubject, and ſhown me the folly of people's imagining themſelves better than others, without any merit of their own, that I was grown a little wiſer. Beſides, I have ſo often obſerved that thoſe I deſpiſed could do a variety of things which I was ignorant of, while thoſe who are vain of being gentlemen

can do nothing uſeful or ingenious, that I had begun to be aſhamed of my folly. But ſince I came home, I kept company with a great many fine young gentlemen and ladies that thought themſelves ſuperior to all the reſt of the world, and uſed to deſpiſe every one elſe, and they have made me forget every thing I learned before.

Mr. Barlow.

Perhaps then I was miſtaken, when I taught you that the greateſt merit any perſon could have, is to be good and uſeful; theſe fine young gentlemen and ladies may be wiſer, and have given you better leſſons. If that is the caſe, you will have great reaſon to rejoice that you have changed ſo much for the better.

Tommy.

No, ſir, no; I never thought them either good or wiſe; for they know nothing but how to dreſs their hair and buckle their ſhoes. But they perſuaded me that it was neceſſary to be polite, and talked to me ſo often upon the ſubject, that I could not help believing them.

Mr. Barlow.

I am very glad to hear that; it is neceſſary for

for every body to be polite. They therefore, I ſuppoſe, inſtructed you to be more obliging and civil in your manners than ever you were before. Inſtead of doing you any hurt, this will be the greateſt improvement you can receive.

TOMMY.

No, ſir, quite the contrary—Inſtead of teaching me to be civil and obliging, they have made me ruder and worſe behaved than ever I was before.

Mr. BARLOW.

If that is the caſe, I fear theſe fine young gentlemen and ladies undertook to teach you more than they underſtood themſelves.

TOMMY.

Indeed, ſir, I am of the ſame opinion myſelf. But I did not think ſo then, and, therefore, I did whatever I obſerved them do, and talked in the ſame manner as I heard them talk. They uſed to be always laughing at Harry Sandford; and I grew ſo fooliſh that I did not chooſe to keep company with him any longer.

Mr. BARLOW.

That was a pity, becauſe I am convinced he really loves you. However, it is of no great conſequence, for he has employment enough at home; and, however ingenious you may be, I do not think that he will learn how to manage his land, or raiſe food, from your converſation. It will therefore, be better for him to converſe with farmers, and leave you to the ſociety of gentlemen. Indeed, this, I know, has always been his taſte, and had not your father preſt him very much to accompany you home, he would have liked much better to avoid the viſit. However, I will inform him that you have gained other friends, and adviſe him, for the future, to avoid your company.

TOMMY.

Oh, ſir! I did not think you could be ſo cruel. I love Harry Sandford better than any other boy in the world, and I ſhall never be happy till he forgives me all my bad behaviour, and converſes with me again as he uſed to do.

Mr.

Mr. BARLOW.

But then, perhaps, you may loſe the acquaintance of all thoſe polite young gentlemen and ladies.

TOMMY.

I care very little about that, ſir. But, I fear, I have behaved ſo ill, that he never will be able to forgive me and love me as he did formerly.

Tommy then went on, and repeated with great exactneſs the ſtory of his inſolence and ingratitude, which had ſo great an effect upon him, that he burſt into tears and cried a conſiderable time. He then concluded with aſking Mr. Barlow if he thought Harry would be ever able to forgive him.

Mr. BARLOW.

I cannot conceal from you, my little friend, that you have acted very ill indeed in this affair. However, if you are really aſhamed of all your paſt conduct, and determined to act better, I do not doubt that ſo generous and good-natured a boy as Harry is, will forgive you all.

TOMMY.

O, ſir, I ſhould be the happieſt creature in the world—Will you be ſo kind as to bring him here to-day, and you ſhall ſee how I will behave?

Mr. BARLOW.

Softly, Tommy, ſoftly. What is Harry to come here for? Have you not inſulted and abuſed him, without reaſon; and, at laſt, proceeded ſo far as to ſtrike him, only becauſe he was giving you the beſt advice, and endeavouring to preſerve you from danger? Can you imagine that any human being will come to you in return for ſuch treatment? at leaſt till you have convinced him that you are aſhamed of your paſſion and injuſtice, and that he may expect better uſage for the future.

TOMMY.

What then muſt I do, ſir?

Mr. BARLOW.

If you want any future connection with Harry Sandford, it is your buſineſs to go to him and tell him ſo.

TOMMY.

TOMMY.

What, ſir, go to a farmer's, to expoſe myſelf before all his family?

Mr. BARLOW.

Juſt now you told me you were ready to do every thing, and yet you cannot take the trouble of viſiting your friend at his own houſe. You then imagine that a perſon does not expoſe himſelf by acting wrong, but by acknowledging and amending his faults!

TOMMY.

But what would every body ſay, if a young gentleman like me, was to go and beg pardon of a farmer's ſon?

Mr. BARLOW.

They will probably ſay that you have more ſenſe and gratitude than they expected. However, you are to act as you pleaſe; with the ſentiments you ſtill ſeem to entertain, Harry will certainly be a very unfit companion, and you will do much better to cultivate the new acquaintance you have made.

Mr. Barlow was then going away, but Tommy burſt again into tears and begged him not to go; upon which Mr. Barlow ſaid,

I do not want to leave you, Tommy, but our converſation is now at an end. You have aſked my advice, which I have given you freely. I have told you how you ought to act, if you would preſerve the eſteem of any good or ſenſible friend, or prevail upon Harry to excuſe your paſt behaviour. But as you do not approve of what I ſuggeſted, you muſt follow your own opinions.

Pray, ſir, pray, ſir, ſaid Tommy, ſobbing, do not go. I have uſed Harry Sandford in the moſt barbarous manner; my father is angry with me; and if you deſert me, I ſhall have no friend left in the world.

Mr. Barlow.

That will be your own fault, and, therefore, you will not deſerve to be pitied. Is it not in your own power to preſerve all your friends, by an honeſt confeſſion of your faults? Your father will be pleaſed, Harry Sandford will heartily forgive you, and I ſhall retain the ſame good opinion of your character which I have long had.

Tommy.

Oh, ſir!—I will go directly, and intreat Harry to forgive me; I am convinced that all

all you ſay is right—But will you not go with me? Do, pray, ſir, be ſo good.—

Mr. Barlow.

Gently, gently, my good friend; you are always for doing every thing in an inſtant. I am very glad you have taken a reſolution which will do you ſo much credit, and give ſo much ſatisfaction to your own mind: but before you execute it, I think it will be neceſſary to ſpeak to your father and mother upon the ſubject, and, in the mean time, I will go and pay a viſit to farmer Sandford, and bring you an account of Harry.

Tommy.

Do, ſir, be ſo good; and tell Harry, if you pleaſe, that there is nothing I deſire ſo much as to ſee him; and that nothing ſhall ever make me behave ill again. I have heard too, ſir, that there was a poor black, that came begging to us, who ſaved Harry from the bull; if I could but find him out, I would be good to him as long as I live.

Mr. Barlow commended Tommy very much for diſpoſitions ſo full of gratitude and goodneſs, and taking leave of him, went to com-

municate the converſation he had juſt had to Mr. Merton. That gentleman felt the ſincereſt pleaſure at the account, and entreated Mr. Barlow to go directly to prepare Harry to receive his ſon. That little boy, added he, has the nobleſt mind that ever adorned an human being; nor ſhall I be ever happy till I ſee my ſon acknowledging all his faults, and intreating forgiveneſs: for, with the virtues that I have diſcovered in his ſoul, he appears to me a more eligible friend and companion than noblemen or princes.

Mr. Barlow, therefore, ſet out on foot, though Mr. Merton would have ſent his carriage and ſervants to attend him, and ſoon arrived at Mr. Sandford's farm. It was a pleaſant ſpot, ſituated upon the gentle declivity of an hill, at the foot of which winded along a ſwift and clear little ſtream. The houſe itſelf was ſmall, but warm and convenient, furniſhed with the greateſt ſimplicity, but managed with perfect neatneſs. As Mr. Barlow approached, he ſaw the owner himſelf guiding a plough through one of his own fields, and Harry, who had now reſumed the farmer, directed

directed the horſes. But when he ſaw Mr. Barlow coming acroſs the field, he ſtopt his team, and letting fall his whip, ſprang forward to meet him with all the unaffected eagerneſs of joy. As ſoon as Harry had ſaluted Mr. Barlow, and inquired after his health, he aſked him with the greateſt kindneſs after Tommy; for I fancy, ſir, ſaid he, by the way which I ſee you come, you have been at Mr. Merton's houſe. Indeed I have, replied Mr. Barlow, but I am very ſorry to find that Tommy and you are not upon as good terms as you formerly were.

HARRY.

Indeed, ſir, I am very ſorry for it myſelf. But I do not know that I have given maſter Merton any reaſon to change his ſentiments about me: and though I do not think he has treated me as well as he ought to do, I have the greateſt deſire to hear that he is well.

Mr. BARLOW.

That you might have known yourſelf, had you not left Mr. Merton's houſe ſo ſuddenly, without taking leave of any one, even your

friend Mr. Merton, who has always treated you with ſo much kindneſs.

HARRY.

Indeed, ſir, I ſhall be very unhappy if you think I have done wrong; but be ſo good as to tell me how I could have acted otherwiſe. I am very ſorry to appear to accuſe maſter Merton, neither do I bear any reſentment againſt him for what he has done, but ſince you ſpeak to me upon the ſubject, I ſhall be obliged to tell the truth.

Mr. BARLOW.

Well, Harry, let me hear it. You know I ſhall be the laſt perſon to condemn you if you do not deſerve it.

HARRY.

I know your conſtant kindneſs to me, ſir, and I always confide in it: however, I am not ſenſible now that I am in fault. You know, ſir, that it was with great unwillingneſs I went to Mr. Merton's, for I thought there would be fine gentlemen and ladies there that would ridicule my dreſs and manners: and though maſter Merton has been always very friendly in his behaviour towards me, I could not help thinking

thinking that he might grow aſhamed of my company at his own houſe.

Mr. Barlow.

Do you wonder at that, Harry, conſidering the difference there is in your rank and fortune?

Harry.

No, ſir, I cannot ſay I do, for I generally obſerve that thoſe who are rich will ſcarcely treat the poor with common civility. But, in this particular caſe, I did not ſee any reaſon for it. I never deſired maſter Merton to admit me to his company or invite me to his houſe, becauſe I knew that I was born and bred in a very inferior ſtation. You were ſo good as to take me to your houſe, and there I became acquainted with him; and if I was then much in his company, it was becauſe he ſeemed to deſire it himſelf, and I always endeavoured to treat him with the greateſt reſpect.

Mr. Barlow.

That, indeed, is true, Harry; in all your little plays and ſtudies I have never obſerved any thing but the greateſt mildneſs and good-nature on your part.

HARRY.

I hope, ſir, it has never been otherwiſe. But though I have the greateſt affection for maſter Merton, I never deſire to go home with him. What ſort of a figure could a poor boy like me make at a gentleman's table, among little maſters and miſſes that powder their hair, and wear buckles as big as our horſes carry upon their harneſs? If I attempted to ſpeak, I was always laughed at, or if I did any thing, I was ſure to hear ſomething about clowns and ruſtics! And yet, I think, though they were all gentlemen and ladies, you would not much have approved of their converſation, for it was about nothing but plays, and dreſs, and trifles of that nature. I never heard one of them mention a ſingle word about ſaying their prayers, or being dutiful to their parents, or doing any good to the poor.

MR. BARLOW.

Well, Harry, but if you did not like their converſation, you ſurely might have borne it with patience for a little while: and then, I heard ſomething about your being quarrelſome.

HARRY.

Oh, ſir, I hope not.—I was to be ſure once a little paſſionate, but that I could not help, and I hope you will forgive me. There was a modeſt, ſenſible young lady, that was the only perſon who treated me with any kindneſs, and a bold, forward, ill-natured boy, affronted her in the groſſeſt manner, only becauſe ſhe took notice of me. Could I help taking her part? Have you not told me too, ſir, that every perſon, though he ſhould avoid quarrels, has a right to defend himſelf when he is attacked?

MR. BARLOW.

Well, Harry, I do not much blame you, from the circumſtances I have heard of that affair: but why did you leave Mr. Merton's family ſo abruptly, without ſpeaking to any body, or thanking Mr. Merton himſelf for the civilities he had ſhown you? Was that right?

HARRY.

Oh, dear, ſir, I have cried about it ſeveral times, for I think I muſt appear very rude and ungrateful to Mr. Merton. But as to maſter Tommy, I did not leave him while I

thought I could be of any uſe. He treated me, I muſt ſay, in a very unworthy manner; he joined with all the other fine little gentlemen in abuſing me, only becauſe I endeavoured to perſuade them not to go to a bull-baiting; and then at laſt he ſtruck me. I did not ſtrike him again, becauſe I loved him ſo much, in ſpite of all his unkindneſs; nor did I leave him till I ſaw he was quite ſafe in the hands of his own ſervants. And, then, how could I go back to his houſe, after what he had done to me? I did not chooſe to complain of him to Mr. Merton; and how could I behave to him as I had done before without being guilty of meanneſs and falſehood? And therefore I thought it better to go home, and deſire you to ſpeak to Mr. Merton, and intreat him to forgive my rudeneſs.

Mr. BARLOW.

Well, Harry, I can inform you that Mr. Merton is perfectly ſatisfied upon that account. But there is one circumſtance you have not mentioned, my little friend, and that is your ſaving Tommy's life from the fury of the enraged bull.

HARRY.

As to that, ſir, I hope I ſhould have done the ſame for any human creature. But I believe that neither of us would have eſcaped, if it had not been for the poor courageous black, that came to our aſſiſtance.

Mr. BARLOW.

I ſee, Harry, that you are a boy of a noble and generous ſpirit, and I highly approve of every thing you have done: but, are you determined to forſake Tommy Merton for ever, becauſe he has once behaved ill?

HARRY.

I, ſir! no, I am ſure. But, though I am poor, I do not deſire the acquaintance of any body that deſpiſes me. Let him keep company with his gentlemen and ladies, I am ſatisfied with companions in my own ſtation. But ſurely, ſir, it is not I that forſake him, but he that has caſt me off.

Mr. BARLOW.

But if he is ſorry for what he has done, and only deſires to acknowledge his faults, and obtain your pardon?

HARRY.

HARRY.

Oh! dear, ſir! I ſhould forget every thing in an inſtant. I knew maſter Tommy was always a little paſſionate and headſtrong; but he is at the ſame time generous and good-natured; nor would he, I am ſure, have treated me ſo ill, if he had not been encouraged to it by the other young gentlemen.

Mr. BARLOW.

Well, Harry, I believe your friend is thoroughly ſenſible of his faults, and that you will have little to fear for the future. He is impatient till he ſees you and aſks your forgiveneſs.

HARRY.

Oh, ſir, I ſhould forgive him if he had beaten me an hundred times. But, though I cannot leave the horſes now, if you will be ſo kind to wait a little, I dare ſay my father will let me go when he leaves off ploughing.

Mr. BARLOW.

No, Harry, there is no occaſion for that. Tommy has indeed uſed you ill, and ought to acknowledge it; otherwiſe he will not deſerve to be truſted again. He will call upon you,

and

and tell you all he feels upon the occaſion. In the mean time, I was deſired, both by him and Mr. Merton, to inquire after the poor negro that ſerved you ſo materially and ſaved you from the bull.

HARRY.

He is at our houſe, ſir; for I invited him home with me; and, when my father heard how well he had behaved, he made him up a little bed over the ſtable, and gives him victuals every day; and the poor man ſeems very thankful and induſtrious, and ſays he would gladly do any kind of work to earn his ſubſiſtence.

Mr. Barlow then took his leave of Harry, and, after having ſpoken to his father, returned to Mr. Merton.

The next morning, early, Tommy aroſe and dreſſed himſelf with his newly adopted ſimplicity; and, as ſoon as breakfaſt was over, intreated Mr. Barlow to accompany him to Harry Sandford's.

As they approached the houſe, the firſt object which Tommy diſtinguiſhed was his little friend at ſome diſtance, who was driving his father's

father's ſheep along the common. At this ſight, his impetuoſity could no longer be reſtrained, and, ſpringing forward with all his ſpeed, he arrived in an inſtant, panting, and out of breath, and incapable of ſpeaking. Harry, who knew his friend, and plainly perceived the diſpoſitions with which he approached, met him with open arms; ſo that the reconciliation was begun and completed in a moment; and Mr. Barlow, who now arrived, had the pleaſure of ſeeing his little pupils mutually giving and receiving every unaffected mark of the warmeſt affection.

Harry, ſaid Mr. Barlow, I bring you a little friend, who is ſincerely penitent for his offences, and comes to own the faults he has committed. That I am, indeed, ſaid Tommy, a little recovered and able to ſpeak. But I have behaved ſo ill, and have been ſuch an ungrateful fellow, that I am afraid Harry will never be able to forgive me. Indeed, indeed, ſaid Harry, there you do me the greateſt injuſtice; for I have already forgotten every thing but your former kindneſs and affection. And I, anſwered Tommy, will never forget how ill,

how

how ungratefully I have uſed you, nor the goodneſs with which you now receive me.

Harry took him by the hand, and led him into a ſmall but neat and convenient houſe, where he was moſt cordially welcomed by Harry's family. In a corner of the chimney ſat the honeſt black who had performed ſo ſignal a ſervice at the bull-baiting. Alas! ſaid Tommy, there is another inſtance of my negligence and ingratitude. I now ſee that one fault brings on another without end. Then, advancing to the black, he took him kindly by the hand, and thanked him for the preſervation of his life. Little maſter, replied he, you are extremely welcome to all I have done. I would at any time riſque my own ſafety to preſerve one of my fellow-creatures; and, if I have been of any uſe, I have been amply repaid by the kindneſs of this little boy, your friend, and all his worthy family. That is not enough, ſaid Tommy, and you ſhall ſoon find what it is to oblige a perſon like ..... Here a ſtroke of preſumption was juſt coming out of Tommy's mouth, but, recollecting himſelf, he added, a perſon like my father.

father. And now he addreſſed himſelf to Harry's mother, a venerable, decent woman, of a middle age, and his two ſiſters, plain, modeſt, healthy-looking girls, a little older than their brother. All theſe he treated with ſo much cordiality and attention, that all the company were delighted with him; ſo eaſy is it for thoſe who poſſeſs rank and fortune to gain the good-will of their fellow-creatures; and ſo inexcuſable is that ſurly pride which renders many of them deſervedly odious.

As the evening began to advance, Mr. Barlow invited him to return; but Tommy, inſtead of complying, took him by the hand, thanked him for all his kindneſs and attention, but declared his reſolution of ſtaying ſome time with his friend Harry. The more I conſider my own behaviour, ſaid he, the more I feel myſelf aſhamed of my folly and ingratitude. But you have taught me, my dear ſir, that all I have in my power is to acknowledge them, which I moſt willingly do before all this good family, and intreat Harry to think that the impreſſions I now feel are ſuch as I ſhall never forget. Harry embraced his friend;

and

and assured him once more of his being perfectly reconciled; and all the family stood mute with admiration at the condescension of the young gentleman, who was not ashamed of acknowledging his faults even to his inferiors.

Mr. Barlow approved of Tommy's design, and took upon him to answer for the consent of Mr. Merton to his staying some time with Harry; then, taking his leave of all the company, he departed.

But Tommy began now to enter upon a course of life which was very little consistent with his former habits. He supped with great chearfulness, and even found himself happy with the rustic fare which was set before him, accompanied as it was with unaffected civility and an hearty welcome. He went to bed early and slept very sound all night; however, when Harry came to call him the next morning at five, as he had made him promise to do, he found a considerable difficulty in rouzing himself at the summons. Conscious pride, however, and the newly-acquired dignity of his character, supported him; he recollected

that

that he ſhould diſgrace himſelf in the eyes of his father, of Mr. Barlow, and of all the family with which he now was, if he appeared incapable of acting up to his own declarations: he therefore made a noble effort, leaped out of bed, dreſſed himſelf, and followed Harry. Not contented with this, he accompanied him in all his ruſtic employments, and, as no kind of country exerciſe was entirely new to him ſince his reſidence with Mr. Barlow, he acquitted himſelf with a degree of dexterity which gained him new commendations.

Thus did he paſs the firſt day of his viſit, with ſome little difficulty indeed, but without deviating from his reſolution. The ſecond, he found his change of life infinitely more tolerable; and, in a very little ſpace of time, he was almoſt reconciled to his new ſituation. The additional exerciſe he uſed improved his health and ſtrength, and added ſo conſiderably to his appetite, that he began to think the table of farmer Sandford exceeded all he had ever tried before.

One day he was ſurprized by an unexpected viſit from his father, who met him with open arms,

arms, and told him that he was now come to take him back to his own houſe. I have heard, ſaid he, ſuch an account of your preſent behaviour, that the paſt is entirely forgotten, and I begin to glory in owning you for a ſon. He then embraced him with the tranſports of an affectionate father who indulges the ſtrongeſt ſentiments of his heart, but ſentiments he had long been forced to reſtrain. Tommy returned his careſſes with genuine warmth, but with a degree of reſpect and humility he had once been little accuſtomed to uſe. I will accompany you home, ſir, ſaid he, with the greateſt readineſs; for I wiſh to ſee my mother, and hope to give her ſome ſatisfaction of my future behaviour. You have both had too much to complain of in the paſt; and I am unworthy of ſuch affectionate parents. He then turned his face aſide, and ſhed a tear of real virtue and gratitude, which he inſtantly wiped away as unworthy the compoſure and fortitude of his new character.

But, ſir, added he, I hope you will not object to my detaining you a little longer, while I return my acknowledgments to all the family,

family, and take my leave of Harry. Surely, ſaid Mr. Merton, you can entertain no doubt upon that ſubject: and, to give you every opportunity of diſcharging all your duties to a family, to which you owe ſo much, I intend to take a dinner with Mr. Sandford, whom I now ſee coming home, and then returning with you in the evening.

At this inſtant farmer Sandford approached, and very reſpectfully ſaluting Mr. Merton, invited him to walk in. But Mr. Merton, after returning his civility, drew him aſide as if he had ſome private buſineſs to communicate. When they were alone, he made him every acknowledgment that gratitude could ſuggeſt; but words, added Mr. Merton, are very inſufficient to return the favours I have received; for it is to your excellent family, together with the virtuous Mr. Barlow, that I owe the preſervation of my ſon. Let me, therefore, intreat you to accept of what this pocket-book contains, as a ſlight proof of my ſentiments, and lay it out in whatever manner you pleaſe, for the advantage of your family.

Mr.

Mr. Sandford, who was a man both of ſenſe and humour, took the book, and examining the inſide, found that it contained bank-notes to the amount of ſome hundred pounds. He then carefully ſhut it up again, and, returning it to Mr. Merton, told him that he was infinitely obliged to him for the generoſity which prompted him to ſuch a princely act; but, as to the preſent itſelf, he muſt not be offended if he declined it. Mr. Merton, ſtill more aſtoniſhed at ſuch diſintereſtedneſs, preſſed him with every argument he could think of; he deſired him to conſider the ſtate of his family: his daughters unprovided for; his ſon himſelf, with diſpoſitions that might adorn a throne, brought up to labour; and his own advancing age, which demanded eaſe and reſpite, and an increaſe of the conveniencies of life.

And what, replied the honeſt farmer, is it, but theſe conveniencies of life, that are the ruin of all the nation? When I was a young man, Maſter Merton, and that is near forty years ago, people in my condition thought of nothing but doing their duty to God and man, and labouring hard: this brought down a bleſſing

bleſſing upon their heads, and made them thrive in all their worldly concerns. When I was a boy, farmers did not lie droning in bed as they do now till ſix or ſeven; my father, I believe, was as good a judge of buſineſs as any in the neighbourhood, and turned as ſtraight a furrow as any ploughman in the county of Devon; that ſilver cup, which I intend to have the honour of drinking your health out of to-day at dinner, that very cup was won by him at the great ploughing-match near Axminſter.—Well, my father uſed to ſay, that a farmer was not worth a farthing that was not in the field by four; and my poor dear mother too, the beſt-tempered woman in the world, ſhe always began milking exactly at five; and if a ſingle ſoul was to be found in bed after four in ſummer, you might have heard her from one end of the farm to the other.—I would not diſparage any body, or any thing, my good ſir; but thoſe were times indeed; the women, then, knew ſomething about the management of an houſe: it really was quite a pleaſure to hear my poor mother lecture the ſervants; and the men were men, indeed;

indeed; pray, did you ever hear the ſtory of my father's being at Truro, and throwing the famous Corniſh wreſtler, ſquinting Dick the miner?

Mr. Merton began to be convinced, that, whatever other qualities good Mr. Sandford might have, he did not excel in brevity; and therefore endeavoured in ſtill ſtronger terms to overcome the delicacy of the farmer, and prevail upon him to accept his preſent.

But the good farmer purſued his point thus; Thank you, thank you, my dear ſir, a thouſand times, for your good will; but as to the money, I muſt beg your pardon if I perſiſt in refuſing it. Formerly, ſir, as I was ſaying, we were all happy and healthy, and our affairs proſpered, becauſe we never thought about the conveniencies of life: now, I hear of nothing elſe. One neighbour, for I will not mention names, brings his ſon up to go a ſhooting with gentlemen; another ſends his to market upon a blood-horſe, with a plated bridle; and then the girls, the girls!—There is fine work, indeed; they muſt have their hats and feathers, and riding-habits; their

heads as big as buſhels, and even their hind-quarters ſtuck out with cork or paſteboard; but ſcarcely one of them can milk a cow, or churn, or bake, or do any one thing that is neceſſary in a family; ſo that unleſs the government will ſend them all to this new ſettlement, which I have heard ſo much of, and bring us a cargo of plain, honeſt houſewives, who have never been at boarding-ſchools, I cannot conceive how we farmers are to get wives.

Mr. Merton laughed very heartily at this ſally, and told him, that he would venture to aſſert it was not ſo at his houſe.—Not quite ſo bad, indeed, ſaid the farmer; my wife was bred up under a notable mother, and, though ſhe muſt have her tea every afternoon, is, in the main, a very good ſort of woman. She has brought her daughters up a little better than uſual; but I can aſſure you ſhe and I have had many a good argument upon the ſubject. Not but ſhe approves their milking, ſpinning, and making themſelves uſeful; but ſhe would fain have them genteel, Maſter Merton: all women now are mad after genti-

lity; and, when once gentility begins, there is an end of induſtry. Now, were they to hear of ſuch a ſum as you have generouſly offered, there would be no peace in the houſe. My wenches, inſtead of Deb and Kate, would be Miſs Deborah and Miſs Catharine; in a little time, they muſt be ſent to boarding-ſchool, to learn French and muſic, and wriggling about the room. And, when they come back, who muſt boil the pot, or make the pudding, or ſweep the houſe, or ſerve the pigs?—Did you ever hear of Miſs Juliana, or Miſs Harriet, or Miſs Carolina, doing ſuch vulgar things?

Mr. Merton was very much ſtruck with the honeſt farmer's method of expreſſing himſelf, and could not help internally allowing the truth of his repreſentations; yet he ſtill preſſed him to accept his preſent, and reminded him of the improvement of his farm.

Thank you again, and again, replied the farmer; but the whole generation of the Sandfords have been brought up to labour with their own hands for theſe hundred years; and, during all that time, there has not been a diſhoneſt perſon, a gentleman, or a madman

amongſt us. And ſhall I be the firſt to break the cuſtoms of the family, and perhaps bring down a curſe on all our heads?—What could I have more, if I were a lord, or a macaroni, as I think you call them?—I have plenty of victuals and work, good firing, cloaths, a warm houſe, a little for the poor, and, between you and I, ſomething, perhaps, in a corner to ſet my children off with, if they behave well.—Ah! neighbour, neighbour, if you did but know the pleaſure of holding plough after a good team of horſes, and then going tired to bed, perhaps you'd wiſh to have been brought up a farmer too.—But in one word, as well as a thouſand, I ſhall never forget the extraordinary kindneſs of your offer; but, if you would not ruin a whole family of innocent people that love you, ev'n conſent to leave us as we are.

Mr. Merton then ſeeing the fixed determination of the farmer, and feeling the juſtice of his coarſe but ſtrong morality, was obliged, however reluctantly, to deſiſt; and Mrs. Sandford coming to invite them to dinner, he en-

tered the houſe, and paid his reſpects to the family.

After the cloth was removed, and Mr. Sandford had twice or thrice repleniſhed his ſilver mug, the only piece of finery in his houſe, little Harry came running in, with ſo much alacrity and heedleſſneſs, that he tore Miſs Deborah's beſt apron, and had nearly precipitated Miſs Catharine's new cap into the fire, for which the young ladies and his mother rebuked him with ſome acrimony. But Harry, after begging pardon with his uſual good humour, cried, Father, father, here is the prettieſt team of horſes, all matched, and of a colour, with new harneſs, the moſt complete I ever ſaw in my life; and they have ſtopped at our back-door, and the man ſays they are brought for you. Farmer Sandford was juſt then in the middle of his hiſtory of the ploughing-match at Axminſter; but the relation of his ſon had ſuch an involuntary effect upon him, that he ſtarted up, overſet the liquor and the table, and, making an haſty apology to Mr. Merton, ran out to ſee theſe wonderful horſes.

Preſently he returned, in equal admiration with his ſon. Maſter Merton, ſaid he, I did not think you had been ſo good a judge of an horſe. I ſuppoſe they are a new purchaſe, which you want to have my opinion upon; and, I can aſſure you, they are the true Suffolk ſorrels, the firſt breed of working horſes in the kingdom; and theſe are ſome of the beſt of their kind. Such as they are, anſwered Mr. Merton, they are yours; and I cannot think, after the obligations I am under to your family, that you will do me ſo great a diſpleaſure as to refuſe. Mr. Sandford ſtood for ſome time in mute aſtoniſhment; but, at length, he was beginning the civileſt ſpeech he could think of to refuſe ſo great a preſent, when Tommy coming up, took him by the hand, and begged him not to deny to his father and himſelf the firſt favour they had ever aſked. Beſides, ſaid he, this preſent is leſs to yourſelf than to little Harry; and ſurely, after having lived ſo long in your family, you will not turn me out with diſgrace, as if I had miſbehaved.—Here Harry himſelf interpoſed, and, conſidering leſs the value

of

of the preſent than the feelings and intentions of the giver, he took his father by the hand, and beſought him to oblige maſter Merton and his father. Were it any one elſe, I would not ſay a word, added he; but I know the generoſity of Mr. Merton, and the goodneſs of maſter Tommy ſo well, that they will receive more pleaſure from giving, than you from taking the horſes. Though, I muſt confeſs, they are ſuch as would do credit to any body; and they beat farmer Knowles's all to nothing, which have long been reckoned the beſt team in all the country.

This laſt reflection, joined with all that had preceded, overcame the delicacy of Mr. Sandford; and he at length conſented to order the horſes to be led into his ſtables. And now Mr. Merton, having made the moſt affectionate acknowledgments to all this worthy and happy family, among whom he did not forget the honeſt black, whom he promiſed to provide for, ſummoned his ſon to accompany him home. Tommy aroſe, and, with the ſincereſt gratitude, bade adieu to Harry and all the reſt. I ſhall not be long without you,

ſaid

ſaid he to Harry; to your example I owe moſt of the little good that I can boaſt; you have taught me how much better it is to be uſeful than rich or fine; how much more amiable to be good than to be great.—Should I be ever tempted to relapſe, even for an inſtant, into any of my former habits, I will return hither for inſtruction; and I hope you will again receive me. Saying this, he ſhook his friend Harry affectionately by the hand, and, with watery eyes, accompanied his father home.

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